THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Vol. 194, No. 19. Published Weekly at Philadelphia. Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879.

An Illustr… …kly
…ed A° D… …j. Franklin

NOVEMBER 5, 1921

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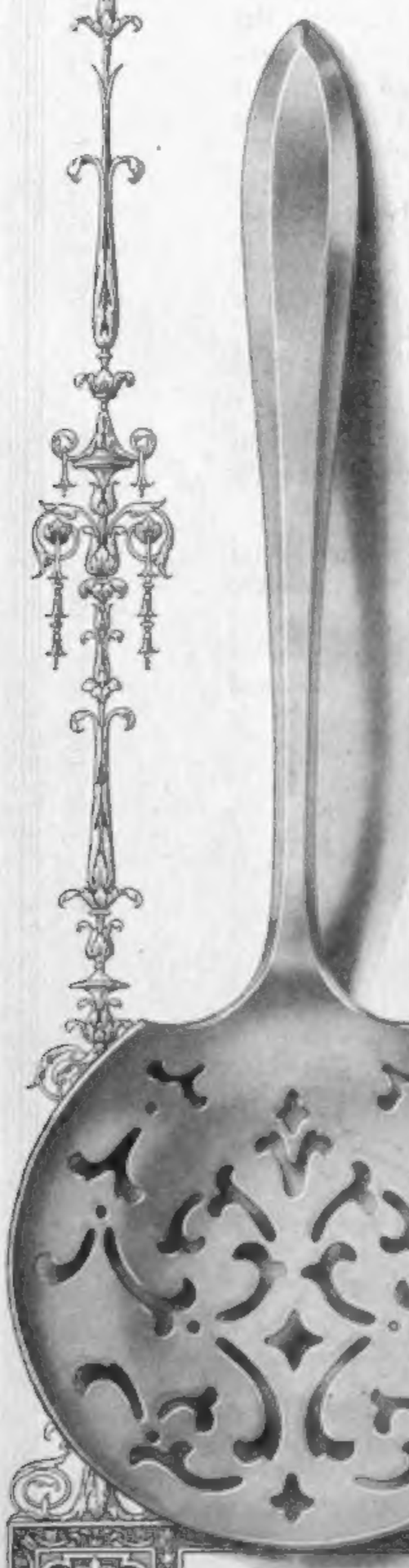

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Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President

C. H. Ludington, Vice-President and Treasurer
P. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A° D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Churchill Williams, F. S. Bigelow,
A. W. Neall, Arthur McKeogh,
T. B. Costain, Associate Editors

Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879
Additional Entry as Second-Class Matter at Columbus, Ohio, at Decatur, Illinois, at Chicago, Illinois, and at Indianapolis, Ind.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Volume 194 | 5c. THE COPY 10c. in Canada | PHILADELPHIA, PA., NOVEMBER 5, 1921 | $2.00 THE YEAR by Subscription | Number 19

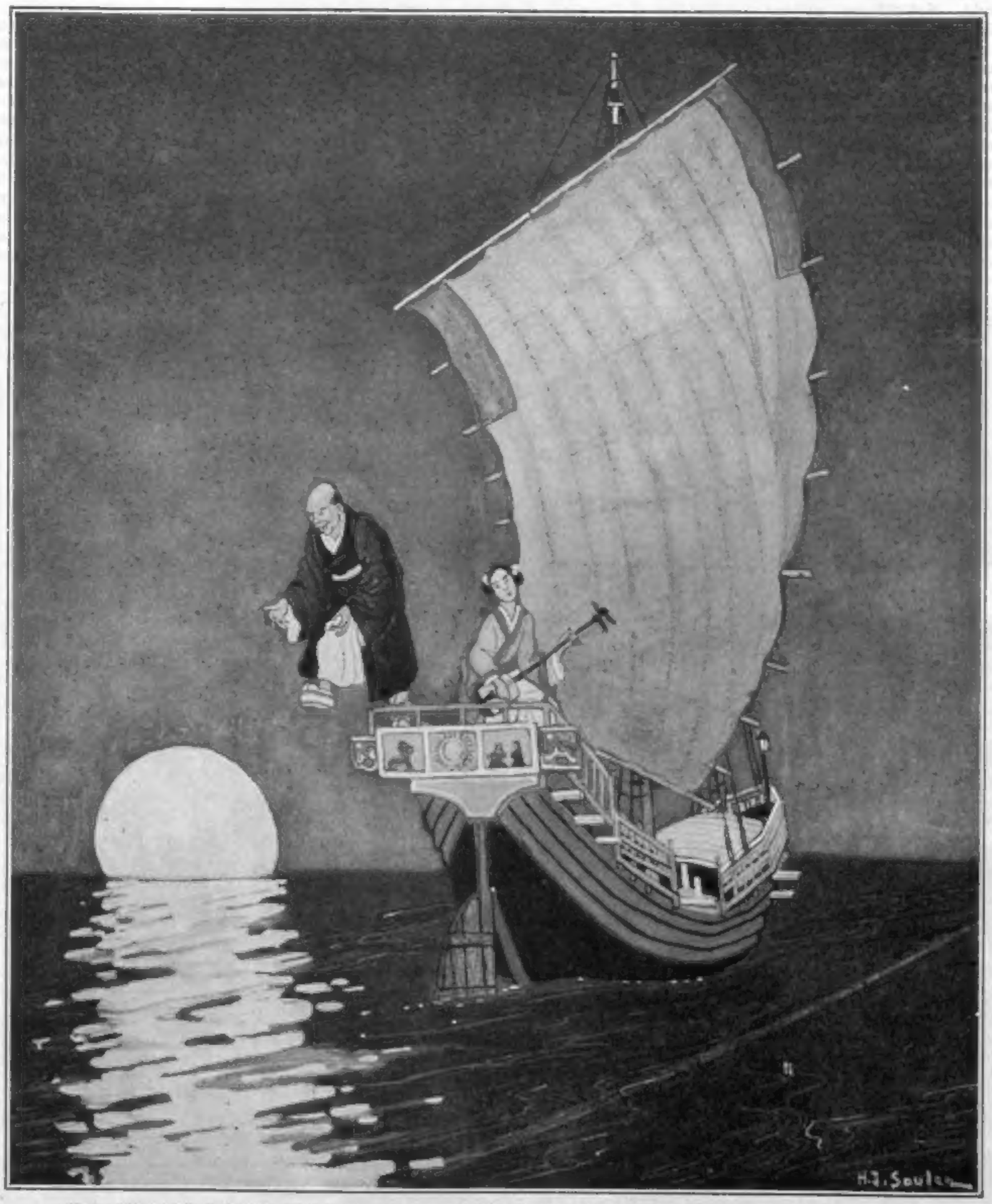
Uncle Ling and Pink Matter

By HARRY LEON WILSON

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. SOULEN

SU LING LEE, of the well-known family a long time established in China and Virginia, having gone down into the vale of years, is retired from active life and occupies much of his earned leisure with visits to his many nephews who here and there in the outland fill posts of more or less honor. He is an engaging and scholarly old gentleman with a sprightly mind, and is deeply versed in poetry, astrology, divination and natural philosophy, as well as in the cruder Occidental sciences, and his visits to one house are especially desired because of his mellowed discourse on life in both its far and its near aspects. Without prejudice he will enlarge upon the perfect apprehension of the true way of Confucius or the prevailing rate of Chinese exchange; upon the devils, spirits and dragons that inhabit upper space or upon whether one's nephew should prefer a job as cook in a remote lumber camp or with an American family at Burlingame, with the use of a car.

He comes to this house I know of arrayed in a dusty suit of black, fashioned by a fellow countryman upon an obsolete Western model, and wearing one of the few derby hats yet extant. He bears a wicker suitcase, a bamboo walking stick and many magazines. He may be reading the Atlantic Monthly even as he stumbles his way from the car to the kitchen door. His ancient face is set with a sparse gray beard, quite abject looking, and with heavily rimmed spectacles, through which he surveys an amazing world. Being welcomed, he quickly effects certain changes of attire which render him more comfortable, and drinks tea, from a private stock brought in the suitcase, to allay the fatigue of his journey. He then rests and meditates profoundly. And after the evening meal it is my privilege to sit under his discourse.



Wang Chi, on the Lake One Fair Night, Accompanied by His Favorite Lute Girl, Became Mad to Embrace the Moon's Reflection in the Water

Thus lately I listened while he admonished the nephew I know best. The old gentleman is much given to admonition when nephews seem to require it, and this is not seldom; for, as he confides to me, the affinity of their minds for the right way is small. This particular nephew is Wang Lee, a foppish blade of forty with modern notions, a forward-looker. To Uncle Ling, it appeared, he had just disclosed his recent affiliation with a party pledged to induce the millennium. But it appeared further that Uncle Ling had long since isolated the causative bacteria of unrest and earnestly disbelieved in millenniums. Having done with his bowl of rice and another dish of his own tea, he lighted his small-bowled pipe and addressed me for the benefit of the nephew, who pretended utter oblivion of the words and a total engrossment with the task of cleansing many dinner dishes, though perhaps the kitchen resounded with a protest of more than the usual clatter.

The sage surveyed the toiler through a nimbus of smoke, narrowing upon him bright little eyes around which the puzzles of the world have graven many fine wrinkles. He pushed back upon his yellowed skull the black silk cap and eloquently pointed with a slender, long-fingered hand.

"Behold," said he, "a one-eyed man who thinks he can see, a lame man who believes he can run; one who treads upon the tail of a tiger and expects not to be bitten. Behold one who keeps the dust brushed from his own mirror, the better to scrutinize his highly patterned necktie, yet will not look into the mirror of history where the past shines for his instruction. Behold, I entreat you, one who joins the Young China Socialistic and Recreation Club to further the great cause of taking it away from someone else because it is harder to make it yourself."

"Also it plays different social games," protested Nephew Wang Lee, glancing up to me from the pan he scoured. "We enjoy it very nice, I think."

"Different social games," snapped his mentor, "such as poker, which is not socialistic but extremely individual; and a pastime with two dice which fall from the hand as fate

wills, to the accompaniment of a monotonous chant, and are then read from their upper surfaces, often to the detriment of him who cast. This recreation also is not communistic. It is excessively the reverse. This might be his initial lesson had he a mind sensitive to fact. There are no socialistic games because games are individual strivings. To play socialistic poker every contestant would need to be dealt equal hands—not so? But Poon Koo Wong, creator of all, has seen about it. Humans must strive. Chu Yuan, far in the past, was one like this one who could not believe it. He looked for the ideal world without striving. He failed to find it. He was vexed. He composed the Li Sao, or Falling Into Trouble, after which, saying, 'The world is foul and I alone am clean,' he cast himself into the River Mi-Lo and was never recovered. His disciples donned the hempen garment of mourning and bewailed his end until they lost their voices, and to this day they seek the ideal world which shall be without striving. Like this child, they will not read."

"I read plenty," flashed Wang Lee. "I read where money is ruler, where workers is a slave. This is different world—not like your old one."

A World That Never Changes

"YOU hear this Intelligent." Uncle Ling gestured to me with a gentle weariness, wagging the long-fingered hand from the slender wrist. "A different world, he declares. I would seem to be instructed. Yet at least not different recently, this world. Not different, at least, since Fu Hsi copied his philosophic diagrams from the back of a tortoise, and that was, by your awkward way of counting, some two thousand years B.C. And that same Chu Yuan who sought an ideal state, to end by composing the Falling Into Trouble, was as modern as to-morrow, though he wrote with his stylus on the bamboo tablet nearly twenty-five hundred years past. A different world! Did not he and his disciples indulge in wild and irregular meters which consorted well with their wild and irregular thought ways? 'Their poetry,' says an old commentator, 'was prose run mad.' Have we not poetry like that to-day? We who invented wheeled vehicles, gunpowder, the compass, silk, porcelain, who knew the stars three hundred years before Galileo, printing five hundred years before your Gutenberg, we who invented even free verse, as you name it—he thinks we did not invent social unrest and easy quack remedies for it.

"You may read, as it was written some two thousand years since, 'All through the kingdom there is no proper government because the good are not employed.' I speak from the writings of Liu Chi. The baton bearers of to-day, he avers, seated on their tiger skins, pose as the martial guardians of state; the broad-brimmed, long-robed ministers of to-day pose as pillars of the constitution, yet evildoers arise and none can subdue them; the people are in misery and none can relieve them. Clerks are corrupt and none can restrain them. Laws decay and none can renew them. Our officials eat the bread of state and know no shame. So you see how the world has changed in twenty centuries. The differences are as dust in a sunbeam, as duckweed upon a river. Had not I a revered ancestor who incurred the imperial censure by preaching his right to a prize though he did not win the race? For this he was boiled to death."

Wang Lee had acquired courage for another protest. "The worker shall own what he does," he muttered.

His critic made sounds of pity and deprecation. "How he has become depraved by his environment, and stubborn in his errors. I send his faults buzzing about his head like a swarm of bees and he does not change countenance. He shows me only the whites of his eyes. He saves his words in your presence but with me his talk is like the rush of water from a sluice. He is well intentioned, but for mental horizon—he looks about him from the bottom of a well. He believes himself a thinker while yet swayed by the seven passions.

"I leave much unsaid."

Those who might believe the last would little know Uncle Su Ling Lee. It is almost never his way to leave much unsaid.

"Rich grow more rich, poor grow more poor," reminded the nephew defensively.

"How vain are his words," retorted the lecturer. "Because he will not regard the past in the mirror of history he forgets that the highest tower must begin from the ground. Even a study of the Seven Bibulous Sages of the Bamboo Grove would cause him to become firm and correct in his utterance. I said, loosely, that the world has not changed in four thousand years, and he chooses to deny the one great change. True, the rich have become more rich, but the poor have also become more rich. Only in this has the world changed. Is there change since the day two thousand years since when Liu Chi noted the corruption of the age? Have not all ages had their measure of corruption? 'Evildoers arise and none can subdue them.' Have all evildoers ever been subdued? 'The people are in misery and none can relieve them.' Has this not always been of many people true? Has change come here? How could it come when the human is made to strive and no two are equal? The ideal in geometry is a straight line and a perfect circle. They have never existed. In science it is pure truth—never yet attained. In morals it is perfect virtue; has this been reached? But these ideals that have never existed, are they not better known than all our knowledge? Must we not strive for them, knowing we can never attain them, as we may never attain the center of an infinite circle? Call this necessity to strive a curse or call it a benison, what you will, yet it has brought this one change in the world—the poor have grown more rich. In the day of which Liu Chi wrote all were poor save the king and a few nobles; poor with a completeness that was perfect.

"Each had but a cotton garment, a few grains of millet, enough to let him toil through all the light hours. But these poor have grown richer, until to-day, like that brawler there, they are clad in splendid vestments, with yellow shoes and shirts of silk and tinkling watch chains of fine gold and some teeth flaunting the same precious metal to an envious world.

"That is the one change in this world. Once this toiler went starved and naked-shivering, labored unceasingly, having but little sleep, with a stone for pillow. Now he eats when he will, clads his fat in splendor, toils lightly a few hours for much gold, which he banks for the purchase of a many-acred barony on the Ying, and during his leisure rides abroad on rubber air pillows in an equipage beyond the dream of an early Son of Heaven. Truly the world has changed when the contact of such as him with its roughness is gentler than that of any noble in the Middle Kingdom a thousand or two years ago. But the world has not changed in that he is a pestilent fellow, who will not survey his advance in the mirror of history and stays blind to the enviable being he has become, from a slave fighting for a crust and a rag."

The Duke Gets Good Advice

"OBSERVE the fat on his unworthy bones and the overwhelming shirt that once but an emperor might wear. How painfully I giggle when I contemplate such as he. For they will not consider how this advance in their well-being has been wrought, how they have come to be from hunger-pinched slaves to personages with money and college-boy coats and oiled hair like a water spaniel. Yet the secret is easy to read. Unfathomable are the ways of what men call heaven, but this much is printed large: Well-being, food, silken garments, priceless jewels to stick into the cravat have spread from king and noble to the lowest because of the one-man-striving-for-himself, which is one of the few heaven-made laws we may perceive. Each must strive for himself, and when each strives, all have more.

"Did not the Duke Hsi, told of by Tso, the father of prose, when there was a famine wish to correct it by burning a witch—as to-day more than one doctor of socialistics would do. But one of his officers said: 'Rather repair your city walls and ramparts, eat less and spend less, and tell your people to work. That is the cure for famine and not the burning of a witch; for if she be a false witch her burning will effect nothing, and if she be a true witch the evil will be greater. But work by each of us will cure famine, no matter her truth.' And it was proved to be so. I leave much unsaid."

"I read daily paper in English," said the nephew; and loftily added, "not some old poets."

"Ah, he has truly become an Intelligent," remarked Uncle Ling. "But I, too, read of to-day. I keep step with the march of reading. In news prints, in magazines, in forward-looking volumes, do I not read the crimes of capital, and how the worker shall never have his own until he has taken it? Often the stuff is stupid, as from any man it must be who is

(Continued on Page 104)

Annoyed by the Intelligents Who at That Time Made Mention of the Past to Blame the Present, He Was Advised by His Prime Minister to Burn All Ancient Books

THE BUTTERMILK MAID

By Wallace Irwin

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

"I Sometimes Think That Beauty Is Gone From the World," Said the Poet. "We're Turning the Nine Muses Into Acrobats"

POSSIBLY it was the same primal urge that lures the sailor ashore to seek amusement at Coney Island upon a seasick contrivance they call The Ocean Wave that caused a certain country gentleman of Virginia to select for his evening's entertainment a Broadway musical comedy which he preferred to any other then offered because of its truly rural title. It was plainly labeled The Buttermilk Maid, and strangely attracted our adventurous squire, who had a pensive longing to hear orchestrated cock-crows and haymakers' choruses, idealized echoes from his ancestral farms in Albemarle County.

Now this thing that befell Mr. Daggett Bainbridge of Albemarle County is but the preface to our story. It is a prologue, gathered from the thin, patrician lips of old ladies of that settled aristocracy which still believes that the Civil War was a conspiracy on the part of Abraham Lincoln to force rhubarb pie and other detestable Yankee dishes upon the refined Southern palate. Daggett Bainbridge was one of the Bainbridges whom one knows. He had an ancestor, a Sir James Bainbridge, who played an important part in the Pocahontas legend—possibly he was the justice of the peace who pronounced her Mrs. Rolfe. At any rate, the Bainbridges have been an important county family ever since the day when the Virgin Queen got a new principality named after herself; and is it a wonder, then, that the neighbors, far more Victorian than Elizabethan, should have stubbornly failed to understand how little Dolly Robbin came to be a Bainbridge?

But all that I write in this thumb-nail preface has happened before, with variations.

Dag Bainbridge had New York forced upon him during a crucial week in his life. The elevated road gave him a headache, and whenever he bared that aching brow he was offended by the behavior of Greek check-room boys demanding ransom for his hat. He stifled in an atmosphere of gasoline fumes and was longing for the serene beauties of his farm when his eye caught the snare which Destiny had baited for him. Buttermilk Maid—it stared from the center of a theatrical column. Being nothing better than a country gentleman—classified as Rich Rube on Forty-second Street—he didn't know that the comparatively reasonable price of tickets as good as confessed that The Buttermilk Maid was on her last silken legs.

He went. His companion was a horse trader with whom he had been concerned in a matter of thoroughbreds. Dag Bainbridge was no critic; he had never heard that The Buttermilk Maid was one of a litter of English musical shows made in America. He knew only that its quaintly Georgian scenes were as the breath of violets in comparison with the gasoline smoke he had whiffed for a week; nor did he stop to consider that cunning perfumers can, out of more or less noxious chemicals, counterfeit the odor of flowers.

Dolly Robbin made her first entrance conspicuously toward the middle of the first act. She might have been Nell Gwyn, had Nell of Drury ever lived without the taint of courtly intrigue.

Under her little pancake hat snapped violet eyes, quick and dancing as her silken feet. Her mouth was a small red crescent with a sprightly upward tilt at the corners. Her gown was panniered and brocaded with roses, and in her hand she carried a milking stool, its three legs gartered with baby-blue ribbon.

From the moment she came down stage and opened her tuneful lips she was the property of Dag Bainbridge. But of that important transaction Dolly Robbin was ignorant, because that part of her which was not engaged in singing was laying plans for a lawsuit against a manager who, in violation of contract, had threatened to close the show.

"Old welsher!" she was calling him internally at the moment when her lips were trilling the invitation:

How'd you like to ramble, ramble,
Scramble in the new-mown hay?
Robins are a-twittering,
Butterflies are flittering,
Kisses just as sweet as May.
Good day!
Take a little journey to the country,
Sorrow to the breezes hurl—
Wander in the dingle dell,
Join a wedding, dingle-bell,
With a little hayseed girl.

When Dag expressed a shy wish to know her it seemed the most natural thing in the world to his horsy friend, who took him out back after the finale and allowed him to stammer several pretty compliments to the graceful creature, who seemed somehow pathetically young and unprotected behind her mask of grease paint. He tried to voice his approval of her song about the hay and the butterflies. She smiled a tired little carmined smile.

"It's pretty good," she agreed, "but the vamp's too short."

He labored with the mistaken notion that she was talking about shoes—her own were exquisitely artful—and it wasn't until she had dressed for a later appearance that he learned about vamps. They were something musical, having to do with dance steps.

There was a theatrical supper party somewhere on Riverside Drive that night and Dag Bainbridge found himself paired off with Dolly Robbin. During the small gay hours he had ample time to complete the pleasant process of falling in love with her.

"Do you know," said he, "that the scenery in the first act reminded me of my place in Virginia?"

"Is that so?" she questioned, making her eyes very round and deep as she added the professional opinion: "It's a nice set, but the house comes too far down stage. Crowds the chorus. And that balcony! You know when I come out there for the duet? Gee, I feel like I was going to dive into a tank!"

She was much prettier, he thought, without the art of paint and pencil. She had a delicate little face, pure and wistful, and her active eyes, which were small, were wide set. It pleased him to note her miniature graces, for Dag himself wasn't a tall man.

"And do you know," he persisted, giddy with a wooer's madness, "that when you came out for your song you seemed so perfect for that setting? You just naturally belong to the country."

He said the last word reverently, as befitted one of a long line of land worshipers.

"Country!" she echoed with something between a smile and a sniff. "I've never been there."

"Really?" His surprise was genuine. "How could you have sung that bully song about the hay? You made me think you'd seen it cut every afternoon."

"Do they—cut it?" she asked languidly, half glancing across the room to where an active comedian was unfolding music at the piano. Was she mocking Dag? Her next remark settled that.

"I was there once," she amended, brightening. "Our train was wrecked on a siding near Trenton. We all got out and picked flowers. Mr. Steinburg, the director, pointed out the different kinds of cows. Mamma put some of the flowers in her dress. They gave her hay fever."

"Did you like it?"

"The country?" She glanced thoughtfully toward her toes; her face for the instant looked curiously old. And yet she was obviously in her early twenties. "The country," she decided, "must be nice. It must be grand to run around without the feeling that you're going to knock somebody down. It smells good too. I sometimes wonder why we've got to live jammed up this way."

She had been born in Columbus, Ohio, it was revealed, her parents having been "professional people." She had been suckled in shabby dressing rooms, and after her father had died in a Chicago boarding house she had toured "small time" with mamma. That experienced lady, wise in the world's hard wisdom, had schooled her so well that she had earned the nickname of Strawberry Ice in chorus-girl society. This was her first season on Broadway and The Buttermilk Maid was dying fast. Dolly Robbin had tasted just enough of success to have sharpened her thirst for admiration.

The latter conclusion, dear reader, was less than half formed in Bainbridge's mind, dulled under the opiate influence of love. She told him far less than I have told

you; but had you and I been peeping down through the ceiling upon that ripening romance we might have shaken our sage bald heads and wondered what poor Dolly would do with herself in the historic calm of Albemarle County, Virginia.

Prologues should be brief. Suffice it, then, to say that Dag Bainbridge and Dolly Robbin—whose maiden name turned out to be McGinn—were married in the Church of the Transfiguration some two weeks after their first meeting on Broadway. Dag wired the news to his nearest relative, an Aunt Marcella, who dwelt in Albemarle County, and Aunt Marcella promptly disowned her nephew by telegraph. Since the proud Marcella's earthly possessions consisted of a ramshackle colonial house and a set of battered family silver, her wrath brought no lasting sorrow to the bridegroom, who had chosen as wisely as the average, when all's said and done.

And now, as the librettist says, ring up the curtain!

II

FROM the oaken veranda of a shaggy stone house—a house designed by cavaliers with curly wigs and jackboots, before the style we call colonial had been dreamed of—Mrs. Daggett Bainbridge gazed across the elaborate rose garden of which the reigning Bainbridge was not a little proud. The flowers were well enough, thought Dolly, although the fussy way they had been tied up to sticks gave the garden a scrawny, spotty look; nothing to compare with the luxuriant paper roses, gorgeously massed on trellises in the first act of The Buttermilk Maid. The Dorothy Perkins roses in the heavy bower beyond would soon burst into bloom, Dag had told her, but they meant nothing to her now save a mass of uninteresting green.

Hoeing round the roots stooped Pole Awtha, an ancient negro with lamb's-wool beard clinging to his neck and chin. He plied an indolent hoe to the time of an indolent song:

Ah got shoes, you got shoes,
All Gawd's chillun got shoes—

An oriole flamed by, a bobwhite whistled, reminding the exiled favorite from another world that, as her world said it, the Property Man was on the job. The smell of fresh earth came to her nose a little mustily, she thought, upon that morning of her discontent. How stationary it all was! Oaks, ancient sward, whitewashed negro quarters beyond, what a blessing it would be if jolly stagehands could descend upon it all, take it down, pack it into vans, and away with all that scenery to the next town for an exciting two weeks' run! And yet it was so lovely and Dag was so good to her. It was a little over a year now since she had stood with him before the altar of the Transfiguration.

Dolly yawned.

A clatter of hoofs beyond the low hedge announced a solitary horseman. Dag allowed a selected few of his neighbors to use the road as a crosscut, and the young wife was scarcely curious until she turned her round blue eyes to follow the picturesque equestrian figure. Lance Claverhouse. He was always riding by. Tall, gaunt and muscular in his dark and formal costume, he was archaic, forbidding and enormously attractive. With his lean, pallid face, jetty eyes and raven hair he suggested Edgar Allan Poe—a Poe who lived his romances.

Twice at the country club, on those rare occasions when the patrician old ladies of Albemarle had not stared her out of her wits, she had flirted with Claverhouse. Dag had hinted darkly about the dangerous Lance, a poetic soul who had contributed his bit toward bringing the code duello back into popularity. There had been a shooting affair in Richmond, and another just outside Charleston. Dolly had wanted to ask more about this romantic character, attractively wreathed in melancholy; but Dag had developed a curious restraint of late. It was as though he, like the rest of Albemarle, knew that she didn't quite belong. Did he guess that she was boring herself into an early and shallow grave?

Meanwhile the lone horseman had passed into full view of the veranda. At sight of her he checked his coal-black thoroughbred and doffed his rather wide-brimmed hat. "Doffed" describes the gesture, which was flourishingly out of key with our hurried times. He smiled darkly, then trotted on.

"Gee, ain't he the heavy!" yawned Dolly.

At that point Dag came shuffling out on the veranda, a handsome slight figure in corduroys and businesslike riding boots. He had been up since five o'clock on an expedition to Black Hill, where his new Guernsey herd had gone to pasture. A picture of health, he swung toward her, a glass of milk in one hand, a stack of beaten biscuits in the other.

"Mawnin', honey," he said as he leaned over to kiss her. "Dolly Robbin up with the birds!"

She had liked his bantering style during the wandering honeymoon months. Now it irritated her.

"Those old robins!" she complained. "They begin squeaking at daylight."

"Squeaking!" He opened his mouth and roared.

"They're worse than those electric chewing-gum signs." For this she explained, "One month I was laid up with pneumonia and mamma took me to Claridge's for my sins. Right across the street from our window was one of those electric off-and-on signs with a couple of blue fairies dancing a jig. I live to tell the tale."

"And you prefer electric fairies to squeaking robins?" asked Dag, looking a little hurt.

"Oh, I don't know what I prefer," she said honestly.

She hated to wound him. She couldn't tell him how like a changeling she felt on his Tudor doorstep. She hadn't the vocabulary to do justice to her boredom. Then, he had been so good to her. And if her discontent killed nothing of her affection for him it was because the women of her family had been mothers countless thousands of years before they had dreamed of Broadway.

"You ought to get more exercise," suggested Dag, and that was quite the wrong thing to say.

"Exercise!" she sighed. "What do I want of that thing? I've been on my feet most of the time since I was nine years old."

He Tried to Voice His Approval of Her Song About the Hay and the Butterflies. "It's Pretty Good," She Agreed, "But the Vamp's Too Short"

"I had Genuflex sent over from West Farm."

"Who's Genuflex?" she asked languidly.

"That little gray riding horse I was telling you about. By Quagmire out of Priscilla. Didn't breed true. But he's a right nice cob. Mouth like velvet, gentle, pretty action ——"

"Please don't make me ride!" she begged. "I don't want to go into any circus. I don't want ——"

She burst into tears and lay crying on the shoulder of his corduroy coat.

"What in Sam Hill—Dolly! What do you want?"

"I—don't—know," came the broken truth from her wried lips.

"I'll do anything in the world to make you happy."

"I know it." She sat up stiffly. "That's the worst part of it. Your darned Southern chivalry. Those Sir Walter Rollos—or whatever you call 'em."

"Raleigh pulled off his cloak and let a queen walk on it. Good."

Back to his amiable smile, Dag had removed his corduroy coat and cast it at her feet. She kicked it away. Humoring her again like a baby!

"Listen to me, Dolly." He stood awkwardly over her. "Do you want to go back on the stage?"

Here was generosity, plain and sinister. She knew what that release would mean. A few years of wandering, separation, then divorce. The usual thing.

"No." Her round eyes were far away, staring across some half-forgotten footlights.

"What is it you want, honey?"

He had come close again, but she pushed him away.

"Leave me be, old Dagger," she implored gently. "I seem all crowded up to-day, like a trolley car. Don't crab my lines. I'll be all right."

He shuffled toward the door, then stooped to pick up his milk and beaten biscuits, which he had set on a chair in the face of stirring events.

"But I do wish those roses wouldn't scatter all over everything," she told him enigmatically.

"I'll have them glued to the stems," he agreed; and she felt that he would have done it had she asked.

"The stage kind stay put," she informed him. "What this place needs is a producer."

He closed the door gently. When next she saw him he was arrayed for golf and motoring toward the country club.

If she had felt crowded, as she said, like a trolley car, his departure left her vacant and yawning like a Norman ruin. Ever since she had come to this house to be its mistress the stately county families had managed it so that she never failed to feel herself an enemy alien. She had striven to change her type even as the wild duckling might struggle to adapt itself to the chicken yard into which it has fallen.

That summer morning, alone in the big Bainbridge house, she realized what a failure she had made of her rôle as its mistress. It had never occurred to her that the country would be like this—nothing but Nature. And if one craved human companionship, nothing but arrogant dowagers who based their conversation on Who's Who in Virginia. They hedged her about like handsome mossy bowlders, crushing her down without so much as realizing that she was alive.

There were, on the other hand, the men. They had spied her out almost on the day of her arrival. Her first supper at the country club had been musical with every masculine note from tenor to bass. The men had formed a ring around her, and she, poor dear, still fancying that her destiny was to glow at center stage, had performed for them with her eyes and her plump pink arms. Lance Claverhouse, the Poe-esque cavalier who seemed forever under a thundercloud, and Frank Bosworth, a Gothic gentleman who dealt in real estate and looked like Richard Cœur de Lion, had rendered her conspicuous service until their womenfolk had started uneasily to go home.

And that is how The Buttermilk Maid prospered down on the farm. The feminine countryside had been up in arms against her ever since her first appearance. Not that her manner was intentionally seductive. Indeed, she had come with all the devotion of a young bride, intent upon being popular for her husband's sake. She couldn't help having nicer hair and shoulders than any other woman in the neighborhood. Was it her fault that the young squires, married and single, chose to regard her as something dangerous and fascinating because she had once been on the stage?

This mild morning found Dolly in a difficult mood. A little longing for the smell of grease paint came to her, a longing for quarrelsome, exciting hours of rehearsal on a cluttered, dismantled stage; a longing for the two or three rather harmless beaux outside her dressing room with flowers and invitations and a knowledge that her fond glances were purely for theatrical effect.

Her anger turned upon Dag as a bee turns to sting the hand that holds it. His maddening habit of offering her the moon and sixpence! Up at five o'clock, home to talk about Guernsey cows, to bed at ten! And now he had made a magnificent gesture by offering to put her on the stage. He was disappointed in her, like the rest. Could she ever tell him what it was she lacked?

"It's a fine day for a murder," she said, betaking herself to the drawing-room and beginning to slam out chords on the stately grand piano.

Luncheon was over, and she had wandered to her bedroom to stand before a long mirror and turn her bobbed hair this way and that—wondering if that was what Albemarle ladies didn't like about her, since it made her look so young—when Sarah, the housemaid, stood in the doorway, a study in charcoal.

"Yas'm," agreed Sarah in response to a phantom question as she laid on the table the afternoon mail.

Dolly turned lackluster eyes and made an inspection of the pile. There were three for her—one from a Richmond dressmaker, one from a New York department store, and a third, addressed in a microscopic handwriting on a yellowish-brown envelope of a peculiar basket weave. It was such a handwriting and such an envelope as one doesn't readily forget; the script suggested the scholarly care of a monkish manuscript. Something seemed to tell her that her wild prayer for excitement was about to be realized as she broke the seal and read in the same fine handwriting:

Dolly: Forgive the use of that sweet name, which I have breathed so often that no other word seems beautiful in all the world. Are you sad? Then remember that my eyes are upon you, because I, too, am misunderstood. How I have watched you, chained to a clod, deprived of the beauty which should be yours!

For, alas! alas! with me
The light of Life is o'er!
No more—no more—no more—
(Such language holds the solemn sea
To the sands upon the shore) ——

I love you. Do not ask who I am, lest the dream fade. It is enough that I should have the melancholy satisfaction of adoring you unknown.

"Well, what do you know about that!" asked the object of all that inspiration, turning the letter over and over as if under one of its flaps lay the key to its authorship.

It was unsigned and bore no identifying mark, save for the government stamp of Cherry Creek, a third-class post-office station ten miles down the valley.

Dolly read the letter again. That which had not been in her eyes for months—excitement, curiosity, keen interest—now pranked there gnomishly. The letter had found her flat as stale wine and by a miracle had renewed the sparkle. She sat until late afternoon, poring over the puzzle: Who?

For, alas! alas! with me
The light of Life is o'er ——

"Taking it pretty hard, I'll say," said Dolly, thrilled. "But what poet's that?"

Finally she thought of Poe. He and James Whitcomb Riley were the only poets she knew. Once, when she had operatic ambitions, mamma had coached her in a song—the very words! "The light of Life is o'er"—she remembered the graveyard melody and began to hum the tune.

But who in the romantic county of Albemarle was fondest of Poe? Dolly thought rapidly, and hadn't far to think. Those coal-black, melancholy eyes that had flashed so significantly at her over the hedge this morning. Lance Claverhouse! He would be just the man to write in that nervous little scholarly hand. But why, if he was in love with her, had he chosen to remain anonymous? He had a reputation as a lady killer as well as a man killer. Surely he couldn't be afraid of Dag—easy, good-natured Dag, who in an encounter with Lance would be like a terrier in the teeth of a great Dane.

When Dag came back at six o'clock he found his little wife pinkly curled on a davenport, an open book under her nose.

"Poe!" he roared. "Mighty hard up for readin', ain't we, honey? Let's send over to Richmond for some good novels. There's a new mystery story out by ——"

"Did Poe write that thing about Alas, alas, alas?" Her round eyes gazed up earnestly.

"I reckon so," agreed Dag somewhat indifferently. "Everything he did reads like a funeral notice. But say, Dot! How bright you look!"

His obtuseness piqued her. Instinctive actress that she was, she had planned this studious pose for the excitation of his curiosity. But Dag's thoughts were earth-bound.

"Bozzie beat me two holes up," he explained, using the local abbreviation for Bosworth. "Eighty-two for the eighteen; pretty poor golf, but we played for blood."

He had brought a purple strip of paper from a side pocket, unfolded it and laid it across his palm.

"You remember that scrub-oak patch across Black Hill? The one just beyond our Guernsey pasture?"

Dolly admitted that she remembered it, and showed a bright little face. She mustn't sulk any more, she felt, now that she had so much to conceal.

"Bozzie has wanted that for a long time. Handy to his dairy farm, you see, and there's a good spring on it. Been offering me thirty-five hundred since Christmas, but I've held out. So to-day we played for it."

"And Frank Bosworth beat you two what's-its-names," supplied Dolly. "Did you have to give him the land?"

"Reckon I didn't," giggled Dag. "We Virginians don't give away property in this generation. I sold it to him."

The strip of purple paper across his palm turned out to be a check which he held for her inspection. The sum was written plainly enough—thirty-five hundred dollars. The signature was obvious too. But here her eyes were fixed.

"Let me look at it again, won't you, Daggers?" faltered Dolly with a nervous little laugh.

She held it tightly between thumb and fingers, lest any slight tremor might betray her. Minutely she studied the character of the script, which was small, peculiar and delicate, as though it had been done with a fine-pointed pen. The tiny winglike flourish with which the F in Frank R. Bosworth had been crossed identified it unmistakably with the morning's impassioned love letter.

Her heart sank slightly, then revived to wilder energy than before. So her hidden lover wasn't Lance Claverhouse, after all, but the charming and securely wedded Bosworth.

She pulled her husband to a seat beside her, where she cuddled very close and called him her Sweet Old Daggers and was sorry she had been cross. All this was from the heart. Possibly a quickened conscience had driven her to him. Women under stress of excitement are peculiar. But this last, I believe, has been said before.

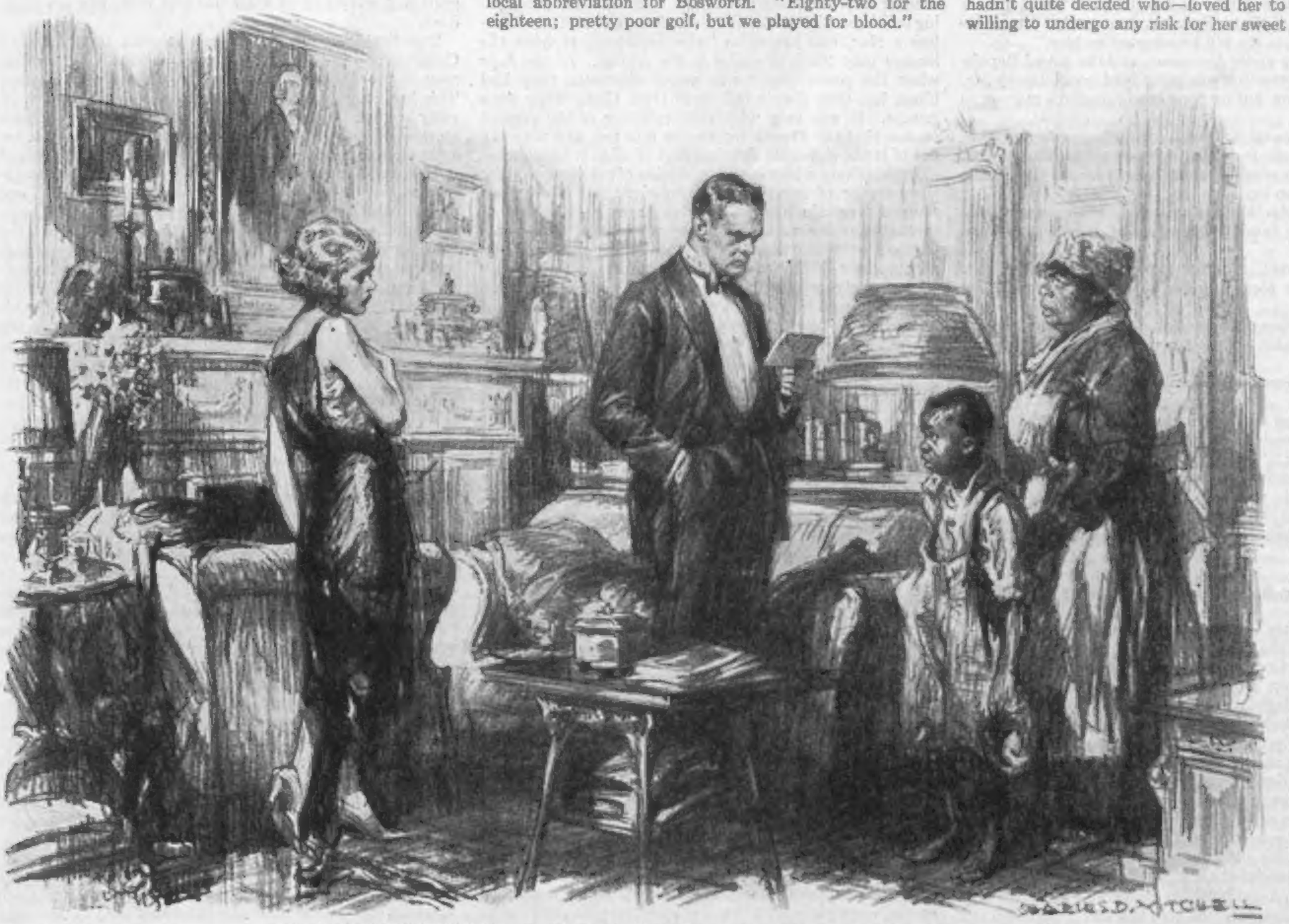
III

DOLLY'S transfiguration must have been noticeable, even to Dag, for in the renewed light of her eyes he performed ecstatically like a Boston bull restored to its mistress' favor. She ceased to mope, and sang little snatches of Broadway humor, arousing him to roars of laughter. She even made dabs at housekeeping—sketchy, amateurish little dabs they were, but they energized the servants, stirred her blood and charmed her husband.

Life, indeed, held a new interest for her. Someone—she hadn't quite decided who—loved her to desperation, was willing to undergo any risk for her sweet sake. The activity of his pen proved the constancy of his affection. His letters had been coming from Richmond. The change of post office, he explained, was merely a ruse to avoid gossip. A trusted friend in Richmond had consented to forward his correspondence to her. And should she care to soothe an aching heart, she had but to address her lines to E. V. in care of K. Tate, Richmond.

The letters always came on that brownish-yellow basket-weave paper, as characteristic as the handwriting. After the third of these impassioned supplications she sat down and scratched off a note to E. V. When it came to letter writing Dolly was no Madame de Staël. She delayed an interval, wondering

(Continued on Page 97)

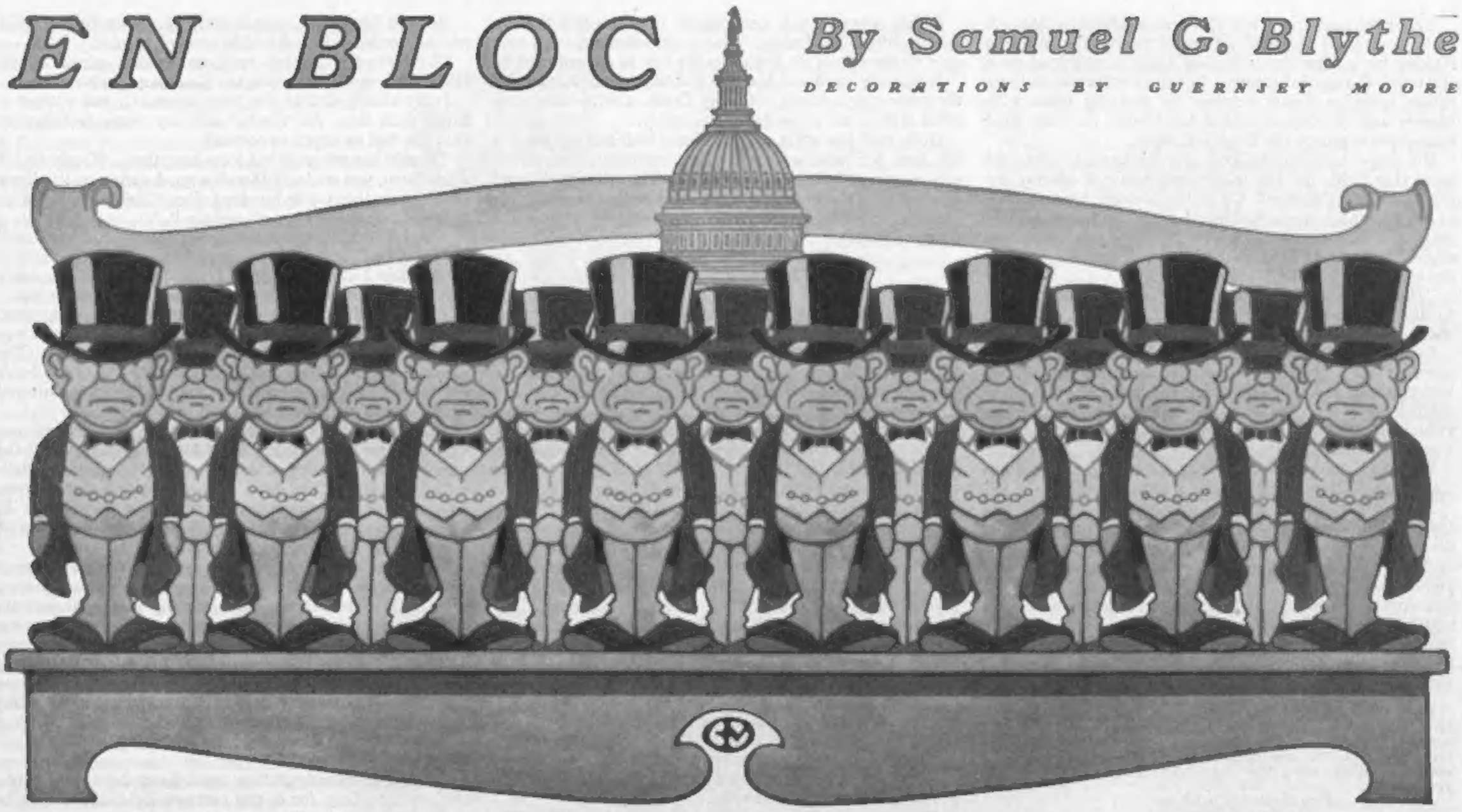


Dag Turned the Envelope Over in His Hand. "Nice Time of Night," He Said, "for a Note"

EN BLOC

By Samuel G. Blythe

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE



"MISTER SPEAKER," said the late John Dalzell, of Pittsburgh, who was the nurse, guardian and protector of the infant industries of that incubator of American industry, and who continued to nurse, guard and protect those infants after they had deep bass voices and heavy black beards, rising in his place in the House of Representatives, "Mister Speaker, I move that the pending amendments to the bill be adopted en bloc."

A tariff bill was under discussion, and the sacred Republican policy of protection was being held inviolable by Mr. Dalzell, and others, but by none in so cultured a manner as by Mr. Dalzell.

The Speaker, puzzled, leaned forward.

"The gentleman from Pennsylvania," he announced, "moves that the pending amendments be adopted—how did the gentleman say?"

"En bloc," Mr. Dalzell repeated, with an air that showed an easy familiarity with the language he was using.

"Wait a minute!" shouted a member from the West. "What is this en bloc business? What does he mean by that?"

"The chair refers the question to the gentleman from Pennsylvania," said the Speaker. "Will the gentleman explain?"

"En bloc," repeated Dalzell. "As a whole—all together."

"Well," snorted the Western member, "why didn't you say so then instead of gumming things up with stuff we don't understand?"

Mr. Dalzell smiled a superior smile. "I renew my motion," he said; and thus was the term "bloc" introduced for the first time into the legislative halls and usages of the United States, when the Payne-Aldrich tariff was being made.

Bloc-Building in the Senate

IT LAPSED after Dalzell presented it, preserved moldily in the pages of the Congressional Record, but not utilized until the present Congress went into session. Then it came back with a whoop, and now it is not only firmly incorporated into our legislative language but is impressively inserted in our legislative procedures, to say nothing of being cruelly wedged into the Old Guard of the Senate and in such a manner as to give those supervisors and directors of our senatorial destinies acute anguish, colic, pains in the back of their organization necks, and spots before their collusive machine eyes. The bloc, from being an exhibit of John Dalzell's knowledge of French, has come to be an institution for kicking the once-revered Old Guard in their aggregate and associated slats, a recognized and powerful legislative entity, a combination in restraint of the leaders.

Now we have not only one bloc but half a dozen. They are all the rage. Every time a group of senators desire to roll some desired legislation across the prostrate forms of the Old Guard they form a bloc and proceed with the rolling, amid shrieks of anguish from the prostrate, and beseeching cries of "Now, boys, be regular! This is hurting the party. It's against the organization." Whenever a senator discerns a sentiment back home that needs fostering on his part he moves about the Senate chamber, organizes a bloc, and begins to foster regardless of what the leaders may think or desire in the matter. In the days when the peace treaty was under discussion they had blocs, but they didn't call them blocs then. They were groups. It was only with the beginning of the present session that the French term came into use, and with the use of it the elaborate development of what it implies.

Legislatively a bloc is an association of senators, say, for the purpose of securing for themselves and those they represent certain legislative advantages in the way of favorable or desired laws and appropriations. It may be partisan or nonpartisan. It operates with a solidarity on all questions within its scope, and operates independently of any party or partisan organization. The designation implies its meanings and its uses. It is a solid formation of legislators—a block of them, to put it in English—and its operations are not only those of a voting formation for but a blocking formation against any given measure. It is a monkey wrench to be thrown into the organization legislative machinery at any time. It is a club to beat the leaders. It is a privateer on legislative waters. It disturbs the peaceful currents of programmed enactment and disrupts the plans of the programmers.

In the view of the blockers it is helpful, and in the view of the blocked it is hell.

A party that has a good safe working majority in Congress and a good safe amenable President in the White House is happy, provided the majority works and the President is workable. The best and most powerful organization is a right tight little machine with enough votes to put things over and not so many that things can be put over them. There always is strength in union but not always union in strength. That is to say, a party with from twenty-five to forty votes majority in the House and with ten or a dozen excess in the Senate is in far better shape than a party with a hundred and fifty majority in the House and twenty or thirty in the Senate, and for this reason: Political results are obtained only by discipline, and it is much easier to discipline a small majority than a large one.

The enormous vote that elected President Harding also elected a Congress that was and is superabundantly Republican; profligately so on the House side, and generously so on the Senate side. Naturally the leaders, and especially the leaders in the Senate, where the Republicans had been skinning along with a very small margin in excess, were pleased at this, because there dawned before them visions of a procession through lush fields where, backed by these great forces, they could reap what they had sown, what others had sown, and plan for future and fruitful sowings. It looked too easy, but with that excellent foresight that marks the Republican senatorial leaders the ease of it was made seemingly certain by the programmed setting up of what was and what was not to be done.

The Senate is the supreme legislative body both of Congress and the country, though constitutionally having none but coördinate and equal powers with the House. This has come about for a variety of reasons but principally because the Senate is a compact body and the House an unwieldy one, and because the cloture in the House results in undigested legislation while the less hampered operations of the Senate result, if not in digested legislation, at least in legislation that has been subjected to some of the metabolic legislative processes. The ordinary functioning of the majority in the Senate is done through the caucus, wherein the members vote on procedures, policies and principles to be supported. The operating machinery for these determinations is the steering committee, which undertakes to bring about legislative situations favorable for the progress of caucus determinations—to steer the measures decided upon through the mazes of senatorial discussion and consideration to the safe and desired haven of an adopting vote. The steering committee represents the leadership and organization of the Senate majority—is the active force of the organization.

The Breakdown of the Steering Gear

HENCE the success of the organization program depends largely on the ability of the steering committee to steer and the consent of the steerees to be steered—the steerees being the party members of the Senate. Hence, also, if there comes a time when the steerees, or enough of them to block the steering, leave the reservation, jape at the steering committee, tell it to go to, refuse its ministrations and take no heed of its instructions, the majority organization becomes a majority disorganization, and the machine stops in its tracks.

Well, that is what has happened in one particular, and is what is likely to happen in several other particulars. By the formation and application of the bloc system in the Senate various unprogrammed things have been accomplished, and the steering committee is flat on its back, its legs waving feebly in the air, and piping thinly for aid, comfort, succor and assistance. Moreover, the success of the first bloc organizers has pointed the way to other legislators with nonprogrammed programs and extra-organization desires, and it is likely that in the future whenever the steering committee attempts to rise with a plan distasteful to any bloc it may be distasteful to, it will find that bloc sitting on its chest and impeding its functions most lamentably.

The bloc business is catching, highly infectious. Almost any group of senators is likely to become inoculated with the bloc germ, and show febrile bloc symptoms immediately, and the Old Guard hasn't as yet a febrifuge to its name. The first bloc was a whale of a success, and there will be others. There are others now, in fact. The Old Guard, the steering committee, the Republican organization, the machine, are on the inside looking out at a situation that not only gives them pause but pain.

The first real bloc, so designated and acting as such, was the Agricultural Bloc. It began operations soon after this Congress went into session last spring, and it has not finished yet. Those who know of its origin say that it had its beginnings in a Senate smoking-room conversation between two or three senators who were of the opinion that the needs of the farmers were not adequately cared for in the organization legislative program for the session, nor the needs of these senators, either, in a political way; and these senators discussed ways and means for impressing on the organization these needs, both agricultural and individual. The only way needs can be impressed on a Senate machine, and especially on a Senate machine with a big working majority and a conviction that all members thereof are as partisan as the chief machinists, is with an ax. Prayers and petitions, arguments and assertions are of no avail. Cave-man stuff is required.

These senators who felt that the farmer wasn't getting what was coming to him knew this. Though they had a warm, almost reverent affection for the Old Guard and its organization, and were members thereof, they had a warmer and much more reverent affection for the great agricultural interests of their states, and the votes appertaining thereto. Therefore they decided to use the ax, to chop their way to the ends desired and let the chips fall where they would. That smoking-room conversation developed into the Agricultural Bloc, and the Agricultural Bloc developed into a formidable political and legislative agency that amazed the Old Guard with its temerity, astounded it with its aggressiveness, frightened it with its success and dismayed it with its independence.

It is the paradox of a legislative bloc that though its power rests in solidity of membership and rigidity of operations its membership is a shifting quantity, sometimes greater and sometimes less. However, the foundation of it is stable. The bloc itself is a bloc. For example, the bed-rock membership of the Agricultural Bloc is held at twenty-two, but there are occasions when fifty-five votes can be mustered - twenty-eight Republicans and twenty-seven Democrats. The plight of an organization in a Senate of ninety-six members with fifty-five of those members resisting the commands of that organization needs no discussion. It isn't an organization at all. It is a scrap heap.

These senators who had this preliminary discussion were sore at the program, and felt that the needs of the farmer were paramount in any legislative program at this time. Likewise, they may have discovered certain evidences of a closer sympathy between the ruling powers of the Senate and the ruling powers of big business than they felt would do the agricultural classes any good. Others have noted this tendency, so they may have discovered that also. In any event, they made a canvass of the Senate, and found that there were various of their colleagues who were of the same mind with them in this matter. So they held a meeting, to which all those who had expressed sympathy with the farmer, and a desire to help, were invited.

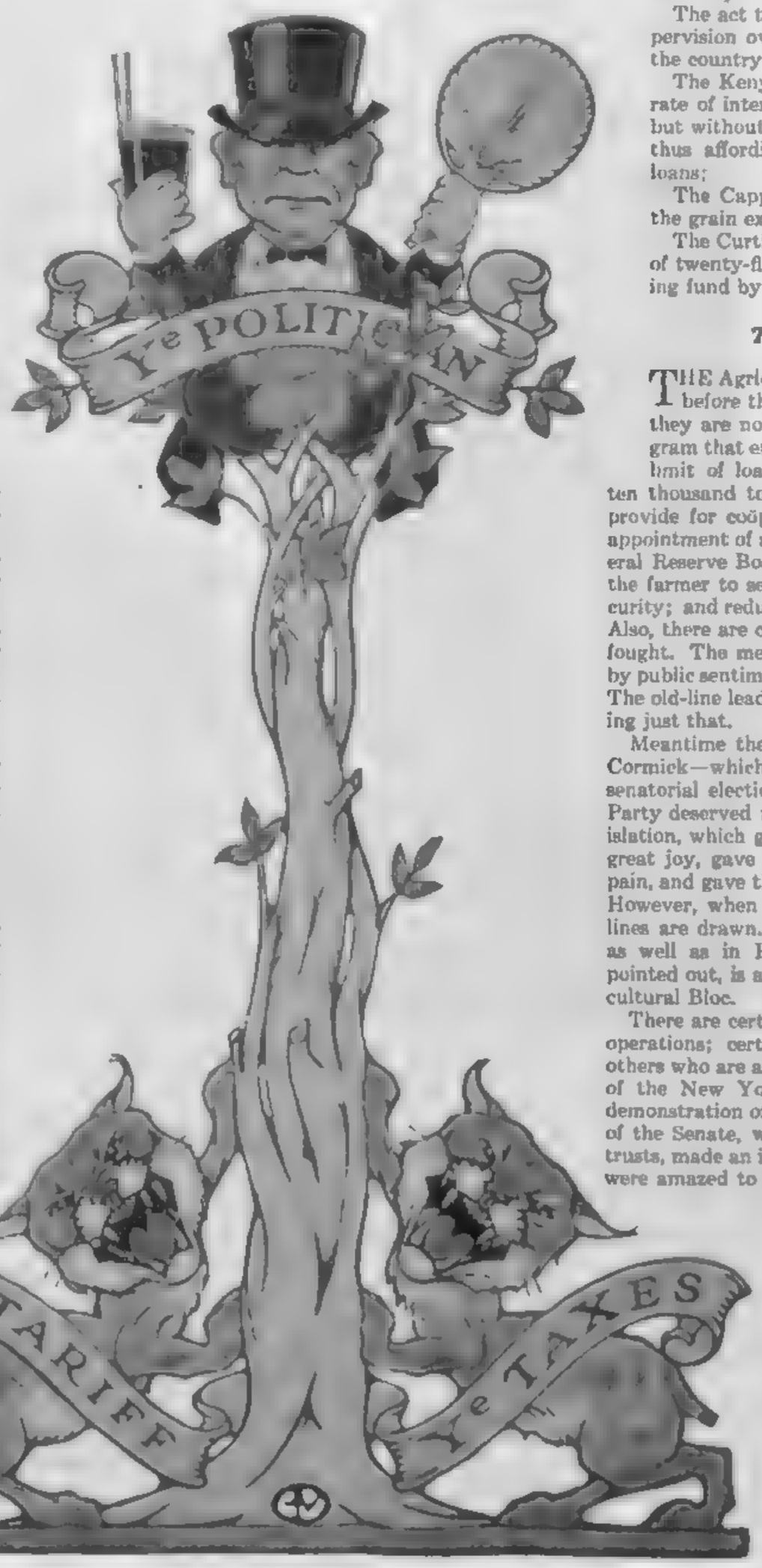
The Farmers' Champions

THIS, understand, came mighty near being treason. It was lese majesty, anyhow. Here were a certain number of senators, of both parties, who were in confabulation not only to press legislation but to initiate it; who, as to the Republicans, openly declared they would take no orders from the majority organization, not do any voting that did not fit in with their plans and desires; and who, as to the Democrats, said the same thing with the added incentive of making trouble for the majority. They issued few proclamations and put out no communiqués. What they did was to sew up senatorial votes on the proposition that in the situation legislation for the farmer was of paramount importance and that, by heck, they were going to get that legislation. They said as much to the leaders, and were told to run along and be good.

They were on secure political footing. Bolt of a party organization may be a serious matter in certain contingencies, but not where the farmer is concerned. A bolt, or defiance, may distress the organization, but it will not distress the agricultural vote any. It is safe, just as any statesman can with impunity oppose his party on a question pertaining to the Constitution. Many a man has made a reputation for political independence by running out on his party in defense of the dear old Constitution. At that, there were some who were not any too keen to have it said they were off the reservation. Thus there was no roster of the bloc. It was apparent enough that the heads of it were Senator Kenyon, of Iowa, and Senator Capper, of Kansas, but the rest of the membership—in part, at least—was disclosed only at voting time, and not with regularity then.

That is, the voting strength varied with various measures, but the bloc was a sturdy and effective legislative instrument.

The outward reception by the organization of this determination of the Agricultural Bloc to do what it had in mind was met by the organization with dignified protest, and with grave warning of the disaster to party discipline that would ensue. Privately it was met with affrighted squawks that ranged from "What are you fellows trying to do—wreck the party?" to assertions that the bloc's program was class legislation and contrary to the theory and principles of American institutions. Neither protest, warning nor squawks had an effect on the bloc. It is doubtful if the organizers of it at first had a clear idea of what they could do, but probably they felt they might do something. Later, when they found their strength they used that strength remorselessly. As soon as they sensed what great power they had they exerted that power to the limit. They controlled enough votes to block any other legislation, and by the use of those votes they forced through their own legislation regardless of what the leaders thought or said.



The bloc stood the test of opposition, objection, objurgation and obstruction. Of course they had a great leverage in the fact that no statesman, even though he comes from a strictly urban constituency, is at all anxious to oppose measures designed for the benefit of the agricultural interests. There is no political nourishment in that. The farmer vote is a potent factor in all American political considerations. Angry and aggrieved as the Old Guard leaders were, they took great care not to put their objections to the bloc on grounds that might react unfavorably on either the party or themselves. They bleated of party loyalty and the necessity for party organization and the programs of that organization, but they had no word save words of praise for the horny-handed tillers of the soil, and no objection to legislation for their benefit at the proper time.

The intrinsic difference between the Agricultural Bloc and the old-line leaders was on this point—the proper time. The bloc held the time was then—right away, immediately. The leaders felt that other things should be considered first. The bloc won. They put through this program of legislation for the benefit of the farmers:

The Emergency Tariff Act, in which duties on importations of agricultural products are increased and the farmer is protected from competition from abroad, where costs of production are much less;

The act providing for a credit of a billion dollars for farm exports;

The act that gives the Secretary of Agriculture supervision over the packing houses and stockyards of the country;

The Kenyon Bill, which provides for an increased rate of interest for bonds issued by farm-loan banks but without increase of interest rate to the farmers, thus affording a better market for the farm-bank loans;

The Capper-Tincher Bill, for the regulation of all the grain exchanges in the country;

The Curtis Bill, which authorizes the appropriation of twenty-five million dollars to be used as a revolving fund by the farm-loan banks.

The G. O. P. Gets the Glory

THE Agricultural Bloc had accomplished that much before the Congress took its recess in August, and they are not yet finished. They have a further program that entails the passage of a bill to increase the limit of loans of the Federal farm-loan banks from ten thousand to twenty-five thousand dollars; a bill to provide for coöperative marketing; a bill to direct the appointment of a representative of agriculture on the Federal Reserve Board; a rural-credit plan that will enable the farmer to secure short-term loans on agricultural security; and reduced freight rates on agricultural products. Also, there are certain sections of the tax bill that will be fought. The members of the bloc say they are sustained by public sentiment, and that they will win all these fights. The old-line leaders haven't anything to say, and are saying just that.

Meantime the President, in his letter to Senator McCormick—which letter was a campaign document for the senatorial election in New Mexico—said the Republican Party deserved much credit for enacting this farmer legislation, which gave the Republican members of the bloc great joy, gave the Republican leaders in the Senate a pain, and gave the Democratic members of the bloc pause. However, when it comes to aiding the farmer no party lines are drawn. The farmers vote in Democratic states as well as in Republican states. Which, as has been pointed out, is another reason for the success of the Agricultural Bloc.

There are certain senators who are in the bloc in all its operations; certain others who are in and out; and still others who are associate members. Not so long ago, some of the New York interests who were alarmed at this demonstration of strength in opposition to the ruling class of the Senate, where they had put their trust and their trusts, made an investigation of the Agricultural Bloc, and were amazed to find that at a maximum it could control between fifty-five and sixty votes. That is what was reported to them, at any rate. The stand-fast strength is variously computed at twenty to twenty-five. The votes cast shift between these two limits.

The bloc system as applied to the Senate may seem complicated, but it isn't. It is as simple as eating bread and butter. A party organization, or machine, in a legislative body has two objects: The first is to lay out a policy and formulate bills to be made into laws that will make that policy operative; the second is to control the votes

(Continued on Page 63)

THE STONE GROWER

By Albert Payson Terhune

ILLUSTRATED BY J. E. ALLEN

WHEN Jan Leuwenhoeck left his Antwerp home at nineteen and sailed, via steerage, for New York, he had but three worthwhile assets: The first was his name, which from ancestral association had become a local synonym for skill in jewel handling. The second asset was his diamond-setting trade, practiced since first his childish fingers could be trained to manipulate the quartz and rock-crystal substitute stones, whereon novices are taught their first steps in the setting-and-cutting industry. Thanks to hereditary skill and to the wondrous teachings of his beast-tempered and heavy-fisted father, Jan at nineteen was no longer an apprentice or even a journeyman, but an acknowledged adept in a city where jewel adepts are a drug on the market. The third asset was a quarter-carat diamond of fair quality—and worth about twenty-five dollars—which Jan had gouged from a tiny cross bequeathed him by his Greataunt Frouche.

Now this is the use to which Jan Leuwenhoeck put his three assets during the twenty-one years which followed his advent in the new world:

His name—one to conjure with in Antwerp—roused only merriment in Manhattan. Jan liked merriment, but not at his own expense. So by law he changed Jan Leuwenhoeck to John Lewis.

His prowess at gem setting, together with a letter from Marinus Verplanck, his old neighbor and his father's lodge brother, secured him a job in the jewelry house of Verplanck & Verplanck. Here, in a brief ten years, he became head of the resetting department, a mighty adjunct to the mighty firm.

He had increased the size of his quarter-carat, twenty-five-dollar diamond, in the first fifteen of those twenty-one years, to six and three-quarter carats and to a value of seven thousand four hundred dollars.

Somewhere in the First Reader is the statement, "Stones do not grow," and, chiefly in words of one syllable, the reason is set forth. The First Reader was written before John Lewis began operations.

Here is a hint as to the Lewis recipe for making stones grow—when such stones chance to be diamonds:

A month after he went to work for Verplanck & Verplanck, John was assigned to the job of resetting a little marquise ring. It was of old style, and the gold overlapped the edges of its nine small stones. One of these stones chanced to be three-eighths carat in weight and of ever so little better quality than John's own diamond. Wherefore Lewis substituted Greataunt Frouche's stone for it and pocketed the slightly larger one.

In all big houses such jobs must be inspected by the department expert before going to the customer. Often when the work has been done by a trusted employe this inspection is superficial, and when the job is petty the inspection is likely to be still more careless.

The expert glanced at the well-executed resetting of the marquise ring, saw that it seemed in every way satisfactory and scrawled his initials to the O. K. slip.

Thus in a month the pure air of America had caused John Lewis' diamond to add to itself a new luster and an eighth of a carat in weight.

Three months passed before an old-fashioned necklace, with a clasp of good half-carat stones, came to Verplanck & Verplanck for resetting. The necklace was turned over to one of the more experienced men and the clasp to Lewis. John made a pretty job of the clasp, a job that wrung a grunt of approval from the chief himself. He had mounted the central stone in a unique way which added to its attractiveness, though not to its appearance of size—and the original central stone went into his own pocket.

Cerise Was Ushered With Much Sedate Courtesy Into the Tiny Corner Office of John Lewis

In a third of a year Aunt Frouche's diamond had doubled in weight—a most thrifty diamond.

But such chances were few in the early years of Lewis' American career, and in the interims he flung himself heart and soul into his profession, living like a miser, working early and late, a glutton for toil, and ever increasing his own skill and his indispensability to his employers. Hence in three years Aunt Frouche's diamond weighed but a carat and a half. But the Verplancks had grown to look on John Lewis as a treasure. He was trusted with better and better bits of work. His jobs were glanced at in admiration rather than appraisal by the chief. Thanks to all this, Aunt Frouche's diamond began to grow with more gratifying speed.

A chorus girl, Cerise Varney, received from one of her youthful admirers a bracelet that had been his mother's. No self-respecting damsel of the chorus would be seen wearing anything so ludicrously out of date as this fetter of chased and worn gold with its half circle of old-mine stones; a treasure whose original recipient had wept for pure joy when her husband had given it to her thirty years earlier as a Christmas present. So it was brought to Verplanck & Verplanck with Cerise's command to reset the diamonds in such a way as to give them a more modern aspect and to delete the effect of squareness which was an attribute of old-mine stones. Also, the worn gold was to be replaced by a severe Viennese hoop.

John Lewis almost wept with joy when the resetting task was assigned to him, and a two-carat old-mine stone went into his pocket in place of a carat-and-a-half stone of slightly poorer quality which he set into the Viennese hoop.

Still better, Lewis had been waiting for some such time as this. With his savings he bought two carat-and-a-half diamonds from a friend in the cigar business whose wife wanted to sell her two-stone engagement ring toward the buying of an automobile. These two stones he substituted for a couple more of the bracelet's two-carat gems.

He made a good job of that bracelet. So cleverly did he reset it that no one would have thought the deep-sunken jewels had been mined more than a year. Cerise Varney herself was pleased—which was a triumph, as maidens of her type make it a rule to be severely blasé in their dealings with jewelers. And the exploit netted Lewis a carat and a half, including the graduation of Aunt Frouche's stone to the two-carat class. Now he could begin operations on a slightly larger scale, with three diamonds to work with.

Without going into tedious detail, it is enough to say that John Lewis juggled his trio of diamonds as deftly as any three-card-monte man at the nineteenth-century county fairs, ever riffled his triple pasteboards. By the time he had been in America nine years he had eight diamonds working for him, besides Aunt Frouche's. These ran in size—originally—from a single carat to two carats, and by the end of the ninth year the largest of them weighed four and an eighth carats.

It was during the tenth year that old Eckstrom's death put Lewis at the head of the department. His superiors used to smile appreciatively at the taciturn new chief's stark devotion to his work—a devotion which made him toil after hours on the setting of certain involved repair orders rather than leave them to even the ablest of his assistants.

This was the era to which Lewis had been bending his every energy. For now it was he and not a superior in rank who scribbled the O. K. to satisfactory jobs. There was no danger of detection, and he was at liberty to conduct his nine-diamond side line with more audacity. Of course he still tempered daring with wisdom. For instance, there were customers who knew stones inconveniently well; customers who could not readily be fooled by substitute gems. But the rank and file of people who brought jewels for resetting or for recutting were as ignorant of such matters as are you and I. From these, then, Lewis hoped to reap a wholesale profit.

But before he was fairly settled in his new office the first real obstacle arose. Fashion had decreed recently that platinum should replace gold as the metal for jewelry. This by itself—together with the new styles of setting—had made his substitutions less easy. And now from Kimberley, via Paris, came the fashion mandate that diamonds of four or more carats should be cut either emerald or square instead of round; also, that most stones which exceeded three carats should be thus cut.

It is a simple thing for a shrewd jewel setter—who is also his own department chief—to substitute for a round stone another round stone of the same general aspect but a shade smaller and perhaps a trifle less blue-white.

But not even the most inspired setter can change a square diamond for a round one without risking the owner's suspicions. All Lewis' nine diamonds were round. It looked as though his profitable side line must close down.

For the next three years he contented himself with dividends from such articles of jewelry as were brought in by certain of the firm's more old-fashioned or impecunious customers for resetting. Closely he watched these round stones. More than once he found a chance not only to increase the size of a few of his own diamonds but to substitute a Crystal for a Jaeger or a too-shallow stone for a deeper one with a greater spread. Yet this was all petty profit, and its very pettiness girded him.

Then with a sigh as of one who must begin life over again he recut his nine diamonds. He recut them with infinite skill, yet the loss in size all but made him weep. And now with nine square and emerald shaped diamonds he returned thriftily to his former game of swap. But it took him eight years to get to the point which he had hoped to rise to in a year.

It was when Lewis was forty that Cerise Varney came again into his life. Long since he had forgotten her very existence, if indeed he had known of it. It is doubtful if he had so much as heard the name of the unconscious benefactress who had changed the size of Aunt Frouche's diamond from one and a half to two carats.

Cerise's rise to affluence had been as steady as John Lewis'; but far more rapid, not to say meteoric. From the chorus she had been promoted to the speaking of two whole lines, subtly momentous lines which ran somewhat like thus:

"Ah, here comes the gallant young squire! A cheer for him, girls!" and, "Yes, Your Worship, we be simple milkmaids."

Then a bit had been confided to her in a supersuccessful musical comedy, and then a small part in a comedy which was less successful for its producer but far more successful for Cerise. For it had won her the fatherly notice of a cloak-and-suit magnate with artistic leanings. He sent her to Paris to have her really tolerable voice cultivated and the technic of acting dinged into her fluffy brain. After which he became angel for a musical comedy in which she starred on Broadway for eight months and which made her an established favorite with the tired business man and the soda clerk.

Being able to swim without further aid, Cerise cast aside her water wings in the form of the elderly cloak-and-suit man and blossomed forth as a musical comedy queen on her own account. For years thereafter her dazzling vogue had endured. Even now, when the make-up must be more artistic, and when the magnetic vivacity was increasingly a matter of effort, and when technic must mask the fraying edges of her voice, she was still in the limelight.

It was at this brief moment, before the sun should shift definitely from the zenith to the west, that Cerise hied her to the old-established firm of Verplanck & Verplanck. To a profoundly impressed front-store manager she addressed herself thus:

"I am Cerise Varney. Years and years ago, when I was just a little slip of a girl, my mother brought me here to get some teeny diamonds in an old bracelet reset. I was only a flapper then, but I can remember how wonderfully the work was done and how pleased mamma was. I—I wonder if you can tell me whether the man who did the work is still employed here; or, if he isn't, where he has gone, if it won't be too much bother, you know, because I have some bits of jewelry I want reset. And I'd like so much to have the same man do it. Could I?"

With slight difficulty Miss Varney was induced to remember the exact year of the earlier transaction. Dusty record books were consulted, and ten minutes later Cerise was ushered with much sedate courtesy into the tiny corner office of John Lewis.

To Lewis it seemed she brought into the severe cubby-hole room a radiance and fragrance and charm that fairly pulsated. He looked up at her in blinking admiration as he scrambled to his feet and made shift to offer her the one semicomfortable chair in sight.

Cerise saw nothing impressive in the thin and stoopingly undersized figure of the expert, or in the swarthy face and nearsightedly luminous black eyes and neat pointed beard.

Lewis was not a lady's man. His life had been too busy, too single in its aim for him to cultivate society to any extent. Moreover, as he had heard, women and expense ever go hand in hand, and he had needed his every extra dollar to add to his collection of steadily growing diamonds. The collection still numbered nine, but its stones averaged in weight something like six carats and in cash value about seven thousand dollars apiece.

Of old he would have considered this an overwhelming fortune and would have cashed it in and returned to Antwerp to lord it over his poor relations. But the spell of acquisition was upon him. He had set for himself a goal of one hundred thousand dollars. That earned, he was going to buy an annuity which would bring him eight thousand dollars a year; and he would live a life of blissful luxury. In the meantime he was content to toil and to wear shiny black clothes and to confine his association with the other sex to monthly squabbles with his fat landlady when she sought—as always she did on pay day—to raise the rent of his onion-scented hall bedroom.

Wherefore, the vision of Cerise Varney, glowing, subtly sacheted, fur wrapped, orchid wearing, wholly exquisite, smote him now with an almost physical pain. She was the loveliest being he had set eyes on, the only beautiful and adorable woman who had ever bothered to waste a word on him.

"A whole lot of years ago," his misted brain registered her speech, "my mother and I brought a bracelet here to be reset, and out yonder they tell me it was you who did it. It was such a splendid piece of work—so artistic! I've never forgotten it. I've always wanted to thank you."

"Y-yes," mumbled the hypnotized Lewis. "Sure it was! Sure! Thank you, Miss—Miss ——"

"Varney," she supplemented—"Cerise Varney."

She said it modestly, as President Harding or Lloyd George might announce his identity to a store clerk when ordering a parcel sent home. But only a stiff bow and a changeless stare of the blankly admiring black eyes greeted the words, so she added archly, "Yes, *the* Cerise Varney. But "

Under the still unrecognizing blankness of his face her sentence died away. She had not deemed it possible that any man in sophisticated New York could be so ignorant of his own city's celebrities. But she checked the frown of annoyance which an artistic temperament forced to her well-massaged brow, and she said with much sweetness:

"This is my last week at the Criterion. We close on Saturday night. You must come and see me. I'll have seats sent around here to you this afternoon—seats for to-night if you've nothing pleasanter to do."

"No'm," he faltered, still in a half idea that she was inviting him to call on her at some Criterion apartment house, and wondering why seats were necessary. "I've—I've nothing else to do to-night. I haven't anything at all to do to-night. I'll—I'll be pleased to come. Sure! Thank you, ma'am."

He was quite certain he was in a dream. In real life this glorified woman would never be asking him to come and see her. Cerise went on:

"I have a coronet of diamonds. Nothing marvelous or of any vast value, as such things go; just a little souvenir given me by the Duke of Aosta, when I sang in Italy. I don't like the way it is set, and I'm not just sure how I want it reset. I—I was wondering if it would be too insignificant a piece of work for you to attend to in person. Would it? You see, I've always remembered how you made that cheap little bracelet look like—like ——"

"Why—why, yes. Sure," he made halting reply. "Sure. Yes. I'd—I'd be pleased to. Have you got it here? Have you, ma'am?"

"Why, no," she said, and, laughing, went on: "I'm so afraid of being robbed in the street. When an actress says her jewels have been stolen everybody calls it a press-agent fake, and even the police don't half look for them. So I don't like to carry such things around."

So she was an actress! Lewis eyed her with even greater interest. And now he began to understand that the Criterion must be a theater and that she had been offering to send him free seats for the evening's performance.

Cerise Put the Coronet on Her Own Shapely Head and Twirled and Postured Before the Only Mirror Left in the Place

John Lewis was amazed, but not more so than would have been the Duke of Aosta to learn of having given a diamond coronet to Cerise Varney, of whom His Grace had never so much as heard a coronet whose real donor had been one Hyman Rothapfel, proprietor of the most flourishing chain of cloak-and-suit houses in the East and a kingly spender.

"No," Cerise was saying, "I left it at the bank with the rest of my junk. I was wondering—of course I would pay extra—I was wondering if perhaps you might be willing to come up to my apartment to-night for a few minutes after the theater and take a look at it, and then if you'd very much mind coming up

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MARY GETS MARRIED

By May Edginton

ILLUSTRATED BY F. VAUX WILSON

"I Have Walked a Good Deal, But Though Strong, They—Well, Look at My Ankles"

"THIS is very sudden, Baxter," said Aunt Flora, removing her gardening hat.

"Yes'm," replied Baxter, taking it, "but Miss Mary is sudden."

"I hurried down just as I was," said Aunt Flora, "and am of course prepared to stay, inconvenient as it is. Is the house prepared?"

"Mrs. Baxter and me are always prepared, 'm," said Baxter.

Then the front doorbell rang—merely a courtesy ring, for before Baxter could leave the sitting room to answer it the newcomer had entered. It was Mrs. Dudley.

"You have heard?" said Aunt Flora, walking about the sitting room looking for dust on things to blow at. "This is the way she always behaves. It is not inconsiderate merely, taking no account of what is convenient; it is scandalous. A woman has no business to go hunting and shooting all over the world, and come home just when she likes, putting responsibilities upon her relations."

"I shall take no responsibilities," said Mrs. Dudley disapprovingly. "Mary is forty and can take care of herself."

"Forty or not," said Aunt Flora, blowing at a vase, "I realize my duty towards her and shall do it. Is Egbert coming?"

Just then Major Dudley entered the room and sat down disapprovingly.

"Yes," said he, "here I am. I did not want to come——"

"Neither did I," said Aunt Flora, blowing quickly.

"Nor I," said Mrs. Dudley. "I am so busy ——"

"But," continued Egbert, waving their silly female interruptions aside, "as it is my wife's only sister in question, naturally I do not wish to slight her or hurt her feelings in any way."

"Mary's feelings!" said Mrs. Dudley.

Aunt Flora blew expressively.

Just then Baxter ushered in Doctor Howard.

"Good afternoon," murmured Aunt Flora, sighing.

"Hello, Howard!" said Major Dudley grimly.

"Has Mary arrived?" said Doctor Howard more grimly.

"Does it look as if she has arrived?" returned Aunt Flora, blowing.

All looked round the apple-pie room significantly.

"I intend to speak to her at once about the brook," said Doctor Howard, sitting down beside Major Dudley; and very formidable they looked, together like that. "There may be people," he went on, "who admire and approve of Mary ——"

"Are there?" said Mrs. Dudley. "Not in Porchester."

"But," resumed Doctor Howard, waving her idle female interruption aside, "I am not one of them and never have been. As a little boy of nine I said to her—a little girl of nine—'Mary,' I said, 'you are most unwomanly. What will happen to you when you grow up?' And I have always spoken my mind to Mary, and always shall. Lion hunting!"

"Lion hunting!" said Major Dudley.

Doctor Howard and Major Dudley sat contemptuously beside each other on the sofa.

"Dreadful!" remarked Aunt Flora, blowing.

"No, it's sad," said Mrs. Dudley.

At this moment a car flew up the quiet street, tootled and stopped. In the exact space of half a minute Mary came in.

Mary was bronzed and full of beans. Her eye shone daringly; she smiled around in perfect bonhomie. She looked disreputably well groomed.

"Aunt Flora!" cried Mary.

"Yes, my dear," said Aunt Flora, kissing her. "I put aside everything and came to try to set your house in order in the short space of time permitted to me."

"But Baxter sets my house in order!" cried Mary.

"Servants never set houses in order," said Aunt Flora stubbornly.

"And Geraldine!" cried Mary, kissing Mrs. Dudley. "And Egbert!" she cried, shaking hands heartily with Major Dudley. "And W-W-William," she added, transferring her lusty grip to Doctor Howard.

"Since you were motoring from London," said Major Dudley disapprovingly, but looking Mary over in a somewhat puzzled way, "we were deprived of the pleasure of meeting you at the station."

"Stopped in town a day or two; bought meself a car," said Mary, beaming.

All looked at her, astounded at the audacious way she passed through life.

"A beauty," added Mary, beaming.

Aunt Flora examined her, and Mrs. Dudley examined her too.

"Indeed, Mary," replied Egbert.

Doctor Howard looked Mary over.

"Longish drive without a break," said Mary.

"It is a pity you undertook it, dear," replied Aunt Flora.

Mary threw off her wrap, and then all realized what, from the moment of her entry, had been obscurely puzzling them. Mary was dressed—well, dressed—in a manner to which they were unaccustomed, and terribly they felt it.

"You have been shopping, dear?" said Mrs. Dudley.

"Stopped in Paris a day or two," explained Mary. "Bought myself a few rags."

"Paris?" said Doctor Howard.

"Paris?" said Egbert Dudley. "You have been staying in Paris—er—alone?"

"Mary!" said Mrs. Dudley.

Aunt Flora sighed, and moving with increased stateliness around the room went on blowing.

"Where's tea?" said Mary.

Aunt Flora stopped blowing.

"Ring the bell, W-W-William," added Mary.

Doctor Howard looked her over, and after a suitable pause he rang the bell.

"Buck up with tea, Baxter," said Mary.

"Well, Mary dear," said Mrs. Dudley after her husband had looked at her, "Egbert and I cannot stay to have a cup of tea with you, because we're expecting the new vicar. We only rushed in to welcome you home, and having done that we must trot away."

"Thank you so much for welcoming me, old thing," replied Mary sincerely.

Then the Dudleys trotted away, leaving Aunt Flora, who was delicately blowing among the china at the far end of the room, and Doctor Howard.

"Well, William?" said Mary.

Baxter entered with tea. "Has the garden boy unloaded all my stuff, Baxter?" said Mary.

"Yes'm," said Baxter. "All but the guns, what he've asked me to lift out, being nervous."

When Mary laughed Aunt Flora again stopped blowing.

"What a laugh you have, my dear!" said she, shuddering.

Doctor Howard did not shudder, being made of stronger stuff; but he frowned pretty severely.

"Sit here by me, William," said Mary, patting the couch before which the table was set, "and Aunt Flora, where will you sit?"

"Sit, my dear?" said Aunt Flora. "Me? Sit? A fine chance I have of sitting with this short notice you have given me! I must go and attend to the airing of your bed."

"Oh, but Baxter," cried Mary.

"Baxter!" replied Aunt Flora, who thought like all relations that she was simply indispensable, whereas like most relations she was only a damnable nuisance. "I had a cup of tea before I left home," said she, "foreseeing the rush I should be in. Don't trouble about me," she added, sighing. Then she went out, and this left Mary with Doctor Howard.

"Well, Mary," said Doctor Howard grimly, "after you have condescended to come home after another absence of two years, you cannot expect to find everything in order as if you had been at home in your proper place looking after it. No doubt you have been in your element hunting wild beasts and camping out and getting as rough as any man," said he, sneering. "But meanwhile the only house agent in the town, who has had charge of your small affairs"—here again Doctor Howard sneered in a very belittling way—"has died, and no one clears out the brook at the bottom of your garden. And the brook, although no doubt you are too busy with more important affairs to think of it," he continued heavily, "runs past other people's gardens, too, including mine, and I object to your negligence."

Mary's head was full of rushing rivers—the strong Sabaki, the great Nile, the mighty Zambesi. Water to her meant lakes and oceans, thunderous and torrential falls. So she brought her mind so slowly back to the little brook that Doctor Howard grew even grimmer.

"Then," said she, when she realized it, "you didn't come just to—welcome me?"

"No," said Doctor Howard, "I came to remonstrate with you."

Mary laughed and laughed.

"You may laugh," said Doctor Howard unnecessarily.

"I promise," said Mary, "to have the brook done immediately. Immediately! There!

"Have a hot bun," she added hospitably.

"Why cannot you be more like other women, Mary?" said Doctor Howard after he had been a little soothed by the hot bun.

Mary looked down. She hesitated, and that was not a thing which she was known to do very often.

"Well," she mumbled, "I will be."

"Too late," said Doctor Howard angrily. "Forty! Forty! And spoiled! You have spoiled yourself, Mary. Willful! Independent! All this freedom! This running about! It has made you different."

Mary looked at him, and she sized him up and measured her distance as she had had to do with only two seconds to spare that burning day thousands of miles away when she shot her first lion in Nyasaland.

"William," she said, "I really do think I will now get married."

Doctor Howard had been angry; but his look was now one of unutterable astonishment, then pity, then contempt.

"Married!" he repeated.

"Yes," said Mary, looking ahead in a distant sort of way. "I've had forty good years, and now I think I'll get married."

"Mary," said he, "you cannot get married. Who will marry you? You've spoiled yourself. You're a wild woman. Unsexed! Unnatural! Unwomanly! Do you remember what I said to you when I was a little boy of nine and you were a little girl of nine?"

Mary nodded.

"Ah, Mary," said he, shaking his head, "I think your sister was right. Your aunt said it was dreadful, but your sister said 'No, it is sad.' And it is sad, Mary, when a woman has thrown away all her chances. For who will marry you now? A man likes a wife he can be answerable for—sure of. Ah, Mary!"

"I thought you would help me," murmured Mary.

"Anything in my power—to make a nice, quiet, good woman of you," said he. "But what is in my power?"

"Listen," said Mary, looking distantly away. "All men are like sheep."

"Don't let me hear any unnatural cynicism," said William, recoiling.

"I admire sheep," cried Mary quickly. She continued, "And they are usually willing to follow where others lead. Will you lead?"

"What?" said Doctor Howard.

"I mean," said Mary in a timid manner that reconciled him a good deal to the unusual things she was saying, "if you would overcome your—your—disapproval of me enough to pay me a few attentions, seem to admire me, and so on, others would follow and I should get a husband."

"I am no actor."

"No," said Mary still timidly, "but after all you might pick on some quality or asset of mine which you really do admire. For instance, disapproving of me as you do, you don't—don't look for such good points as I have. For instance ——"

Her Parisian skirt needed no further abbreviation, but Mary pulled it up an inch or so.

"My ankles," she said timidly, spanning one with a thumb and forefinger. "I have walked a good deal, but though strong, they—well, look at my ankles."

William looked.

"Then," added Mary, "my ears." Lifting a bit of hair she displayed one. "Then," said she, "after all, my eyelashes are longer than Geraldine's." Closing her eyes, She turned her face in profile. William looked.

"H'm!" he said coldly. "H'm! H'm!"

"If you could help me, dear William," said Mary humbly, "by seeming to admire—well, I had thought of marrying Mr. Cairns or young Purkis, if neither of them has attached himself during my two years' absence."

"Really, Mary!" said William, fuming

"It means a great deal to me," replied Mary humbly. "But perhaps there are other bachelors in Porchester now."

"No only me," said William.

"Will you help me a little?" Mary pleaded. "Give me a chance," she added, "to retrieve my past."

"Well!" said William, fuming about.

"Oh, thank you, William!" said Mary, going to her telephone—which was another point held against her by her friends, for it did not seem right for a woman to be so idle and luxurious that she must have a telephone extension from the hall to her own writing bureau.

However, there the telephone was; and Mary used it with that remarkable audacity for which she was so criticized.

"That you, Mr. Cairns?" William heard her cry gushingly. "I'm lucky to find you in. 'Member my voice? No? Oh! Mary Brownlow. Yes, I'm home. And I am discussing with Doctor Howard the possibility of having water lilies in my brook. And as you are a great gardener, can't you come round at once and give us the benefit of your opinion? That is splendid," said Mary, hanging up the receiver.

"We were not discussing water lilies, Mary," said William, with bolting eyes. "It is not the truth."

"But I am not going to tell the truth any more, dear William," said Mary timidly. "Nice women," she added, "don't."

Then she took up the receiver again and called, "Porchester 35," and soon she was in touch with Mr. Purkis, the solicitor.

"Oh, Mr. Purkis," said she with a good deal of womanly agitation, "this is Mary Brownlow—just home. And motoring down from London I ran over a little pig, and the owner has threatened me, and I am so distressed, and would you come round and have a cup of tea if you are not too busy, and tell me what I had better do? Oh, please, Mr. Purkis, do come. I shouldn't worry any more if I had your advice."

William sat amazed, for never had he heard inflections so soft in Mary's voice. But when she hung up the receiver all he asked was "What little pig?"

"There was no pig," said Mary in a small voice, hanging her head guiltily.

Mr. Purkis popped in almost directly, and he saw Mary and Doctor Howard sitting together on the same sofa.

"Well, well!" said Mr. Purkis judicially as he came in, for like the rest of Porchester he condemned this unseemly woman most severely; but Mary jumped up to meet him—and really her legs were wonderfully slim under the Paris frock—crying, "Oh, how kind you are to me! How kind to come!"

"A pleasure," said Mr. Purkis, taking her hand.

"I don't know what I would have done if you hadn't come!" cried Mary.

"Don't let us think about that," said Mr. Purkis, suddenly speaking largely and softly and patting her hand, "for here I am."

"And here's Doctor Howard," said Mary bashfully, indicating William; and though she did not blush, both Mr. Purkis and William thought she did, so shy was her manner. "Doctor Howard was waiting here to welcome me. Isn't that kind?" said she; and though she did not dimple, she looked as though she did. Mr. Purkis looked at William, who looked back.

"Ah, Howard!" he said, nodding. "We would all have liked to be here to welcome you, Miss Brownlow."

Mary sat between them on the sofa, for Mr. Purkis, seeing William on it, decided to sit there, too, and William did not see why he should move for Purkis.

Baxter brought in a third cup.

The sofa was a small one.

"Did you kill the pig?" said Mr. Purkis.

"I am afraid so," murmured Mary, shivering.

"Don't worry," said Mr. Purkis, approving the gesture; "leave it all to me. I shall put this right for you. Describe the accident if you are not too shaken."

"I am very shaken," said Mary.

"Of course!" said Purkis warmly.

"Still," she went on, "I must tell you. I was driving ever so carefully when the darling little pig ran across the road and ——" she shivered. "I ought not to have been driving alone in a new car," she added, deprecating herself charmingly. "I know that, and William is very angry with me about it."

William was amazed, for although he had disapproved of Mary about lion hunting and the little pig and the water lilies and the French clothes, he had not yet told how he disapproved of the car. However, before he could say anything Mr. Cairns arrived from his comfortable flat over the Porchester bank, and he saw Mary and Purkis and William sitting on the small sofa.

Mr. Cairns shared the ordinary opinion about Mary, and he had meant—cautiously of course—to give her a little manly advice, if such a woman would take it, on the desirability of her stopping her goings on; but when he saw William and Purkis sitting familiarly there he felt rather a bristly sensation at the roots of his hair, and noticed how short her Paris frock was.

"Oh, how kind of you to come!" cried Mary, jumping up. "See," she added—looking as if she both blushed and dimpled at once as she indicated the sofa—"how my friends rally round me!"

"Where is her aunt?" thought Mr. Cairns, holding Mary's hand. "Where is her aunt?"

"Ah, Howard!" he said distantly. "How d'you do, Purkis? And how," cried he, "is our traveler?"

"So glad to be home!" cooed Mary.

"Not so glad as your friends are to see you," he replied.

"Fresh tea," said Mary to Baxter, who had arrived with a fourth cup. "And while Baxter is bringing it, Mr. Cairns, I'll take you into the garden and show you just what I thought about those water lilies."

"Water lilies?" said Purkis, looking at Cairns.

"Why not water lilies, Purkis?" said Cairns, bristling.

"I have a cousin who goes in for ornamental water," said Purkis, "so shall I come too?"

Mary walked between Cairns and Purkis out through the French windows into the garden. This left William sitting on the sofa, which, though it had been small for three, seemed to him large and lonely for one. At this moment Aunt Flora returned from her bed airing and learned Mary's whereabouts.

"Mary [illegible] Aunt Flora. "Mary! It is hardly Mary's rôle to attract gentlemen."

"Oh," said William weakly, for his head was in a whirl, "there are a few things about Mary which have not

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"Isn't It the Sweetest Thing!" Said Mary With Pride. "See the Little Soap Dish and the Plated Sponge Rack?"

IT LOOKS EASY

By HOMER CROY

Filming an Acrobat's Antics in Midair

AT THE movies you have seen one of those fools crawling around over the top of an airplane, trotting around on the wings, hanging by one arm and cutting didos till you wondered if he had any sense at all; but did you ever stop to think how some photographer made the pictures of that fool? Cutting didos is a trade with him and he has been trained to it since he was in short pants; but not with the photographer. He doesn't know he is going to do it till he gets his assignment sheet from the big editor. Then he has to take his life in one hand and his camera in the other and see what Fate has up her sleeve—and Fate may have a mean morning!

There was L. H. Hunt. A highly paid dare-devil was to hand some thrills to the crowd and Camera Man Hunt was to put them on the film. To get a good airplane thriller you must be on a second plane traveling along parallel with the first so that you can get all the man has. Hunt sawed off the legs of his tripod and mounted his camera on the top wing of the plane so that he could have a free way. The camera was bolted down but not so with Hunt. Not a bolt! He must be able to shift around so as to be ready for the big thrill.

The two planes started out, one with the highly paid professional dare-devil and the other with the camera man. Hunt hooked a leg around one of the struts and that was all between him and the end of a perfect day. Over the city the planes went zipping, booming, zooming, zowieing and all the things they do, while the crowd held its breath as the performer climbed around with his two trusty hands to hold on with, while the camera man put his trust in his good right foot and twisted the crank.

What the Crowd Never Knew

JUST at the big moment, when the crowd was hurrahing the wild dare-devil, something went wrong. Hunt reached out to signal the pilot in the dare-devil's plane and his hand went into the propeller! In his eagerness to get a good picture of the high-priced dare-devil he had reached out too far. Three fingers were nipped off as neatly as if he had gone to a specialist.

But he ground on. The pilot of his own machine knew nothing about it. When the performance was over Hunt rushed his negative to the laboratory and turned it in—and then fainted from loss of blood. He was conveyed to a hospital and taken care of without anyone knowing anything about it, while the crowd went fairly mad, pushing and shoving to shake the dare-devil by his good right hand.

And so it goes. The ones in the headlines are not always the ones who do the big things. Oftentimes the real work around an office is done by somebody no one ever hears of.

A camera man making a news film never knows what his next assignment may be. The whole world is his oyster, the heavens above and the waters beneath, from the airplane to the submarine, for, generally speaking, a news picture is valuable in relation to how hard it is to get. If it was something on a street corner everybody would have it. The big picture is the one that is heaped with obstacles. One that was heaped and piled was one involving Francisco Villa, the famous Mexican bandit. He was the goal of all the motion-picture companies. Eight expeditions had gone out after him, and had come back with their flag trailing in the dust. Villa had retired to a ranch in the center of Mexico and had suddenly become very shy about having his picture taken. In four years not a motion picture of him had been made. The whole world was wanting to see him in his maidenly retirement.

Then one morning C. J. Kaho, photographer, received word to go down and come back with Villa. A Cleveland tractor company had sold the ex-general a tractor, and they were sending down a mechanic to set it up and arrangements had been made with the company to send along a camera man, who was to pose as an advertising man for the tractor company, out with his camera to make motion pictures of the wonderful tractor at work. It looked good. All the camera man had to do was just to trail along and twist the crank. It would be like taking candy from a young and trusting infant—except that Villa is no longer young, and it has been some time since he was trusting. Villa's interest in life now was soy beans—and his mustache. With the latter he had had great success. If his beans had prospered accordingly his ranch would soon have become agriculturally famous.

This Camera Man Seems Uncomfortably Close to the Propeller

However, the photographer knew nothing of the former general's ambitions. But no sooner had he and the mechanic crossed the border than they were picked up by a couple of Villa's guards. As they went bouncing and bumping down into Mexico the guards were with them constantly—they ate with them, they slept with them, they shook their bedclothes with them. But once in a while they would go off to telephone. At Rosario, the end of the railroad, Villa's automobiles came to meet them. When they arrived at the ranch Villa was gone. As customary, he had started at four o'clock in the morning on one of the errands best known to himself. About the ranch the photographer went, making pictures of the splendid tomb the general has built for himself and of the monument that he has erected to the soldiers who fought against Pershing. But every once in a while one of the guards would pop up.

At last the tractor was started, and Villa came out to the wheat field to see it in operation. This was the moment the photographer had been waiting for. Now or never! Kaho began cranking away, making out as if the only thing in the world that interested him was the binder, but ready to pan over to the general. The general was coming up behind the binder, but he was too far behind. Kaho ordered the driver of the tractor to stop, and that was where he made his big mistake. With that the general began to blink and ask how come? No one on that ranch ever gave orders except himself. The tractor was started, and with his heart in his mouth Kaho panned over and began shooting the general. With that the guard who had never believed that all was right with the world piped up, and in a moment the general had yanked the camera open.

"Take that film out of there!" ordered the general as if speaking to somebody in Brownsville.

Villa's Surprise Party

THE film in a motion-picture camera runs from a container on top, past the lens, and the exposed film is taken up in a lower container. The photographer took a chance. Getting out his knife he cut the film where it goes into the lower container and gave the spool a flip. Then he handed the top container with its yellowish-white negative to the celebrated general. But the general was still suspicious. He wanted to see the film with his own eyes. An end of the film was drawn from the box.

"Where are the pictures?" asked the general. "I don't see any."

Tight-Rope Walking on the Cables of the Brooklyn Bridge

"They don't come out until they are developed," explained Kaho while he tried to get his heart down into place.

The general knew a way to settle it—and he pulled out the curling film until it made a great heap at his feet.

"Why don't you burn it, general?" asked the guard.

"Because it won't burn," said Villa, who would never have risen to the same dizzy heights in photography, and to prove it he bent over and ripped a match along his trousers.

The general has not had such a start in years. It took him right back to Laredo. In a moment it was all about him, and back he staggered, gasping and sputtering, his mustachio a mere smoking fragment of its former glory.

The photographer was seized and locked up and kept under guard night and day until the mechanic had finished his work. The two were accompanied to the border, and there the camera and its equipment were returned. Once safe in his own land, Kaho opened the container, and, thank goodness, the film was in good condition—in far better condition than were the mustachios!

Thus they come in, one by one, from the unheralded heroes of the movies—the news camera men—while an athletic and well-trained actor hangs by one arm over a

About to Fly Over the Panama Canal, He Is Clothed for Cold Upper Regions

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THE KING

By GORDON ARTHUR SMITH

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR D. FULLER

V

ON THE card that Monsieur Capet had given him Stephen found inscribed in pencil, "6 bis Rue de l'Université. Thursday at five." Inquiring of his friend the concierge, he learned that this address was at the inception of the street, just beyond the Rue des Sts.-Pères.

"Monsieur, if he chooses to walk, has but to traverse the Seine at the bridge des Sts.-Pères, and it is the third street to the right beyond the Quai."

So in the early twilight of the November afternoon Stephen found himself ringing at the heavy oak door of Number 6. An old man in shabby faded livery received him cautiously and suspiciously, but permitted him to enter when Monsieur Capet's card was produced as a passport.

"Monsieur is expected?" inquired the old man.

"Yes," said Stephen.

"Monsieur will pardon me if I request him to wait here in the vestibule while I inform Monsieur Capet. Monsieur is a stranger to me, and the rules are very strict. It is a question merely of a minute. What name shall I announce?"

"Monsieur Holmes," said Stephen.

"Thank you, monsieur. I shall return immediately," and he hurried away in an atmosphere of mystery.

"They take themselves powerful serious," thought Stephen. "It's almost funny—all this buncombe of secrecy—sort of comic-opera plot. Wonder how long the King's going to keep me waiting in this cold vestibule."

The King did not keep him waiting long. He appeared in person, followed by the old manservant and full of apologies. It was necessary, he explained, that they exercise the greatest caution, for the house was under surveillance day and night. Would Monsieur Holmes be kind enough to follow him upstairs to the salon?

On the way Monsieur Capet bemoaned the lack of an elevator such as exist in the newer American houses. His rheumatism, he explained, made staircases difficult for him.

"But it is, as you see, an old-fashioned house, loaned to me most generously by the Duke de Chamfort, who is betrothed to my daughter, Marie Thérèse. It has been in his family for generations, and his family have never cared to alter it in any way. We of the *ancien régime* respect age, monsieur, and we cling with all the tenacity in us to our traditions. Modern innovations are blasphemy to us. Nevertheless, I could do very well with an elevator. In our apartments we have them—yes; but in our private houses—never. However, we are here."

They turned, at the head of the stairs, down a wide and gloomy hall and entered a wide and gloomy salon—wide because it extended across the entire house and gloomy because it was lit only by jets of uncertain gas. Whatever of value might have once been in it had doubtless been sold—or at any rate, removed—by some poverty-stricken Duke de Chamfort, for there remained four bare walls from which the painted Cupids were almost obliterated, a floor covered by a red carpet patterned with dingy golden wreaths, a black marble mantelpiece, a pair of stiff, uncomfortable-looking sofas almost abandoned by their upholstery, a cabinet with a cracked glass door, two tables and perhaps a dozen fragile little gilded chairs. Cheap bric-a-brac was scattered in profusion wherever there was a space for it—china dairymaids, china sons of Venus, china cows, china sheep, china nothings at all; and in one corner, on top of a stunted black marble column, was a plaster bust of a gentleman with long ringlets—possibly the Roi Soleil, but very possibly not.

The room was filled with men, mostly standing and talking in groups of four or five. They looked like underpaid professors, shabby but genteel, and they talked in low, excited voices, with much gesticulation. The presence of Marie Thérèse, the only woman there, seemed as strange as the fragrance of roses in a slaughterhouse.

Stephen started to go to her, but Monsieur Capet forestalled his movement by seizing him firmly by the arm and leading him from one group of men to another until he had been presented to them all. Many of the men bore titles some of them, as Stephen knew, very grand ones indeed—and even those who were not of the nobility were mostly professors. There were, however, a half dozen who laid no claim either to rank or to great learning—young fellows, like Stephen himself, who had enlisted in the cause purely for the sake of the adventure. One of these six was a Pole, the other five were Irishmen.

When the introductions had been accomplished and Stephen found himself at liberty he made directly for Marie Thérèse. She was standing, removed a little from the crowd, talking to a young Frenchman whom Stephen had not met on his tour of the room.

At his approach she turned quickly, gave him her hand to kiss and said in her precise English, "The Duke de Chamfort—I present Mr. Stephen Holmes."

The two men bowed and disliked each other at once, which, of course, was quite natural, for Chamfort disliked all Americans on principle, and Stephen would have disliked Lafayette himself had he laid claim to Marie Thérèse.

"It was Monsieur Holmes," said she, "who enabled my father to secure the finances that are so necessary to our success."

Chamfort bowed once more.

"I felicitate you, monsieur, on your good fortune," he said quietly. "We all give what we have, but we do not all have so much to give." Then, addressing Marie Thérèse in rapid French, he added, "Are you sure you can trust this fellow? What do we know about him?"

The girl flushed and looked quickly away, her usual composure deserting her.

"Monsieur Holmes understands French perfectly," she said. "But even if he did not I should still say to you that my father and I stand here as sponsors for him. If we have given him our confidence it is enough. There is no more to be said." And she turned away in anger, leaving a discomfited duke clutching at his rather silly black mustache.

Stephen surveyed him for a while in cheerful silence. Then he said, "I don't think you made much of a hit with her that time; but you certainly gave me a lot of pleasure."

Before the Frenchman could think of a reply there came a rapping on the larger of the two tables, followed by Monsieur Capet's voice calling the meeting to order.

"Gentlemen!" he cried. "Gentlemen and loyal friends! A little silence, if you please. I have this afternoon an important announcement to make, an announcement no less pleasing than it is important. We are about to enrol a new follower in our ranks. Yes, my friends, a young and valiant knight is prepared to gird himself in shining armor to break a lance for the cause of right!"

Low murmurs of approval, punctuated by a bravo or two, greeted this magniloquence.

"Already," continued Monsieur Capet, "already he has contributed not a little to us, for he was the agent who enabled me to acquire the two hundred thousand francs which I have this day given to the fund. You may say, and not unjustly, that he was the mechanism operated by my brain—the sword which I wielded, the bomb which I ignited. But unless the sword be keen and true the arm which wields it cannot prevail, and of what use, I pray you consider, is a match unless there be a fuse to which to apply it?"

It is probable that Stephen was the one man present who was unstirred by these sanguinary figures of speech. He saw that they all seemed very thirsty indeed for blood in some form, but erroneously he believed that they were too melodramatic to be sincere. He thought it was merely what he would have termed bunk. But in so judging he forgot that just such melodramatic bunk had preceded and accompanied the French Revolution. If it could dethrone a monarch, why should it not enthrone one?

Somebody in the room called out, "The pledge! Give him the pledge!" and looking up he observed that Monsieur Capet was beckoning him to approach. People crowded close behind him, jostling and elbowing one another in their eagerness to see him affix his name to the imposing document that lay unrolled on the stained table. Monsieur Capet read the pledge through, each phrase first in French, and then, that there might be no possible

She Hurried Across the Room to Kneel by the Old Lady, in Terror Lest Both of Them Had Lost Their Reason. Stephen Simply Said "What?"

misunderstanding, in English. It was very florid. He was to swear that loyally, earnestly and at the sacrifice, if necessary, of liberty or of life, he would labor for the cause of His Majesty Louis XIX, the rightful and legitimate King of France; that he would have His Majesty's welfare and his prosperity always at heart; that the King's enemies should be his enemies and the King's friends his friends; and finally, after other oaths of less moment, that he would never reveal by word or act any knowledge that he would perforce acquire of the great cause, its aims or the measures planned or contemplated for the accomplishment of those aims. The penalty, he was informed, for any deviation on his part from this pledge was death.

During the reading of the document Stephen noted that Marie Thérèse moved over quietly to stand beside her father at his right hand; and he noted, too, for he did not let his eyes wander for long away from her face, that she was very pale and—what was more unusual in her—unquiet and apparently in distress. As he looked at her he saw or imagined he saw her shake her head almost imperceptibly. Then, remembering how vehemently she had urged him not to come to the meeting, he decided that she was averse to his signing himself away body and soul for a lot of tommyrot. But she did not believe it to be tommyrot; on the contrary, she believed implicitly in the cause, if not in the murderous methods. Well, if she believed in it he would close his eyes and sign and there would then be a bond between them.

"Sign here on the dotted line," said His Majesty, in the words but not at all in the manner of a book agent.

Stephen seized the pen firmly, reached out and dipped it in the ink, started a capital S—and then Marie Thérèse, with a little gasp, fell forward across the table in a faint. As she did so one of her hands overturned the ink bottle, the contents of which flowed unheeded but devastatingly across the pledge. All of the beautifully wrought phrases were, alas, blotted out by one sweep of a slim white hand. It was very unfortunate.

The damage once done, she seemed to revive. That was, of course, womanly contrariness. But at the time they did not remark on it. Indeed, they displayed alarm and sympathy by crowding around the table so as to give her as little air as possible. Someone said, "Open a window," and immediately every window was flung open. Then someone else said, "Close them—the lights will be seen in the street," and forthwith every window was closed.

Stephen circled the table as quickly as he could, took her in his arms and carried her to one of the sofas. On the way she opened fluttering eyelids and smiled enigmatically up at him. He knew not what to make of it, but he was greatly relieved. At the sofa she whispered, "You must not sign," and then and not until then did he suspect that she had fainted on purpose. Men are often very gullible.

Monsieur Capet pulled a long red-tasseled bell cord that hung against the wall beside the door, and presently there appeared a replica of the servant who had admitted Stephen to the house.

"Fetch some cognac," commanded Monsieur Capet.

The cognac must have completed the cure of Marie Thérèse, for she was able to mount the stairs to her room, leaning lightly on the arm of her father, who in turn leaned not so lightly on his ebony cane.

When Monsieur Capet returned to the salon he announced that the invalid was resting comfortably and appeared to be restored almost to normal. There was a murmur of relief as proof of her popularity; but there was a murmur of dismay when it was found that the pledge was covered with a black pool of ink. What to do?

"It matters not," proclaimed His Majesty. "Monsieur Holmes shall sign at our next meeting. I vouch for him in the meantime. And now it grows late. It is necessary that we should proceed to business. Professor Machoir, the eminent scholar attached to the Sorbonne, has consented to address us at my request. For the benefit of those who have more recently joined our ranks he will outline briefly the causes that have led to the failure of the republic in France, concluding with a résumé of the blessings that will inevitably be derived from the restoration of the monarchy. Gentlemen, I present to you Prof. Etienne Machoir."

Amid a discreet clapping of hands, Professor Machoir took the King's place behind the table. He was an emaciated little man with a large, bulbous bald head and a gray mustache that swept fiercely across his face and ended only at his ears. He wore pince-nez attached to him by a black ribbon, but it developed that he used them almost entirely for purposes of gesticulation. He was a very calm speaker in spite of his gestures, and he had a quiet, ironical way of making the most outrageous statements as if they were as trite as axioms. It was as if a clergyman should substitute "Kill thy children" for "Love thy neighbor."

"My friends," he began, "we are agreed that the republic is a failure in France, but it is possible that we have not yet clearly formulated our reasons for so believing. Democracy has miscarried, but why has it miscarried? The world—civilization—we are pleased to imagine has traveled far; and there are some men with short memories, or rather with complete ignorance of history, who say that it has progressed, and that in reaching the democratic form of government it has reached its goal. The reverse is, of course, true. Each step that we have taken away from an absolute monarchy has been a step backward. Each hand that was thrust out to clutch at liberty has been a hand that clutched at chains. For every great benignant tyrant overthrown there have been created in his place a hundred thousand petty vulgar tyrants with equal power and less intelligence in the use of it. And so we are face to face with disaster—we totter on the brink of ruin—and it is our manifest duty to take what steps we can to save ourselves and our blind countrymen before it shall be too late. Sacrifice a few lives, if need be, in order that many may be saved!"

At this reference to bloodshed Monsieur Capet himself led the applause; and one of the Irishmen who was standing next to Stephen remarked audibly, "Kill the lot an' good riddance!"

"Ireland shall be free!" murmured Stephen, but was rewarded only by a glance of suspicion and hostility.

"Let us consider," continued the professor, "the accusations that have been made against the monarchical form of government by the friends of democracy. The chief grievance is that under a king the common people suffer. That is so true, my friends, that it almost brings tears to my eyes. To-day, of course, the common people suffer no longer. We hear no murmurs of discontent; there are no strikes for a living wage; there are no taxes to pay; the price of necessities is so low that there are no complaints; and for recreation—why, the common people have the Tuileries, Versailles, Fontainebleau, all laid out for them, as you know, by the benevolent republic. Oh, yes, the people are taxed by the republic for the maintenance of these gardens and parks, just as they were taxed for the building of them. And so, you see, the common people are happy; or if they are not they are told that they must be because they are free.

"The next grievance is equally serious. The people under an absolute monarchy have practically nothing to say in the conduct of their government, whereas in a democracy they elect deputies to represent them. In brief, the vote! Let us be serious about this, for it is a serious matter; and it is, in my opinion, the chief evil of democracy. It is a laudable ambition, we will grant, to become a deputy; and once a deputy, the desire to be reelected is entirely natural. Now, to be elected one must have votes; to have votes one must bestow favors, preferably at the expense of others. To bestow favors at the expense of others what is more simple than to place a friend in a minor government position? Ah, but to obtain many votes one must have many friends, and hence many salaried positions. Therefore, says your deputy, let us create more offices. But we have no need of more offices. The work is being accomplished sufficiently well as it is. Then let us have two men to do the work of one, and thus each will have more leisure and be more disposed to vote for me at the next election. Good! Why not three men instead of one, or three hundred instead of one? Better! Why not carry the thing to its logical conclusion then and have a government office for every citizen? But who will pay their salaries? Oh, the citizens! We'll tax them a little more, and they will pay gladly, because by that time each of them will have to do only one minute's work per day. Simple, is it not? Well, my friends, that is what democracy is leading us to; and as Monsieur Faguet, the eminent authority on government and economics, has pointed out, we are already halfway there.

"The other grievances are almost too trivial to dwell upon. It is possibly true that under certain of the less benevolent monarchs the lowest class suffered more than it does to-day. At times, when I come into close contact with our lowest class to-day, I am inclined to doubt even this. But what no one can possibly doubt is that to-day the highest class suffers far more than it did in the golden days of the kings. And when I say the highest class I include not only the men of rank—I include the men of learning, the men of arts, the great scientists, the great warriors, and, last but of extreme significance, the great ladies. Ah, there is a sad spectacle for you—the great ladies are extinct! The few queens that remain have been democratized to such a degree that they are scarcely distinguishable from the herd. Courtliness is gone, and with it went romance and the joy of life. Truly, my friends, the great god Pan is dead!"

He paused, perhaps to mourn the demise of Pan, and inclined his head modestly to the bravos.

"He's right about th' wimmin," whispered Stephen's friend. "They're not th' divvles they were wanst. Why, I remember an old duchess whin I was a young boy that ——"

"And now, gentlemen," interrupted the voice of Professor Machoir, "what are we going to do? We propose to do this We propose to blow up the Chamber of Deputies and the Elysée Perhaps you will say that is not enough to accomplish our object; but I would have you bear in mind that we are destroying the leaders, and a mob is lost without its leaders. We are dealing with a mob—a spineless mob that will be intimidated at the sight of blood; and moreover a mob that, our agents inform us, is at heart not averse to the restoration of the monarchy under which France rose to her greatest glory. I may add that the bombs are now being manufactured for us and will be delivered here on Tuesday at midnight.

"A committee of four has been appointed to place them in the indicated buildings and to start their time mechanism. At three o'clock on Wednesday the republic will be overthrown. We have pledged a thousand strong, determined men, fully armed and equipped, and it rests with us to lead them to victory. To some of you present these plans are already known, for on Tuesday last His Majesty summoned eight of us to a special meeting. Further details and instructions to all of you will be announced at a general meeting to be held on Sunday, which, needless to say, you will all attend. Gentlemen, there is no more to be said. The time has passed for words and the hour has come for deeds."

He concluded amid applause, and gradually the meeting broke up, the members filing out furtively, one at a time and at discreet intervals. As Stephen was about to leave the old manservant handed him a letter.

"It is from mademoiselle," he explained briefly. "Good night, monsieur."

In the street it was dark; but Stephen, seeing a lamp at the corner of the Rue des Sts.-Pères, crossed over to read the letter by its light. He quickly abandoned his intention, for standing in a doorway not far from the corner, and only half hidden by the embrasure, was a short fat man. At Stephen's approach he turned his back and moved rapidly away, and as he went Stephen noticed that he toed out in a very laughable fashion. But Stephen did not laugh.

VI

IT WAS not until he reached his room in the hotel—and that by a circuitous route, for the sight of the short fat man who toed out had unsettled him—that he dared open Marie Thérèse's communication, and then he read it through three times. She began:

My Friend: I hope I may call you my friend, for if I cannot there is no one to whom I may address myself. I am in terror—I am greatly afraid. It is not for myself that I am afraid, although I do not claim unusual courage, but for my father. He will not listen to me—indeed, no one will listen to me. I have but just now learned that the day and the hour have been set, and I am assured that we shall fail, because the agents of the police are aware that something is to be attempted. My father especially is watched, and as soon as we make a move he will be arrested and executed. It is more than I can bear alone, and, as I have said, there is no one to whom I can appeal but you. That is why I upset the ink over the pledge, so that you might be free to interfere without perjuring yourself. I myself was never asked to take the oath; but I am only a woman, and a stupid, worthless woman too.

My grandmother, who is very old and an invalid, thinks as I do and suffers as I do, for she foresees disaster. In truth, it was she who urged me to write this to you. Strangely enough, she desires to see you personally, although until now she has refused to admit anyone.

Will you not, then, come to the house to-morrow between two and four o'clock? My father will, I know, be away during that period and it is necessary that he should not know of your visit. I pray you, who have done so much already for us, do this one thing more. My gratitude is yours in any case.

MARIE THÉRÈSE CAPET.

P.S.—Be kind enough to destroy this immediately when read. M. T. C.

Stephen, after the third reading, obeyed instructions, and tore the note into small pieces, which he placed in a heap on the empty hearth and burned. But even after the bonfire a faint fragrance suggestive of violets lingered in the room—the vibration of a chord after the musician had ceased to play.

"Now," said Stephen to himself, "the plot thickens. Plot and counterplot, eh? And I'm apparently in on 'em both."

It looked, indeed, as if his holiday jaunt to the Continent—the grand tour of his English forefathers—might well develop into a rest cure in a Paris jail. That would shock the Holmeses of the Back Bay as they had never been shocked before, save when Stephen's unfortunate grandmother had eloped with a comparative stranger. Ah, well, it was good to let a little fresh air into the hermetically sealed family every so often; and if Stephen did not do it he was well aware that there was no other Holmes of his generation who would or could. So be it then—or as he had learned to say in French, *ainsi soit.*

He dined chastely alone and went early to bed, but not early to sleep. He was restless and wakeful until that Elysian hour when the red-cheeked young girls of the Paris dairy shops trot out bareheaded to deliver the milk bottles, and market carts grumble their arduous way across the city to the Halles. Then, lulled by the pleasant busy murmur of the streets, he yawned and slept.

When he awoke it was ten o'clock, and he remembered that he had promised to look up Roger at the Brighton that morning and introduce him to adventure. Roger, he reflected, might come in very handy now, for he had already proved himself a cool hand on many a more or less disreputable occasion. Indeed in his college days he had, on Boston Common, assaulted by mistake the lightweight champion of the country and come out a good

second. Also he had been ruled out of a football game for being deliberately and continually rough to an opponent almost three times his weight. Yes, Roger might come in very handy.

So he passed what was left of the morning seated on Roger's bed watching his friend complete his toilet; and he arranged that Roger should meet him at the Meurice bar promptly at half past five that afternoon, and further exacted a promise from him to remain completely sober.

"You don't mind, do you, if you land in jail?" Stephen inquired.

"I do if I land there sober," said Roger. "Besides, it will spoil my career. I want to do something in politics before I go to jail!"

"Well," explained Stephen mysteriously, "you'll be doing something pretty big in politics this trip."

They lunched together at the Rits—Roger always lunched at the Ritz—and promptly at two o'clock Stephen taxied over to 6 bis Rue de l'Université.

This time he was received by the old servant with less suspicion; this time he judged from the man's smiles and bows that he was an expected and even a welcome guest. He was escorted up the stairs to a small sitting room at the back of the house overlooking a bare courtyard. Marie Thérèse rose to receive him.

"You are the kindest man in the world," she said seriously. "Everything I ask of you you do."

"You've asked very little so far," he announced. "Why not give me a real chance to show off?"

"I fear that I shall."

Stephen was about to promise to take the world from the shoulders of Atlas and lay it at her feet, but she interrupted him quickly.

"No, no! You must not say you will do more until you know what it is that must be done. I, myself—I do not know. And my poor grandmother does not know. That is why we have urged you to come that we may decide what is best. Women are so helpless, such—how do you say it?—such weaklings. I am ashamed for women."

"I'm not so sure. There was Queen Elizabeth and Lucrezia Borgia and Lady Macbeth and Charlotte Corday ——"

He stopped when he saw her shudder.

"I'm sorry," he said. "That was rather inexcusably brutal."

She laughed, but there was no mirth in her laugh.

"It makes no difference," she protested. "I am merely a Charlotte Corday without the necessary courage. I am treasonable even to the cause of my own father."

"Let's put it simply that you don't approve of his methods. Well, neither do I—and it isn't because I've lost my courage; it's because I haven't lost my common horse sense. I don't believe for a minute that this—this thing they're planning has a chance of success; and I'd give the earth to see you well out of it—you and your father, of course—and your grandmother."

As he spoke he bent over her earnestly, and it was quite plain, had she chosen to interpret his expression, that he did not give a snap of his fingers for her father or her grandmother—that his concern was only for her. Perhaps she knew it. She must have known it, for she did not look up at him until he had finished speaking, and then she looked quickly down again. She clasped her hands across her knee, lacing and unlacing the nervous white fingers, and her fingers were whiter than her face; but this he was unable to know, for she kept her head lowered that he might not know. At that moment she would have blushed to have been caught blushing.

Useless volumes have been written on the psychology of women—useless, I say, because the psychology of women is really quite simple. That which they want to do they do; that which they want to hear they listen to; and that which they want to say they say. Behold, there it is in a sentence!

Now Marie Thérèse, at the very moment when she was blushing from confusion—or pleasure—or exhilaration—might have risen and led the way to her grandmother's room on the floor above. It would have been a natural thing to do had she not cared to prolong the conversation. Her poor old grandmother was sitting up there alone in her invalid's chair waiting for them to come; Stephen knew that her grandmother expected him; everything would have seemed normal and right. But instead she remained to blush, which proves conclusively that she wanted to hear more. Further, there was something that she herself wanted to say to him, and you will see how adroitly she worked up to it.

"Is there anything—anything we can do to prevent them from taking so much as the first unlawful step?"

"I imagine," said Stephen, "that they've taken that already. The bombs are being manufactured by someone in their confidence. That in itself is illegal."

"Yes," she mused, "I suppose it is. They are to be delivered on Tuesday night, are they not?"

"So Professor Machoir announced." And then as if struck with an inspiration he asked suddenly, "Do you know where they're being made?"

She looked up at him again, wondering at the urgency of his manner.

"Yes, at St.-Cloud—in a little house on the Seine just beyond the bridge. I have been there with my father and I know the man who makes them. He is a great scientist—very old and, I believe, crazy."

"Good—fine! Now, do you know who's bringing them here at midnight and how they're going to be brought?"

She nodded in silence, seemingly hesitant to answer.

"Well," he said just a little sharply, for he was excited as a hound on the scent, "who?"

"The Duke de Chamfort," she murmured, averting her head. "He brings them here in his own limousine."

"Ah, so that's it! The Duke de Chamfort! Well, that puts an end to my scheme, I suppose."

He stood up and began to pace the floor. He was vexed to be thwarted. Always the Duke de Chamfort stood in his way—always he was intruding just when his existence had been forgotten.

"Your scheme?" she repeated. "Oh, my friend, let me hear your scheme! Nothing shall interfere with it, I promise you—nothing in this world if I can help it!"

"That's all right," he replied moodily. "It isn't your fault the scheme has to be given up. But just the same, I don't think you'd care to have me waylay the Duke de Chamfort somewhere on the road from St.-Cloud to Paris, bind him to a tree and steal his bombs and his limousine. You might, I imagine, object to my doing that to the man you're going to marry."

She caught her breath with a little sob of excitement, hesitated just a fraction of a second and then said tremulously, "You forget, my friend, that I marry the Duke de Chamfort only in the case that my father is made King of France."

And that, of course, was what she had been waiting to remind him of at the first suitable opportunity.

Having accomplished her object—which, after all, was far from being an unmaidenly one—she thought best to remember her grandmother, so she said: "I think perhaps, if you do not object, that we had better go upstairs

(Continued on Page 85)

More Declarations of Love Have Been Made in the Luxembourg Gardens Than in Any Other Spot of Equal Area

Can We Come Back as Exporters?

By Alexander R. Zoccola

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

YOU have all heard the story of the man who said that now he knew there was a hell, for where else could export trade have gone? To realize where our foreign trade has really gone we must first consider where it was under the last period of normal conditions—that is, in the decade preceding the World War. We need do this in only a general way, merely emphasizing the main features of it, about which, however, there exists much popular misconception. Many people, for instance, have the idea that our foreign trade is something of quite recent development, something that has been mostly thrust upon us by the recent war conditions. Of course this is untrue. We did a very considerable volume of foreign trade long before the war, and, in fact, many generations before that. Yankee goods were almost as well known in Australia, in the River Plate or in Chile at the beginning of the Civil War as they were at the beginning of the World War. It is a fact apparent to any traveler abroad that ever since we began to exist as a nation we were no negligible quantity in the foreign trade of the world.

For many years before the war no country but one, Great Britain, surpassed us to any great extent in volume of business in any foreign market in which we had a fair chance—as in most South American countries, for instance—and taking into account the enormous advantages England had over us there, it was really a remarkable achievement to be doing as well as we were in those countries.

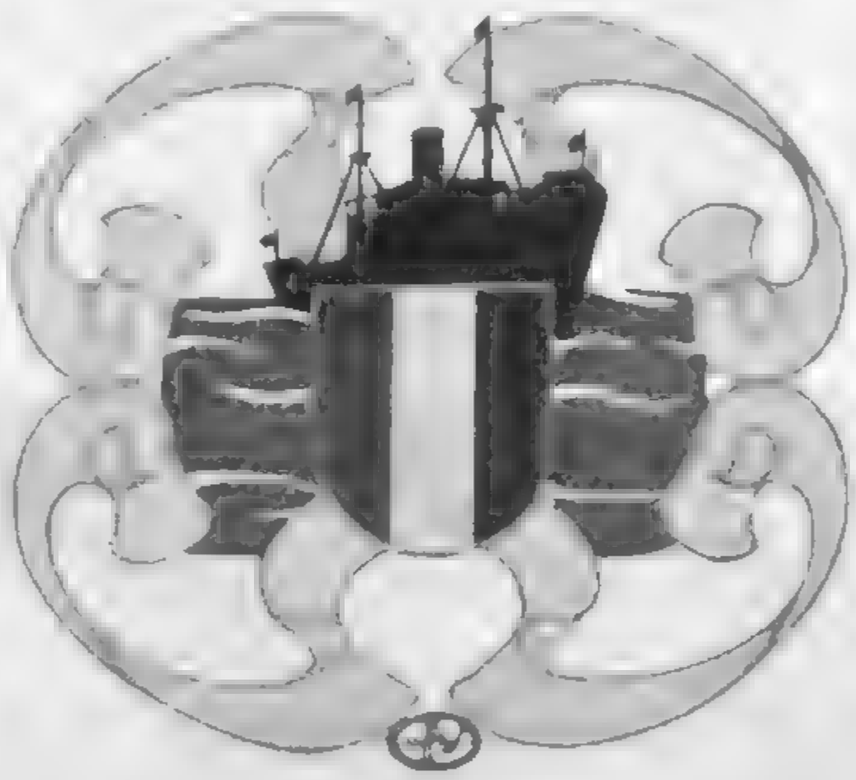
Take, for instance, the Argentine Republic as I found it when I first went there in 1906. There was not a single American bank there, but there were at least four old-established British banks, two or three Italian banks, two German banks, a French bank, and so on. There was not a single public-utility company financed with American capital, whereas practically every railroad was a British company, with head offices in London; the street-car companies were all British concerns; the gas company was British, and the electric-light company was German. The leading importers were mostly British or German firms, the former largely predominating, and there were in all only about half a dozen American firms in Buenos Aires of any standing, and not two thousand American citizens all together in a cosmopolitan city of over a million people. Yet I believe that even then there were more American locomotives in Argentina than any others; I remember that the street cars were mostly made in this country; there was no lack of American textiles; there certainly were more American shoes than British; the only revolver a Gaucho considered worth having was American; the leading typewriter was an American make; American bicycles had ousted all European makes from the market, and American agricultural machinery was fast displacing the British.

How Europe Treats Her Exporters

MY FIRST real job, as it happened, was one of selling an American cash register, and its distribution was certainly handled with as much efficiency as was that of any European commodity. We did not feel that we had much to learn from Europe about selling the lines which the firm I worked for handled, which comprised typewriters, marine motors, adding machines, cash registers, and so on. The most thorough and complete foreign selling organization in any country twenty years ago was, without a doubt, that of an American concern dealing in sewing machines. Considering, I repeat, the disadvantages that the country suffered compared with Europe in every foreign country, we were doing a remarkable volume of foreign trade, and doing it very creditably.

I often wonder how we ever managed to sell anything at all abroad; the pioneer export merchants of this country certainly have something to be proud of. For it took a very much better salesman, a very much better exporter, to sell American goods abroad than European goods. Not only had the salesman to contend with the racial prejudice of his customers, but the exporter had a dozen obstacles to contend with, beginning with the lack of any American banks abroad, but the greatest of which was the indifference of his own manufacturers, who did not believe they needed the business, and did not care very much whether they sold any of their goods abroad or not.

I wonder if you ever realized the difference between the position of an American and a European exporter. In Europe export trade is a vital necessity to all industry; few factories could exist without their foreign customers; many of them do not concern themselves with domestic business at all, but devote all their energies to the needs of certain foreign markets. The export merchant therefore is looked upon in Europe as a very valuable asset, and every assistance is given him to do business. Manufacturers call on him at his slightest show of interest, supply him with samples and every possible inducement to do business—for instance, complete protection in the market in which the exporter intends to operate, advertising matter in any language, a generous appropriation for foreign advertising, a liberal selling commission—to which is



invariably added a *del credere* commission if the exporter undertakes the credit risk of the sales—and they seldom hesitate to contribute liberally to the exporter's expenses in sending salesmen abroad.

Banks—that is, highly specialized foreign banks with their own branches abroad, such as are unknown to us in America—are at the exporter's disposal for any particular market, equipped with accurate credit information about any firm of any standing in that market, anxious to finance such business, and buy—that is, discount—the exporter's drafts on such market. The European exporter, moreover, had little difficulty in securing in any foreign country agents of his own nationality, familiar with his own language and methods of business, or to secure traveling salesmen familiar with the countries to which they were sent through previous residence there, and so on.

Compare this with the lot of the American exporter. He did business, not because of the American manufacturer but in spite of him. Far from being considered as a valuable help to the manufacturer, he was usually considered as somewhat of a parasite. If he wanted a line of samples he often had to pay for it; he could never secure from the manufacturer any exclusive rights or protection regarding any foreign market unless he first proved his value by securing a large volume of business at his own expense, and seldom then. If he suggested to the manufacturer a contribution for foreign advertising he was considered insane; if he asked for a contribution to the cost of establishing his trade abroad he was at once tagged as a crook. He had to do all his own foreign advertising, try to sel American machines in Chile or Brazil with the operating instructions in English, and in this wise do business in countries where even now THIS SIDE UP is considered an American trade-mark.

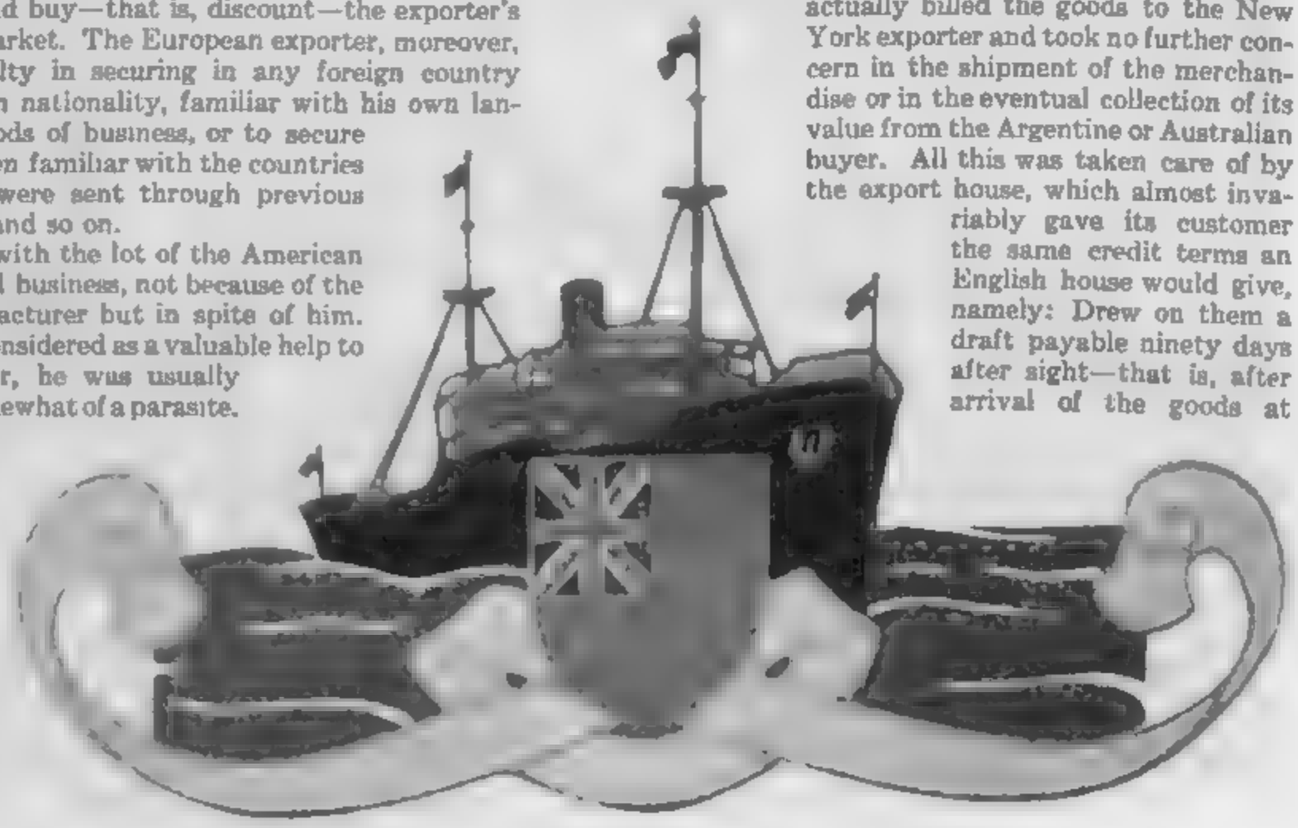
He had no way of securing foreign agents except Europeans with European prejudices, or natives who did not know his language or his methods. He had to send abroad salesmen who had never been outside of the United States and who had learned foreign languages in a night school. He had practically no credit-information service; he had to finance all the business on his own responsibility and in his own name exclusively; he seldom even got from the manufacturer a selling commission; in fact, he was lucky if the manufacturer did not charge him more than he did a local jobber in this country. He was considered by some manufacturers a legitimate prey for sharp practice, and advantage was taken of the fact that he could not examine the merchandise he purchased, to unload on him any imperfect goods or stale merchandise.

Business Handicaps

IN VERY few cases could the American exporter induce the manufacturer to follow his packing instructions; he had to take the goods, not as the foreign market needed them but as the manufacturer wanted to put them up. And yet he sold American goods abroad, and sold them in large quantities.

I repeat that every American export merchant who did business before the war now deserves a pension from the American people for his indomitable spirit and courage, and I am not exaggerating this or blowing my own trumpet, since I was perhaps the least of them all. If justice were done there would be a monument erected in Battery Place, New York, dedicated by the American people in grateful recognition of the services rendered to national industry by the pioneers of American exporting, and round its base should be inscribed, so that they may be handed down to posterity, such names as Grace, Amsinck, Peabody, Peck, Astlett, Bowring, Douglas, Dunn, Knox, Fitzgerald, and so on, and that great messiah of foreign trade, Olney B. Hough, the teacher of us all.

Most of the export trade therefore that this country did before the war was created, handled and developed by the New York export firms, or so-called commission houses, who in turn financed it through British banks, either directly or using their own banks as intermediaries. Few manufacturers actually did their own exporting. Though the firearms or machine-tool or typewriter manufacturer may have known he was selling one invoice of goods for Argentina, another for Australia, and so on, he actually billed the goods to the New York exporter and took no further concern in the shipment of the merchandise or in the eventual collection of its value from the Argentine or Australian buyer. All this was taken care of by the export house, which almost invariably gave its customer the same credit terms an English house would give, namely: Drew on them a draft payable ninety days after sight—that is, after arrival of the goods at



destination—the shipping documents representing the goods being released to the buyer on his acceptance or promise to pay.

I wish to mention once more the fact that this trade was financed by British banks. The exporter may have taken his drafts to his own bank and borrowed against them 85 or 90 per cent of their face value; but the American bank would not have known what to do with the drafts had they been unable to sell them in London. This was a good and ready market for all foreign bills; for the London foreign banks, each one specializing in certain foreign markets, their business consisting entirely in financing business with these markets, and not being concerned with any domestic business, absorbed these drafts readily. The Bank of London and the River Plate or the British Bank of South America bought American drafts drawn on the Argentine; the Bank of London and Brazil those on Brazil; the London and Tarapacá Bank those on Chile; the Standard Bank of South Africa those on Capetown, the London and Yokohama those on Japan, and so on. The New York bank did nothing more than indorse the drafts—that is, guarantee the solvency of their customer, the New York exporter.

Bear this well in mind and remember also that the bulk of export trade was done on credit, although of course there were exceptions; certain lines controlled by certain trusts were sold only for cash, but they were a small minority. Export trade was always based on credit. One of the main items of the exporter's stock in trade consisted of his supposed credit knowledge of foreign buyers; and let me say right here that, popular belief notwithstanding, this knowledge was of the most meager and hazy description. It was the policy of many export houses to accept all grist that came to the mill, and any orders that looked prima facie on the level, without even attempting to get any credit information on the customer. This may read like a fairy tale to-day, yet it was true, and I found it so from personal experience in the period of 1900–10. And so strong was the moral basis of business in those years that the losses from bad debts were an infinitesimal percentage of the total business, so small a fraction that most exporters could afford to ignore it.

When Commercial Honor Ruled

THIS brings me to another very important point, that of foreign business morality. Most men in business abroad paid their bills promptly and without quibbles in those days, not merely because they had the money to do so—and also not only because it would have been difficult to stay in business without paying them—but because it was generally considered reprehensible not to do so. A merchant was ashamed not to pay a bill when due, to let a draft be protested; the publication of this fact made him an object of scorn among his fellows.

I started in business for myself as an importer in Buenos Aires in 1908 without a cent of capital, yet I never had any difficulty in obtaining either in London, Paris or New York all the credit I wanted. It is true also that sometimes I had a hard time to pay my bills when the ninety days expired, but it never occurred to me to repudiate a shipment merely because I had made a mistake and bought some goods that I found myself unable to sell at a profit. Nobody who intended to stay in business thought of such a thing. I remember another small importer, a man with a wife and family, who, finding himself on one occasion unable to meet some bills, rather than ask for an extension sold all his furniture and household goods and went to live in a boarding house. A man would often pawn his own and even his wife's jewelry rather than allow a draft to be protested. At any rate, exporters found no particular risk in doing export trade on a ninety-days-sight basis. Ask any large exporter what his losses from bad debts were in any year from 1900 to 1910, and I doubt if you will find one case where they amounted to 1 per cent of his sales, however careless he may have been in granting credit without adequate credit information. There must be many exporters to-day who are looking back to those times and considering these facts and feeling them to be unreal that it must have been a dream—so radically have conditions changed.

We had, therefore, a good volume of export business long before the war—not enough, by far, but what we had postponed until about 1914 the crisis of overproduction which we reached about that time; without it we should have reached this crisis much sooner. Export trade had long acted as a stabilizer of our domestic conditions and, though ignored and scorned by our manufacturers, yet largely accounted for our national prosperity in the decade preceding the World War.

We now come to a consideration of the war period and its effect on foreign trade. Let me say at the outset that no greater calamity could have befallen our foreign trade than the boom it went through in the years 1916 to 1918. All our present troubles have their inception in the artificial stimulation of export trade during that period. Of course it was a wonderful opportunity for American foreign trade. Merchants all over the world were beginning to realize the inability of Europe to continue to supply them with its goods, they were becoming tired of the ever-renewed but unkept promises of delivery of their European orders, and realized that America might perhaps supply this deficiency. But—remember that they were European merchants—they turned to us with great diffidence, with about the same confidence you have in a make of automobile you have never heard of; and—this was the real fly in the ointment—they turned to us, not willingly, but against their personal inclinations.

Now consider the psychological effect of this fact. Imagine, for example, that you lived in Boston, and that in one month every department store burned down or had to close up temporarily until only one concern remained open for business. You would naturally be obliged to trade there. However fairly they treated you, you would feel all the time that they were taking advantage of their position. Every time they were forced to increase a price you would feel they were robbing you, even though you knew they were merely middlemen and passed on to you the increased cost of the goods to themselves. As their help through rush of business became less attentive and polite you would become more and more dissatisfied; as they became unable to cope with the increasing volume of business and their deliveries became more and more delayed you would become more and more discontented.

Conditions During the War

IF DURING all this time the other stores, unable to serve you, still continued to utilize their salesmen to keep their names before you, to retain your good will and covertly to sympathize with you in your troubles, to foster your growing resentment toward this firm, to combat any attempt to explain the real reasons for your complaints, and to help to misconstrue every fault and impute base motives to every deficiency of their competitor's service, and if your ignorance of the facts and your vague knowledge of the department-store business made it difficult anyhow for you to grasp what the company was up against in trying to serve the whole of Boston, and if you had no idea of the kind of people the members of the firm really were, but had merely heard them referred to as shrewd, money-grabbing Yankee traders—can you imagine what frame of mind you would be in after a year, two years, of these conditions?

I am trying to picture to you the mental attitude of our new customers abroad, whose racial sympathies, whether with one side of the European contestants or the other, could see in us nothing but a race of despoilers, who, tramping over the bodies of the European war victims, pushed our way through to sell our wares to combatants and noncombatants alike, eager for the gold that their sufferings enabled us to obtain. Can you blame our European competitors who saw their foreign trade slipping into our hands if they agreed with our new customers and lifted no hand or voice in our defense?

When we started in, in 1914–15, to take over the orders which our European competitors were forced to decline, we were suffering, you will remember, from a dose of overproduction; therefore for a while everything went beautifully. As the volume of export trade increased, much of it overflowed the control of the New York export houses and found its way directly to the manufacturer, who in his eagerness to grasp it ignored his lack of knowledge of the intricacies and technicalities of the business, hired a forty-dollar-a-week export manager on the strength of a swarthy complexion or a German education or a knowledge of Canadian French, and went to it. Of course he made many blunders; naturally he did not do quite so well as the European manufacturer to whom the routine of export business had been a daily task for generations. Our foreign customers, however, were willing to overlook a great deal as long as they got the goods they needed at low prices and got them promptly.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

Five Cents the Copy From All Newsdealers. By Subscription—$2.00 the Year. Remittances from outside the U. S. proper and Canada to be by U. S. Money Order, or Draft payable in U. S. funds, on a bank in the U. S.

To Canada—By Subscription, $3.00 the Year. Single Copies, Ten Cents.

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Subscriptions, $4.00 the Year. Remittances to be by Draft on a bank in the U. S., payable in U. S. funds.

PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 5, 1921

The Price of Peace

STATESMEN of world-wide eminence are journeying from the four quarters of the globe to take part in the great conference that is to open in Washington on Armistice Day. It may be fairly assumed that all these delegates earnestly hope that the conference may accomplish momentous and lasting results; that it may find happy solutions for several grave international problems; that it may accommodate the differences between certain peoples; that it may lighten the burdens of the nations by diminutions of armament; that it may exhaust every resource of negotiation in a mighty effort to establish and maintain the peace of the world.

Every motive that actuates high-minded men inspires these hopes and presses for their fulfillment. Low motives and high throw their lines of force in the same direction. The most self-seeking delegate who will sit at the conference table knows that if he bears a constructive part in the attainment of the results enumerated he will, in a few short months, have crowned his political career with an achievement of the highest importance, will have endeared himself to his fellow countrymen and will have made himself one of the commanding figures of a new era. Men of finer fiber, less thoughtful of self, unswayed by personal ambition, will see in the conference a God-given opportunity for conferring inestimable benefits upon their own people and upon mankind at large.

Desire is the first and shortest stride toward attainment. If wishes were horses every beggar would ride; but mere wishes are futile. All men would like to be rich, great or famous, yet only one in ten thousand offers the price that wealth, genius or fame exacts. The world wants to disarm. The world wants peace. Of that there is no doubt; but it remains to be seen whether or not the powers that be are even now prepared to pay the price of peace. No one supposes that war can be waged except at staggering cost, and yet not everyone has learned that the immunities of peace also have their price. Peace was never among the blessings that are to be had for nothing. Cost what it may, it is likely to be less dear than war, but it is no more to be had for the mere wishing than is health or happiness or success in a hazardous undertaking.

The price of peace is voluntary sacrifice based upon a live-and-let-live recognition of conflicting sets of economic necessities. Every sound peace program is either one of intimidation or one of toleration and moderation. We are told that at no time short of the millennium can there be such a thing as international unselfishness, and yet there is no ground for believing that it is impossible to formulate policies of enlightened selfishness which in the long run might prove far more beneficent than the most quixotic renunciations. Such policies must inevitably spring from a more perfect and more widespread understanding of the rights, traditions and necessities of neighbor nations. In every case of international friction thorough comprehension of our own rights and contemptuous ignorance of those of the other party to the issue make for war. Full knowledge of both sides by both parties makes for peace. In these circumstances smug ignorance is as dangerous as it is criminal, for clear understanding of both sides of any case is the first requisite for its equitable settlement.

One of the most cheerful signs of the times is the new and lively interest that we and other peoples are taking in the problems of foreign nations. Of great significance were the sessions of the Institute of Politics, held last summer at Williamstown, Massachusetts. Several of the leading statesmen of Europe were present at this gathering. One after another they talked authoritatively upon the perplexities of their respective countries, explaining the policies adopted for their solution and the difficulties that have arisen in coping with them. These lectures, fully reported in the metropolitan press, shed much new light upon the interplay of European politics and were admirably calculated to give the people of this country a more thorough and sympathetic understanding of the developments that menace our European neighbors and to forestall our hostile criticism of the means that have been taken in certain quarters to combat them.

These sessions of the Institute of Politics are said to have been financed by one of the shrewdest business men in America, a hard-headed capitalist who does things in a large way but who always expects the returns to be proportionate to the expenditure. In this instance his profits cannot be measured in dollars, but there can be no doubt that the effects of the Williamstown conference are worth many times what they cost.

If similar gatherings were held once a year in every civilized country on the globe for the public airing of international affairs by statesmen of note, the cause of peace would be strengthened mightily.

One of the most illuminating of the Williamstown speakers was Viscount Bryce, author of The American Commonwealth and a learned diplomatist who holds a unique place in our esteem. Lord Bryce gave expression to world-wide sentiment when he described the collapse of secret diplomacy and made a powerful presentation of the circumstances that justify taking the ultimate control of foreign relations out of the hands of ministries and vesting it in the people. He declared unequivocally that there arise certain broad and simple issues on which the judgment of the people is more likely to be right than that of the ministers who are conducting the negotiations.

The people's interest in the preservation of peace has lately won recognition such as it never before received. The conference to be held in Washington is overwhelming evidence of that recognition, for neither Mr. Harding, Secretary Hughes, Senator Borah nor Senator Lodge would deny that in its essentials it was conceived in the minds of millions of plain Americans who refused to be silenced until their plan had had a fair trial. The significance of this great popular participation in the affairs of nations can scarcely be overestimated, for it is nothing more or less than the beginning of a new and saner control of vital world relationships.

Buying Bonds for Profit

THE fact that bonds are down in price and may not stay there has been impressing itself in recent months upon an ever-widening circle of persons who either have money to invest or wish they had. To summarize briefly the causes which have led to the returning popularity of this particular form of investment is no slight undertaking. But foremost in the minds of those who observe financial tendencies is the belief that a stage in the economic or business cycle has been reached which, in the light of experience, promises well for bond prices.

To exactly what extent financial and investment history repeats itself only a bold man dares say. But all men know that, roughly speaking, there have been recurring cycles of inflation, or rising, and deflation, or falling, of commodity prices, rising and falling money and interest rates, land values, wages, rents and bond and stock values. It takes the courage of one's convictions, or ignorance, to point like a school-teacher with ruler in hand to an exact stage in the cycle and say, "Here we are, children, and there we shall be to-morrow."

But in a general way, after commodity prices and stocks have risen and fallen; after rents, wages and land values have soared and begun at last to decline; after money and interest rates have gone to great heights and have shown indications of returning to more moderate levels—then, too, it is not unreasonable to anticipate a rise in bond prices. It is obvious that as the cost of living declines the fixed interest rate on a bond looks decidedly more attractive.

When stocks no longer pay extravagant dividends, if any, when profits in business are close and narrow or have been replaced by actual losses, then the bondholder once more feels that the certainty of his income is worth more than vanishing though once enviable profits.

Such in brief are a few of the more cogent reasons why investors are turning to bonds and why brokers who but two or three years ago would have laughed at the idea of selling them are so eagerly pressing their wares upon the public. Unfortunately it is not altogether a pleasing spectacle. Too many people have bought bonds, desiring a speculative profit rather than a good, sound investment with fair returns. Bonds are purchased for a turn rather than for intrinsic security. If there is a slight immediate profit the purchaser sells and goes into another issue. If he does not get his turn he is disappointed, sells out, draws into his shell and locks up his money.

Such speculation obscures the real situation and lays emphasis upon market price rather than upon the security behind the price. It would be absurd to urge investors to forget wholly the excellent possibility of an increase in price. One does not wisely go against the grain of human nature. But those who buy for quick profits are in danger of overlooking the essential object of investment, the safekeeping of surplus funds. What one buys, or should buy, in an investment is security, assurance, dependability, not speculative excitement. The real object of investment should be a dependable income, almost an annuity.

So often does the speculative itch defeat the real object of investing money that those who analyze clearly what they are really after turn to an increasing extent to various forms of insurance. R. H. Tawney, the English economist, recently called attention to the same situation as regards his own country. He says that people who really seek security are doing so, not by investing money in the usual sense but by the purchase of insurance against sickness and death, by the purchase of annuities and by leaving part of their salaries with employers for pensions. Teachers, nurses and government employes are by no means the only classes that look forward to pensions, not to investments.

But there is no good reason why sound bonds should not be purchased in much the same spirit. One of the country's most experienced bond dealers recently wrote an article whose theme was the cost of a dependable annual income. He pointed out that twenty years ago the cost of an annual income of four hundred dollars was about ten thousand dollars, whereas now it is six thousand dollars, only a little more than half. He says that people who began to invest money previously to 1914, especially older persons, find it difficult to adjust their mentality to the high rates that can be had now, because formerly any security yielding much over four per cent was considered dangerously speculative, but "times have changed and we must all adjust our mentality to changed conditions."

Without discussing the highest rate the investor can obtain with safety, it will be granted generally that the rate is higher than formerly. Which is another way of saying that this is an excellent time in all probability for buying a dependable income for future years. But the point is that what the investor should desire is a dependable income, not merely another speculative spree under a different name.

THE REMAKING OF EUROPE

By John Moody

THE key to the remaking of Europe will only be found through a study of Germany, her present position and her vast, dramatic problems, political and financial. I believe that it is perfectly safe to assert that only as Germany is remade can Europe as a whole be placed on its feet and started definitely on the road to prosperity and economic and financial stability. No part of Europe can hope to come back completely unless Germany comes back. Even Great Britain, independent as she is of many of the Continental problems and resourceful as she is in many directions, cannot expect to see fundamental stability definitely restored in her own land if Germany is to remain a menace and a liability to the whole world, as she now is. France cannot hope ever to recover from the effects of the war and permanently prosper with a bankrupt and chaotic Germany at her side. And close our eyes to the truth as we may, it must be accepted as a foregone conclusion that only as Germany rises anew can we expect that Russia and Central Europe as a whole can be rebuilt and remade on solid foundations. I repeat, the key to the whole European situation during the coming few years is Germany.

Much superficial talk goes the rounds to-day in New York, London and Paris to the effect that Germany is already girding up her loins for a new military struggle; that she is developing deep-laid plans for weakening the surrounding nations economically through an attempt to flood the world with cheap goods at absurdly low prices; that she is already pioneering for the economic control of Russia and Austria; that her shrewd, farsighted politicians and financiers are working tooth and nail to wean Italy away from her former Allies and to widen the rift between Great Britain and France.

A Case of Nerves

MORE than one prominent interpreter of public opinion in London this summer seriously stated to me that already the work of the Germans had accomplished wonders in cultivating a new friendship with the British; that big financial interests in the two nations had already progressed far in comprehensive plans for the future joint exploitation of Russia on a vast scale. And in Paris a solemn-faced banker assured me that within less than ten years' time Germany would again be fully prepared and ready to pounce on France with a gigantic army unless America and Great Britain joined with France in a permanent policy for keeping Germany weak and dismembered.

Views of this type are constantly going the rounds of Europe and in many cases are cabled, with lurid elaborations, by newspaper reporters to America. For example, a small shipbuilder in Hamburg, a few months ago, was engaged in conversation on the subject of the reparation payments. Among other things he remarked, after a heavy wine dinner: "We expect to be able to make these payments for from three to five years. By the end of that time we will have England estranged from France and on our side; we will have pacified Russia and have her under our control; Poland will be impotent; and Italy will be our ally. Then we will simply walk into France and take back all that has been squeezed out of us, and more."

These loose remarks were repeated to a reporter, immediately wired to Paris, and became the basis for a sensational report on Germany's secret machinations, which was played up in the newspapers and seriously commented on and believed by thousands of people.

The effect of the war on the public mind in Europe is still in evidence. Even the stolid British continue to stop and listen with serious faces to the most lurid tale, the type of tale which could scarcely have gotten an audience among the most sensational newspapers prior to 1914. The common mind of Europe has certainly not settled down to prewar conditions as yet.

Germany on the Tightrope

WHEN I say that the key to Europe's rehabilitation lies in the lap of Germany, I do not base this opinion on any of the fiction which I have outlined above. For Germany is certainly not girding up her loins for another struggle; she is not developing plans for weakening her sister nations; she is not giving any serious or practical attention to plans for exploiting Russia at present; she is not doing anything important in a political way to wean Italy away from the Allies or widen the rift between England and France. Some of her statesmen and politicians, and a small group of her people, are certainly wishing that these things might happen, but this is absolutely all that it so far amounts to.

What all Germany is really doing is struggling and scheming to keep her rocking boat from upsetting. This is a job which is absorbing all her thoughts and occupying all her time at present. Her financial condition is grossly fantastic and frightfully dangerous. She is in exactly the position in her finances that a tightrope walker is in when performing. Let him divert his attention for an instant to anything but the rope, and over he goes. And let the German statesmen and financiers turn seriously for a moment from Germany's shaky financial position and give their time to something else, and over Germany goes.

Every thoughtful German recognizes this situation, and

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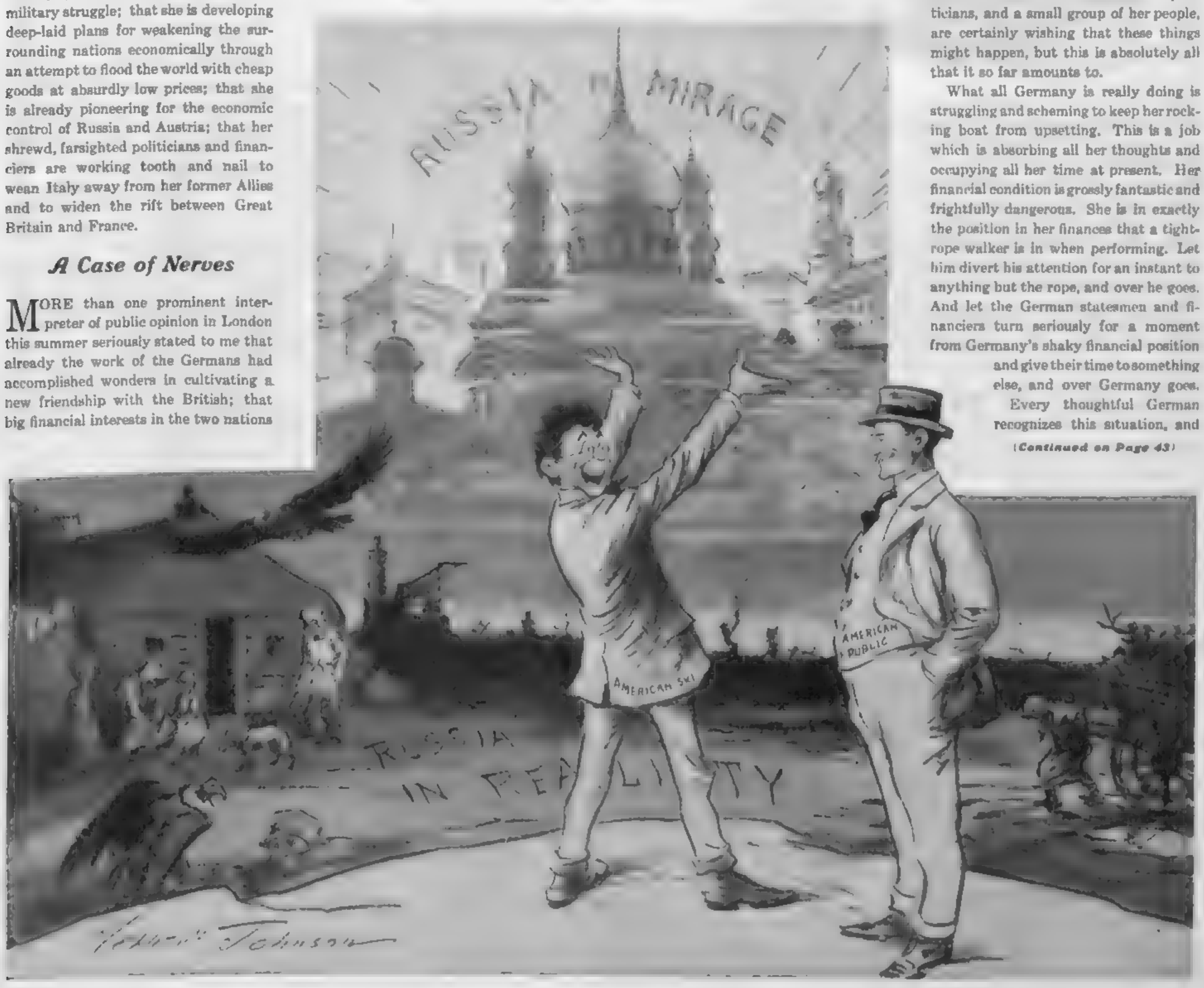

THE CANYON OF THE FOOLS

By Richard Matthews Hallet

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

Wonderful to be Swinging Along Like That, in the Full Glow of Health, Fortune All But in Your Grasp, Luck in Your Very Marrow

VIII

PICTURE us down there in Mrs Hanson's kitchen, eating slabs of cold corned beef at May Gowdy's expense! The acute agony and shame of it, and at the same time the convincing flavor of those broken viands! I was certainly a hot sketch. I had been actually proud of that terrific hunger of mine. I had had visions of intervening decisively in May's favor at my last gasp, unavoidably on the threshold there between life and death, and then sinking back and feeling her arms warm about me in one delicious last despairing fond embrace—and having some competent authority discover that I was starving and too proud to admit it.

I fancied dimly hearing somebody say, "When did this man eat last?" and I always roused myself and muttered, "On Tuesday, but why all this fuss?" and it would be Friday or Saturday then, and May's eyes shining like stars. Can you merge with me?

It was a far cry from that vision to the shape actuality ultimately took—what? In place of that gorgeous self-abnegation, here I was, eating out of May's pocketbook, that blessed crocodile skin, like the veriest beggar, and I couldn't help it. I was drawn down there into that kitchen by some power stronger than mine. Don't tell me that the stomach is the stronghold of the moralities! It's a throwback, a ravening barbarian, and I don't know its equal for stripping the veneer off our tinsel civilization.

I hadn't eaten for so long that I was afraid to do more than swallow a few mouthfuls, but I put the rest in my pocket secretly. Mrs. Hanson stood over us pretty consistently at that.

"You great calves!" she said. "You can thank your lucky stars that girl upstairs had more compunction for you than I'd have. I know your kind."

It butchered Syd in his stall to be classed with me, and he gave her a dumb outcast look, and went on swallowing tears and beef at one and the same gulp. I was at a total loss for words myself, and I crept back to that hall bedroom and slept like a dead man, with Syd by my side. It was the parable of misery and the strange bedfellows all over again.

I woke up at dawn from habit, although the room was paid for. Seared into my brain was that picture of May standing there and denying all knowledge of me, and then heaping coals of fire on my luckless head. I was a dying ember, right. Why had she refused me recognition? Had I got outside the pale altogether? Or was it pique? Perhaps that was more likely. She thought I had abandoned her here, after all those devoted professions of mine too.

This was the first glimpse I had got of the thing from her angle, and after that I couldn't blame her. How could I expect her to interpret the meaning in all these queer, shy subterfuges my infernal pride had set on foot? "Hardly more than a boy!" Those words echoed and reëchoed in my brain. I writhed at them. She was so devilish mature. I remembered the motherly tenderness of that kiss she had given me in Omaha, the fearful prophetic vision of trouble ahead for me that it conveyed, and I was wild—wild to think she had refused from the beginning to engage me with her whole personality, and still refused—bitter too.

That emotion boiled up in me again and again, and in the end I left Syd capsized on that mattress and fled the house. I didn't care if I never saw him again. I wanted to leave everything behind me, I was ready to jump out of my own skin if that would mean forgetfulness; but by the time I had got out on that cement bridge over the big wash I began to feel awfully hungry again, and it came over me in one intensive flash that I had meat in my pocket.

My fingers closed over it; I took it to my mouth. It was in vain that I tried to stand by that resolution I had made overnight not to be beholden to that superior young woman any further. I dropped my principles like rags, and sank my teeth into that corned beef. She had washed her hands of me, would probably meet me with a cold stare, and yet here I was, experiencing the reviving effects of her largesse.

About sundown of that day, furthermore, I got another little whiff of it when I purchased a T-bone at a Jap restaurant. I bought it with the very last remnants of May's money, and I broke my oath to do it; but I represented to myself that I was doing it simply to get strength to be of service to her in some as yet undesignated way, without her ever mistrusting that I was behind it all until the last pathetic moment wherein her grateful tears would fall on me when it was all but too late, and bring me back, by the gushing warmth of their penitence, to life and love.

But what is man? As a matter of fact, the immediate effect of that food was to puff me up to the point where I floated into a tough dance that was going on there at the edge of the town; floated in on the arm of a slashing-looking Spanish woman who had been standing in the entrance and seemed to know the manager. Nothing was said about payment, I know that, and I remember thinking at the time that that was no less strange than fortunate.

As a matter of fact, I looked upon that smooth pair of arms as, in a real sense, refuge; refuge from the relentless Nemesis that pursued me in the dangling shape of that sheriff, Maricopa, who had materialized again not a dozen feet behind me. He didn't seem to be closing with me, I'll agree; but he silently gave me to understand that it was my move, and in that desperate moment Incarnación's softly uttered *"Adonde?"*—whither?—fell on my ears, and I looked into that pair of burning black eyes for the first time.

Whither? What is the answer to that? When you are stopped midway in the journey of your life by such a question, coming from a source like that, you may well pause and echo it and falter for a fit reply. Whither, indeed? I answered her salutation in Spanish—I thanked gracious heaven for my Spanish grandmother then, who had taught me the language as a child—and I noted then that this splendid creature had a grappling iron in each eye. Those eyes met you and detained you and stopped you dead, as much so as if a bar had been stretched across your path, as much so as if you had been hit a blow under the heart by a precalculating opponent.

I can't put the thing in words with credit to myself. I only know that when a man encountered that gaze he was infolded in it; he felt a heightening in the portents; and he was visited by a conviction that it was moments like these that made the inwardness of history.

I know my own perceptions were whittled down so fine on the instant that the merest whisper of a dead leaf came to my ear fraught with subtle meaning. Things had clarified to such an extent that I felt as if I was equipped for looking through stone walls. I swept that providentially encountered woman into my arms, and there we were, without let or hindrance in the furtive twilight, threading the mazes of the dance. Wonderful and powerful hour!

I hadn't even the grace to reflect at the time that even my ability to close with an opportunity like this I owed to May. Those lessons in foot culture were priceless. Mexican tom-toms were beating at the back somewhere as regular as a pulse—it was a dissolute strain, there's no gainsaying that—stars were coming out, too, and I went turning and turning there, the creature of one perfumed hour, cheek to cheek, palm to palm, knee to knee, with high adventure. I liked it. I loved it. Her name was Incarnación, and I called her Inky.

I got her story out of her, of course, by fits and snatches. She was the daughter of a Spanish grandee, a pure Castilian, who in a moment of erratic impulse had misallied herself with a Mexican general, General Terrazas—Terrazas the Terrible—and bitterly she had lived to rue it. She had married him at the top of the tide, it appeared. The general was then master of an entire province, the owner of a fabulously rich gold mine and the sole dictator of a tight little army, ample for the preservation of his province.

And what had happened? Only what might have been expected in that land of rich but uncertain promise. The general's enemies had turned a subterranean watercourse into his gold mine and drowned it. His gold supply had been stopped at its source. His army, from being a well-fed and fit instrument of vengeance, had degenerated into a thing of shreds and patches, had dissolved like morning mist, and the fat province had been wrested from his powerless hands by a greasy rascal at the head of three hundred children of night like himself.

"These hands that have blazed with diamonds," Inky whispered to me fiercely, "do you know what use he finds for them now, that old carrion with his soul of a wine measure? I am to wash clothes with them in the Canyon of the Fools, while my lord and master searches for more gold, the stuff of revolutions. What do I care for war? Am I a follower of armies? He stripped the rings from my fingers to buy soldiers and more soldiers. He beat me when I cried out. Oh, I could show you bruises!"

My surging soul throttled me at these disclosures, as you may well believe.

"You should leave him at once," I said. And I've no doubt my voice was sympathetic.

Tell me, if you can, why the predicament of a young and pretty woman is more affecting to a man than the miseries of the old and the decrepit? I visioned myself in the act of confronting Terrazas with the evidences of his criminal mistreatment of his fair wife; withholding her from his

(Continued on Page 24)

I'm little Miss Flighty, so high and so mighty,
Very apt to go up in the air;
But I always come down with a smile, not a frown,
When I've Campbell's to save me from care!

Let them save you!

Save you from unnecessary work and expense! Save you from all uncertainty as to whether the soup will be good. It is the delicious quality of Campbell's Soups which appeals most to the housewife. But she also welcomes the comfort and convenience and economy of Campbell's, already blended and cooked with expert skill.

Campbell's Tomato Soup

Every day in the year the system needs the tonic stimulus of good soup. The pure tomato juices from the glowing red fruit are combined in Campbell's Tomato Soup with rich creamery butter, fine granulated sugar, herbs and dainty spices. How tempting it is served piping hot! And how beneficial.

21 kinds **12c a can**

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 22)

arms, sweeping her into mine and bidding him take himself off into the limbo of forgotten things. And Incarnación could see at a glance what was taking place in me—that's the beauty of it. She drew herself half out of my arms and shook her head desperately.

"No, he is too strong," she whispered. "There are men still faithful to him, planted all about, under every bush. They lurk under the stones, the centipedes. Many times I have tried to run away from this monster, but they have brought me back. Always they have brought me back."

"Go to the authorities," I said fiercely.

The fires of my forward-looking imagination had purged Inky of her present spouse, and already I was visioning her as the pride of my hacienda under some glowing sky filled with prophetic stars. I spun out a lavish lifetime with her in those few fiercely burning seconds, and I was only recalled by her guarded voice sounding close in my ear as we swayed together.

"The authorities! No, they do not see this with your eye of sympathy, *amigo*. They are cruel. They laugh. They say, 'Go back to your brave general, my pretty lady. He will bring you luck yet.'"

"There is a law in this land," I hissed over shoulder, and then the music stopped.

We filtered through a side door. There was a lot of positive electricity in the air, I know that. I remember guiding her into the shadow of a lot of fig leaves and of standing there on that blue-painted veranda with the clank of an artesian well in my ears.

"He is jealous—the general," Inky said, leaning against a vine-clad post. "He does me the honor to be jealous."

"It's a disease," I said positively.

"A disease?" The lovely head was stopped, the eyes questioned me. "Yes, perhaps. I know this jealousy. Where I love I could kill myself for jealousy."

She gave me a tigress flash from those splendid eyes, and I believed her. Sitting there on that railing, within one board foot of her, I felt as if I had got my fingers on a firebrand; but with that head of rebellion in me at her unhappy fate I didn't care.

"It is in our blood, this little spark, these stinging little flames running hither and yon. And you, too, are of our blood, *amigo*."

"Partly," I let fall.

She laid her hand over mine. I braced myself, crushed a fig leaf in my free hand, but that apparent liberty she was taking had nothing but a warning as its end.

"Take care! That sheriff! That vile Maricopa! He is looking at us through the window. No, you must not turn your head; but I tell you he is there, with his great moving whiskers. Why does he haunt you, my Roberto?"

She had drawn a cigarette from some part of her person, lit it and let blue smoke escape out of her mouth in little yawns. Breath by breath, those tiny blue masses of smoke went swirling upward, altering, as if some tragic shape were seeking to body itself forth there. I had an exciting appreciation of the surprising and even fatal ease with which this adventure had been set on foot, and I had a sense of lurking dangers too.

Why, indeed, did that lank genius of a sheriff haunt me? Did he suppose that I was unable to provide for myself in fitting fashion? Did he think—could he argue from my empty pockets that I was therefore incapable of coming by fit nourishment honestly? Doesn't it seem to you that the charge of vagrancy, brought against a man on no better evidence than a lack of cash—the absence of a few greasy silver certificates and iron men from his coat lining—doesn't it seem to you as if such a charge was nothing but a crying insult to that whole tribe of men who choose to travel light? What did he know of my motives, my plans, my capacities? Had I thrown myself on the town? Had I robbed or pillaged? Had I touched the criminal calendar at any point—save one, perhaps?

No, but because it was known that I had a stomach I must suffer for it. Irony of ironies, it was known to be empty, that invisible internal malefactor, and it was assumed—without warrant, I say—that I would take any means to fill it.

"Yes, why does he haunt me?" I whispered bitterly. "Echo answers 'Why?' He will doubtless end by clapping me in the canary, too, and I stand here powerless to prevent it."

"Why do you stay? You have legs," Inky dropped out in that beautiful mellow contralto of hers, and there was a hint of amusement in the thoughtful curl of that smoke through her expanded nostrils. "Ah, but you need not tell me! When you take these chances, you men, there is a woman at the back of it."

"There was a woman," I said sadly.

I incautiously told her the whole of my bitter humiliation; my mad flight over the prairie and the desert on train tops, in that sheep car, all but ground under the wheels sometimes, and always with one end in view—May's welfare. I outlined to Inky my fascination for May, my prowlings in the vicinity of the jig-saw tower, and the final bitter moment when May had refused to recognize me. I said nothing about those subsequent proceedings in the kitchen.

"What would you have done?" I said softly, and Inky, on the end of an impetuous exhalation, flung her cigarette swiftly over the rail and stooped towards me.

"Otherwise, *amigo*," she whispered, and I felt in every vein and bone that she spoke truth, and that she would have done otherwise.

"Tell me, is he there still?" I murmured.

"He is there still, *amigo*. What do we care for him? Sing me some careless song. Ah, that fearful man, he will make holes in me with his eyes!"

The direction of her glance told me that he must be standing in one of those long windows at my back. What odds? I threw back my head and sang softly a little song in Spanish. You quite likely know it:

Besame, besame, besame,
Quierame, besame, con tu bocita . . .

"Kiss me, kiss me, kiss me, love me, kiss me, with that small mouth. Ah, would you learn of a love that loves you eternal? Give me your pretty little mouth."

A translation simply shows the empty folly of the English language. That hot Spanish came out of me like molten metal out of a tilted crucible—in golden gobs; just the delirious repetition of that sentiment couched in the original and terminated by a dying fall in the music, the last word coming like a note plucked on a guitar. I tell you it will tie any girl of tropic tendencies hand and foot.

Incarnación was spellbound, her lips parted, and a speculative gleam came in those eyes with the lids dropped over them deep. In those seemingly so simple words, dropped out with only half an eye to consequences as usual, I uttered the cry of my lonely heart. In that moment I felt that I could resign myself to giving up my equity in May, if any equity existed. Yes, May's beauty seemed cold and difficult by contrast—remote, unscalable, almost supercilious. My intriguing fancy had struck into another vein and begun to play with the splendors of this dark beauty by my side.

All this while it had been growing dark. We were all muffled up in darkness there. The dance was starting up again. I moved closer, put my arm about her waist, breathed the falling incense of that smoke fresh from her lips. I forgot the sheriff; forgot everything but her eyes, her voice, the mere deep-throated music of it. I promised to follow her into the Canyon of the Fools, the more fool I, and her breath came more quickly, I swear, at that declaration, and she drew back her head archly. I was so tranced that she had to ask me twice the name of that man whose rib May Gowdy had come out here to be, and who had failed her.

"Oh, that man? Jim Harper," I said. "Do you know him?"

She shook her head, but I felt that a strange change had come over her with the mention of that name, and that she did know him perfectly. I had got used by this time to having the shadowy personality of that man cross my path in this bloodless fashion, and I had curious hopes of never seeing him in the flesh too. He was a myth, a legend. I looked into those eyes so close to mine to detect the truth, and I saw them widen, and her lips form a little dismayed circle.

It was in that position, precisely, *amigo*, that General Terrazas had discovered us. He had come from an unexpected quarter, from somewhere out back, where the joints of that great skeleton of a windmill were chattering. He came forward, a pompous, pock-marked little man, very plump, with splendid aspiring mustaches, and small pig's eyes glowering at me over an unshaven cheek. It's a wonder I wasn't poniarded.

"My house is yours," he hissed satirically, and he laid his hand to his hip.

In the nick of time a long, ghastly looking man came up and whispered in his ear some powerful argument, and he desisted. He did claim his wife, though, and I thought best for the time being to relinquish her. But I caught a melting flash from the dark eyes of

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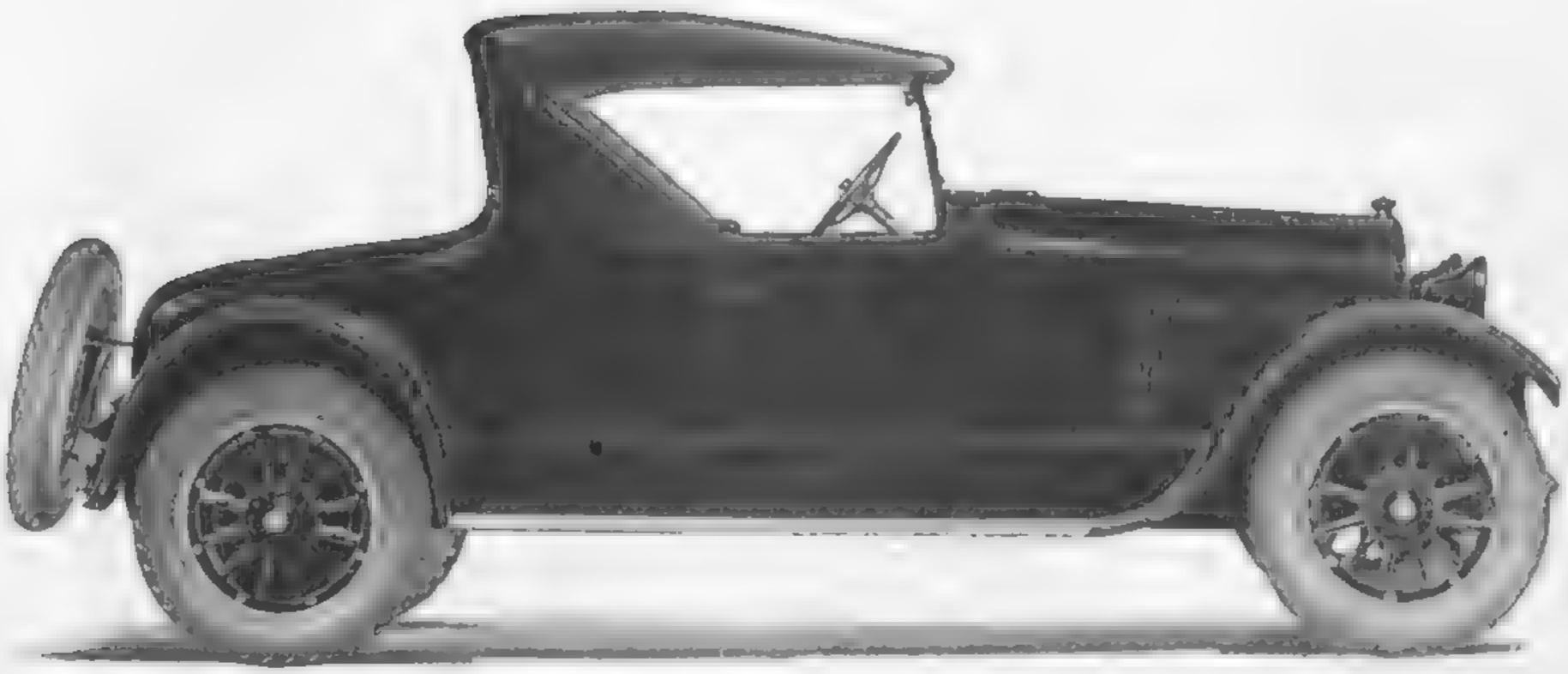
"You Mustn't Misjudge Him," May Countered Rapidly. "It's True He Isn't Here, But He Did Leave a Note for Me"



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The Type 61 Cadillac Roadster, we believe, marks an advance in Roadster ability which has not before been recorded.

It provides, for example, an entirely new and greater degree of road-steadiness and riding-smoothness.

With these qualities it unites the swift acceleration and the splendid power of the Type 61 Cadillac.

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You can count upon it to come through with the maximum of ease and certainty—for it is loyal to Cadillac traditions of dependability.

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It can be said with sincerity that in the Roadster, as in all models of the Type 61, a delightful discovery awaits those who had convinced themselves that the ultimate in buoyant, restful travel had previously been reached in the Cadillac.

MODELS OF THE TYPE 61

Touring Car	*Seven Passengers*	*Limousine*	*Four Passengers*
Phaeton	*Five Passengers*	*Coupe*	*Four Passengers*
Roadster	*Four Passengers*	*Sedanette*	*Four Passengers*
Sedan	*Five Passengers*	*Limousine*	*Seven Passengers*
Coupe	*Two Passengers*	*Imperial Limousine*	*Seven Passengers*

CADILLAC

Division of General Motors Corporation

The Standard of the World

(Continued from Page 24)

that indiscreet, unhappy woman as she was being led away, and I felt fortified in my resolve to snatch her from his bosom in some way as yet undesignated. As I was going away from there on the dark side of the house I collided with a man who seemed to be chuckling to himself over some good joke—a sinewy, black-headed young man. I recognized him for the driver of the stage, the jitney that plied between Madcap and the canyon.

"Are you hungering for trouble, *amigo?*" he inquired.

I reminded him murderously that he ran some risk of it himself by addressing himself to a total stranger with words like that on his lips.

"No offense," he said, smearing his tongue along a cigarette, "but you really ought to get a commission from the priest. The general will marry her again to-night."

"Marry her again?"

"Yes, certainly. They are going to quarrel now, and he will take the curse off by marrying her again. He has married her nine times already."

"Marriage with that woman would be nothing better than a slip hitch," I retorted coolly, as if she meant nothing to me, and I walked away from him.

IX

I COULDN'T chuckle somehow then over the notion of that tenth marriage, although now I do see something humorous in a tenth try at the same knot that keeps coming undone. The question of a place to sleep came up again as I was creeping away through the dark. I couldn't go back to that boarding place of May's, that's plain enough, and my best course seemed to accept Tawgy's offer of his prairie schooner.

I went out there and looked in. He was sitting on the box containing his French saws and cleavers, reading a book, one of that set of classics with deckled edges which he had sacked about with him for three years now, spending his evenings in the illustrious and inexpensive company of the dead. Human nature is not so easily cheated, though. His idea was, of course, to put money in the bank. Well, in those three years, spent with such admirable patience among the enlightening shades of the ancients, Tawgy Clint, all unknown to himself, had slowly charged himself with a speculative tendency. This tendency starting in the form of a resolution to let his head save his heels, as much as anything, had taken many forms. In general, it may be called protean. If old channels are blocked it will force new ones.

Clint's tendency, at the very moment when he was turning the corner into Easy Street, had exploded in the direction of gold mines. "One good investment beats a lifetime of toil." Was it possible that that magic sentence, a part of Swasey's literature, had overpersuaded him? Or was it simply that his adventurous heart tugged him on into these perilous fields? I can't say, but I do know that he saw fortune plain. He had lost most of his savings; but no matter, he was now on the point of recouping himself a hundredfold.

As soon as he saw me he put down his book and stroked his knees.

"Go it mild," he said. "Let me tell you right here and now, you are playing with fire when you tell that woman your troubles."

So—he had seen me with Inky, from afar.

"That woman? She is only a side issue with me," I answered guardedly.

"A side issue with a side kick, then," Clint said. "I know her sort. I don't say keep away from women altogether, but I sincerely do believe in walking round these kiss-or-kill women when I come face to face with them. This is my reading hour. Pick yourself out a classic there."

He picked up his book again, and I pondered what he had said about that kiss-or-kill woman. That phrase fanned my cheeks like a breath of fire. It truly did. My brain swam with disjointed forebodings, and I wondered at myself and at the strange hold Inky had got on my imaginative faculty in that short time. First acquaintance with that woman was nothing short of an insidious inoculation. The touch of her hand, the sulky animation of the eyes under those heavy fringes seemed to breed a thousand fiery little fish-tailed devils in the blood stream, and soon enough they set on foot active torments that mounted to the brain, by George—mounted hour by hour, and I could feel the progress of the disease and note the alterations in me, and still I couldn't or wouldn't do one mortal thing to check those ravages.

And that was my position at ten o'clock the next morning when I actually came to grips with Maricopa Jim. I'm ashamed to say I was wearing false hair on my chin at the time, and staring through Swasey's window with the vague hope of stealing a glimpse of May. Oh, remorse, remorse, remorse! If I had only had the courage to go in to her then and throw myself on her mercy and admit the superior capacity lodged there in that temperament of ice and fire! That was the time to have done it, and I wouldn't do it. The fool pride of a romantic held me back. If I couldn't present myself in the habit of a conqueror I wouldn't present myself at all. To come before her cringing, starving, after that snub she had given me, too, and confess that I wasn't resourceful enough to have tucked even one wild steak under my belt in all that time, was what I wasn't man enough to do. Too much cave man in my system, I suppose.

Well, at all events, there I was, standing with my mouth open, gazing at that hatchet sticking in its lump of fairy quartz, and I grew certain that that sheriff had floated into position on the curb back of me. The situation called for desperate remedies. It was time to throw the cloak at the bull, as the Spanish have it, and quick as a flash I wheeled on him and asked him earnestly if he could tell me whether a party of the name of Jim Harper was in town, or had been seen in town recently.

His attitude towards that simple question was really extraordinary. He ignored it. He took my arm in a sinewy grip and inquired in mellow accents which way I was making footprints and what my business was in town. The same brace of damnably impertinent interrogations that Horse Face had fired at me at Haggett Junction, but this time they were put to me by a wilier questioner. I scented that at once.

"You seem to be a stranger here," he said, and he teased out the ends of that sulphur-colored mustache thoughtfully.

"Well, I am," I said. "As a matter of fact, I am here representing some Eastern shareholders who have properties down the canyon that want looking into."

"Where are you stopping?" was his next question.

And I told him then a little cavalierly that I was roughing it. I had always wanted to know what it was like to get down off this feather bed of civilization, as somebody had called it, and see what it was like kicking against the pricks—no valet within a thousand miles of me. My doctor had told me that frequent drafts of desert air cell searchers—and higher altitudes would do me more good than anything.

"Some people that have come out here looking for higher altitudes have found them," Maricopa said, and he raised his eyes piously. He was awfully jocular. "What was your last job? Where did you work before coming here?"

I told him it was against the law to ask a man in that state where he had worked before coming there. It was too. His only answer was a nasty little laugh, and he reached out and took my beard in his hand and actually fondled it a second or so before wrenching it off. He gave me a thorny look then, and muttered: "You might as well hang that moss on your hip, my boy. Just follow me across the street, will you?"

By George, it began to seem that life out West was awfully hard in some respects, hardly different from that of a rat in a corner! I followed, of course, and he led me into that cement combination of a court and a jail which I had been seeing in dreams for some nights past. It was cool in there. There were a lot of dusty chairs capsized there, with oak writing arms, and a desk perched up on a high platform and crowned with the state statutes and an empty cigar box. To the right of this platform was a slatted steel door through which I could see a cell and an iron bed and a dirty red blanket draped over it. It was chill, and still I could feel the sun eating into my neck too.

Maricopa sat down, all steel wire, and kept elevating and depressing his cigar while he was sizing me up. And then he pushed back his hat off that livid brow and told me to go on and talk for publication and be brief and truth-loving.

Well, by that time I was ready to. I thought fast, and it seemed to me that I had better create an atmosphere of trusting and erring youth and throw myself on his mercy. I certainly did hang on that man's neck hard. I was candid as the devil too. I told him how I had been going to Los Angeles to study medicine, all proper, when a conspiracy of chance had thrown May Gowdy into my care, as it were, and I had got sucked along in behind her as if she had created a vacuum. Nature might abhor it, but that was no reason why I should.

He nodded and slept over that, and ate some of the rags off his cigar, while a bluebottle was buzzing round the window ledge and the yellow desert lay beyond. I owned up to having left the main line, abandoned my plans for the future, risked my fool neck trailing a woman who was as good as married already, and now had to all intents and purposes landed in the canary, I supposed.

I looked slant-eyed at him to catch his interpretation of these facts, and I saw that he was looking pretty grave. I got out my little diary and showed him in black and white where I had set it down that my associations

(Continued on Page 67)

Laguna Canyon, California

fresh
from the factory

We have always guaranteed the quality of TUXEDO—now we guarantee its condition when it reaches you.

To do this the American Tobacco Company has changed its entire plan of distribution. Every modern device for speed—fast trains, motor delivery, and telegrams—has been taken advantage of.

Nothing is overlooked that will clip minutes from the schedule on which TUXEDO is delivered from our factory to your pipe. All this is done because freshness is the essence of smoking tobacco quality.

Today TUXEDO is sold to every dealer in one dozen lots. This makes it necessary for the retail dealer to order TUXEDO continuously but it insures TUXEDO reaching you in fresh condition.

This means that every pipeful of TUXEDO is good and every pipeful alike. You need never smoke stale tobacco again.

Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Co.
INCORPORATED
—which means that if you don't like TUXEDO tobacco you can get your money back from the dealer

fresh
from the factory

Read the little booklet attached to every tin —The story of FRESH TUXEDO.

fresh
from the factory

FRESH
Tuxedo
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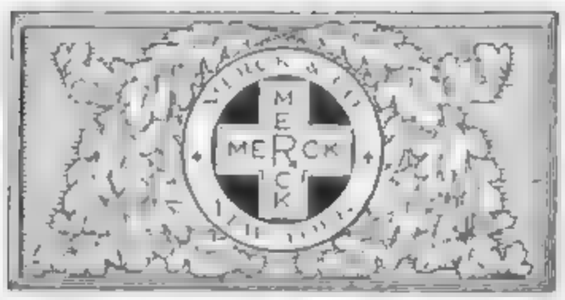

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Ask Your Druggist for—

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Mild nursery antiseptic.

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Full strength and unusually pure.

Creolin-Pearson
The household disinfectant.

CAN WE COME BACK AS EXPORTERS?

(Continued from Page 19)

And so things went along in pretty good fashion for a while, but alas! not for long. Soon the European manufacturer, pressed by the need of war material, found not only that he could not supply his export customers but that he could not supply even his domestic customers. Then began the flood of war orders—not only orders for war material but orders for civilian goods which foreign factories, too busy making ammunition, uniforms, bandages, hospital cots, were unable to produce—and from a state of overproduction we jumped overnight to one of enormous underproduction, so that our prices rose, our deliveries became more and more delayed, our methods more careless, our faults more general.

Can you realize how our new customers, obliged to trade with us against their will, felt every time we demanded a 20 per cent increase or failed to make good by three months on a promised delivery? Every foreign merchant felt that we were taking advantage of our position to extort fantastic profits, to treat their orders with disdain. From their haughty position of buyers favoring the manufacturer with an order, they had to descend to the pitiful position of begging for goods on their bended knees—which is not pleasant or comfortable, and hurts one's pride. So though they continued to be apparently very polite to the American traveler, to me, as one of themselves, they opened up to relieve their feelings.

"Wait until the war is over," they said, "and if ever we buy another dollar's worth of Yankee"—every American, even though from Texas or Wyoming, is a Yankee to the foreigner—"goods ——" And this feeling grew and festered. I doubt if many realize what an uncomfortable occupation it was, for anyone without the hide of a rhinoceros, to sell American goods abroad, say, late in 1916.

Vicious Practices

I recollect one striking instance in Montevideo with a customer of Italian extraction. He had just received a shipment of goods from England, not packed in cases but in burlap. I never saw such a mess of stuff in my life. The goods were battered, totally unfit for sale. I asked him what he was going to do about it.

"Well," he answered, "we shall have to make the best of it. We must make allowances, you know, considering the conditions."

He paid the bill without a murmur. Three days later he received a shipment of ours. A few of the cases having been very roughly handled, evidently in discharging, had broken and the contents were slightly damaged. He insisted on my making him an allowance before he would give me another order. I recalled the British goods to him; I protested that we also were at war.

"But you are not at war in America," he said; "you have merely sent a few men over to Europe."

I pointed out that England was also not at war in England but in France. It was no use. I had to give in or lose his trade.

There is no question, however, that during the war we committed, wittingly and unwittingly, every crime possible in foreign trade. Pressed by an avalanche of war orders, domestic orders and export orders, factories made goods anyhow, packed them anyhow, delivered them when they pleased. Export orders invariably got the worst of it, since the average manufacturer figured that he was unlikely to have any comeback until too late. I myself have seen silk hosiery opened in South America which consisted entirely of seconds, although invoiced and charged for as firsts; one case where there were only eleven pairs in every package of one dozen. There is a well-authenticated case of an automobile having been shipped without any engine.

Thousands of firms went in for export business who had never done so before, and who lacked the slightest fundamental knowledge of it. It was hard enough for the practiced exporter, swamped with orders, beset by every kind of difficulty, export licenses, railroad embargoes, lack of steamers, and so on, to do things anywhere near right. He could not, for instance, examine even a fraction of the merchandise he shipped, and he had perforce to take the manufacturer's word for the fact that the goods were as ordered. As a result hundreds of shipments were made that were wrongly packed or that were not according to sample.

There were many cases of dishonesty, of sharp practice, on the part of unscrupulous manufacturers or of unscrupulous exporters, but for every case of dishonesty there were dozens of cases where in perfect good faith but through ignorance the exporter incurred the resentment of the foreign buyer. Few exporters, for instance, escaped accusations of wrongfully charging storage and cartage at the port of embarkation, from the fact that the term f. o. b. means one thing in this country and something entirely different in all other countries.

As an example of how a manufacturer with the best intentions in the world could antagonize a foreign customer, let me cite the case of the order for silk hosiery received from Buenos Aires by a prominent manufacturer during the early part of the war. The order said "Goods to be wrapped up in thin paper packages of one dozen pairs each," but did not of course explain the reason for this, which was that the Argentine Customs levies duties by weight on the entire contents of the case as silk hosiery, wrappings and all, and the duty is a very heavy one.

The manufacturer, not knowing this, and thinking he would help his customer by showing him the proper way to display and retail fine silk hosiery, and having a supply of specially ornate cartons for his holiday trade, put up the goods three pairs to a carton, these again inside of more elaborate show cartons, including a liberal quantity of show cards and advertising matter. The cartons and stuff weighed three times as much as the hosiery, so that the duty levied on this was four times as much as it should have been.

Thousands of cases on similar lines helped to make our already strained relations with our foreign customers so acute that we cannot wonder at having lost much of our commercial goodwill abroad.

Finally came the armistice, and the first nail was driven, and driven deep, into the coffin of our export trade.

Any exporter or export manufacturer who had heeded the lesson taught him by the armistice could have realized then and there that export trade as we understood the term was doomed. Foreign buyers assumed that immediately the armistice was signed, Europe could resume her industries and export trade overnight, that the Yankees would be forced to put their prices back to normal at once. In consequence the repudiation of orders to America, the rejection of American shipments on arrival, was general in every country. It was least in England and the British colonies, and greatest in Brazil and Argentina. Export trade received a dose of cancelitis similar to that suffered by domestic trade a year or so ago, but with this aggravation, that the foreign buyers did not cancel their orders but waited until the goods arrived and then refused to accept them.

A Dramatic Collapse

There is no practical remedy for this condition; litigation abroad is slow, costly and unsatisfactory. Moreover, the goods, sold on time drafts, were invariably pledged to the banks, which demanded a prompt refund of their advances. Many exporters lost in a few months more than they had gained throughout the whole war period.

Foreign buyers rushed to place orders in Europe, found to their dismay that prices were no lower than in the United States, often higher, placed them nevertheless, waited awhile, and were further astonished to find that the promised deliveries did not materialize. Europe did not come back overnight; on the contrary it seemed to find it unaccountably difficult to get into stride at all.

Soon the foreign buyer realized that he had to have goods somehow, and if Europe could not deliver he would again and still more reluctantly have to call on the United States. So one by one they came trooping back, tried to excuse their recent behavior, offered us in palliation new orders on the old credit terms.

We figured for a while and decided to take them; we needed the business. We turned down the most flagrant offenders, compromised with the others, and welcomed the ones who happened to have stung the other fellow instead of ourselves. Things gradually seemed to straighten out. It was argued that the firms who had repudiated shipments were not firms of good moral standing, and that we should not have sold them, anyway; and that, anyhow, conditions would soon become normal, that there would not be another world war or armistice for a long time, and we had to resume business to regain what we had lost. So those of us who survived wrote off our losses, revised somewhat our credit-information files, and resumed business in the same old style, a little more diffident and careful perhaps, but hoping for the best.

The armistice scare gradually passed away. Prices did not break, or if they broke regained their high level, continued to rise. It is of course easy and pleasant to sell in a rising market. Not that the exporter, as so many think, benefits by the rise in price; for he must necessarily purchase at the same time that he sells, and his customer gets all the benefit of the increased market value when the goods arrive. But of course repudiations are unprofitable in a rising market, and although business was spotty and irregular and fell off somewhat in volume, our bills were accepted and paid, and we were beginning to feel comfortable once more when Bang! Whiz! Crash!

And when the smoke cleared away, nothing was left of our great export-trade edifice but a small heap of ruins and a thin curling column of smoke.

The dramatic collapse of our export trade really took place almost entirely during the spring of 1920. It hit some markets a little sooner, others a little later; but it coincided generally with the sudden deflation of our domestic market and the drop in wholesale prices, which became evident about May.

The Rise of Dollar Exchange

The collapse of prices paralyzed the wholesale purchase of goods in this country, so, naturally, foreign buyers also stopped buying; but it did much worse to the export trade than to domestic business, for we not only stopped buying goods in this country but we stopped buying goods abroad, and that brought about the collapse of exchange in practically every country in the world. Of course, dollar exchange in the European countries that had been at war was already abnormally high, but that was foreseen and only to be expected. It was not, strictly speaking, that the dollar exchange in those countries had risen, but their own currency had depreciated in value owing to the reduction of their gold reserves. But in countries like Spain, the South American republics, Holland, Norway, Sweden, and so on, there was no reason for the currency to depreciate, and therefore the rise in the cost of the dollar took them completely by surprise, and—bear this well in mind—filled the inhabitants of those countries with the strongest resentment against the United States.

That this should be so may seem incomprehensible to some, for surely we were in no way to blame for the exchange, and, in fact, nothing more fatal and damaging to us could possibly have happened. The explanation, of course, of the exchange phenomenon was absurdly simple. Our domestic-trade conditions made impossible for us for a time the purchase of wools and hides from Argentina, coffee and rubber from Brazil, nitrates and metals from Chile, cocoa from Venezuela and Ecuador, olive oil from Spain, and so on. These countries had no gold dollars coming in from us, yet had to pay us gold dollars for what they bought.

This matter could have been arranged very easily in the prewar days by each country shipping us gold to make up for the difference in our favor, but their governments, mindful of what had happened to the currency of Italy, of France, and fearing that this would bring about the depreciation of their own currencies, refused to let the gold go out of their countries. The result, of course, was an enormous excess of the demand for dollar exchange—that is, dollars available in the United States—over the supply, and the price of the dollar rose and rose.

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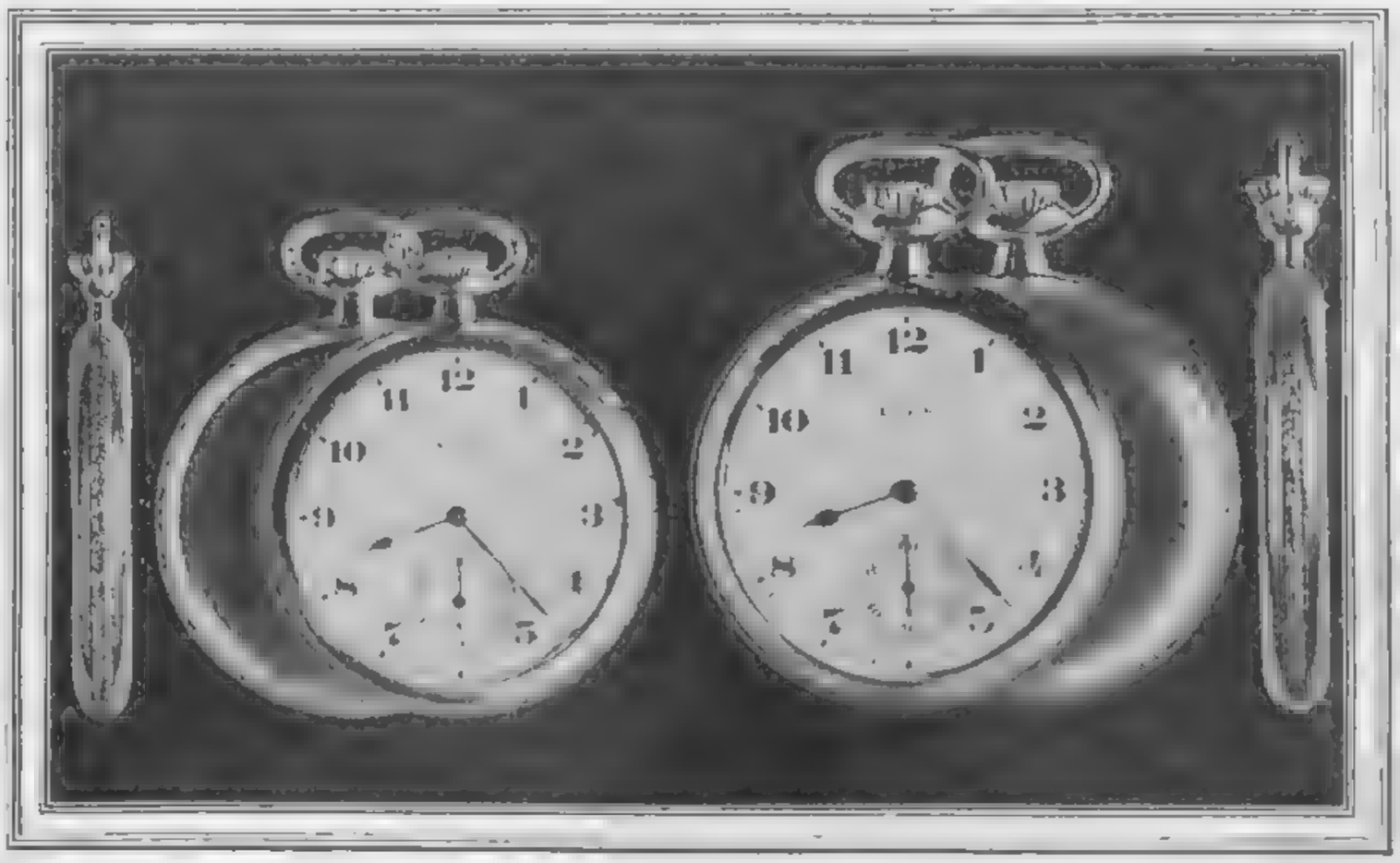
Elgin Economy Movements



Wadsworth Cases

"Economy 12"—The sturdy, beautiful 12 size model, also fashioned in three designs. A sensible timepiece for the student and the office man. Price —$15.00.

"Economy 16"—The full 16 size model fashioned in three designs. The ideal watch for the man whose work or play is strenuous. Price—$13.50

And now—a really beautiful and dependable timekeeper—*for $13.50*

An Elgin Economy movement in a Wadsworth Case

THERE is a timepiece that will serve you well—the Elgin Economy Watch—the newest of the long line of famous Elgin movements that are dressed in Wadsworth cases.

A sturdy watch and beautiful, in its satin-white nickel case with gold-filled center and trimmings, it is built for the man who would find a dependable timekeeper at a minimum cost.

In each of two sizes it is fashioned in three designs—"Economy 16", at $13.50, for the sportsman, the man on the farm—for any man whose work or play is strenuous; "Economy 12", at $15.00, a smaller and more compact watch for the student and the office man.

The ideal extra watch

If you own a costly watch your activities are often such as to endanger its delicately adjusted mechanism. Know, then, the satisfaction, the convenience of possessing as an extra timepiece this accurate, inexpensive watch that is designed for active service.

The movement, scientifically made and tested by one of the world's greatest watch manufacturers, is fully covered by the Elgin guarantee. The case is as truly a work of art as are the Wadsworth creations in gold and silver and platinum.

The Economy Watch—a product of two industries

When the Economy Watch idea was conceived, the Elgin Watch Company constructed the movement. For the case they turned to Wadsworth, who employed such artistry in its design as would make the completed timepiece a beautiful article of personal wear. As with the Economy Watch, so with the many other Elgin movements that are dressed in Wadsworth cases.

Thus it is that for thirty years Wadsworth cases have dressed and protected the watch movements of leading manufacturers and importers. Many of the most beautiful, most popular designs with which you are acquainted are Wadsworth creations.

When you buy a watch, select a movement that your jeweler will recommend and insist that it be dressed in a Wadsworth case. The Wadsworth name is your assurance not only of correct design but of the finest material and workmanship.

THE WADSWORTH WATCH CASE CO., Cincinnati, Ohio
Makers of watch cases exclusively
Factories: Dayton, Ky.

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"That Well-Dressed Look"

they wear so well and look so well

WOOLTEX
KNOCKABOUTS
$25-$38-$45

The fabrics—tweeds homespuns & Wooltex Sportspun. The styles and tailoring are correct *and* lasting

For sale in your city or by the H. Black Company
Cleveland, Ohio.

Wooltex
Tailor-mades
Unexcelled—in Style
in Quality—in *true* Value
$48-$55-$68-$75

(Continued from Page 28)

Remember that this is the only way the foreign merchant could see it. You could never persuade Argentinians or Brazilians or Chileans that their own currency had depreciated in value; to them it is the cost of the dollar that has risen, and they figure that we set the price which we are willing to accept in their currency for our dollars; and they are furious with us for setting this price ever higher and higher. One hundred dollars in United States funds early in 1920 cost in Buenos Aires about $105 Argentine gold; to-day the same amount costs $150 or more. About the same time one dollar cost in Rio four or five milreis; to-day it costs seven or eight milreis. In Chile, one dollar United States cost in the neighborhood of four and one-half pesos; now it costs about nine pesos.

I must ask you to accept it as an undoubted fact that not 5 per cent of our foreign customers realize that we are blameless in the matter and that we do not benefit in any way by it, while at least 50 per cent of them feel that we actually pocket the difference between the normal and the present cost of the dollar. You may think that this is stretching it too far, yet it is strictly true. Only recently I had a letter from my traveler in Buenos Aires, who is there endeavoring to dispose of some rejected merchandise and who writes of an incident that took place with one of the old-time importers there, to whom he offered some repudiated goods at a big reduction.

Benefits of High Exchange

He told this merchant that we were losing 50 per cent in selling these goods at the price offered, to which the merchant replied: "But you are making 50 per cent on the exchange, so you break even."

He adds that, realizing the impossibility of convincing this customer of his error, he was obliged to retire without saying another word.

Our customers therefore detest us, now that they believe that we are gouging money out of them in exchange. Somebody, of course, ought to go around there and explain to them why they are wrong, but we can hardly expect our European competitors to do so, and it is too big a job for the individual American exporter. So here is another misconception that becomes another nail in the coffin of our export trade.

The most curious fact in connection with the rise in dollar exchange, which is the cause of such strong and unreasonable protests on the part of our foreign customers, is that it has actually been of immense benefit to them, inasmuch as it has resulted in the valorization of their stocks of United States merchandise, which formed the bulk of their stocks of imported merchandise. This is obvious: Taking it for granted that their stocks have depreciated in the past year on a rough average say 50 per cent, if dollar exchange had remained normal every import merchant would have had to take an inventory loss of 50 per cent, as wholesalers had to in this country. But the value of the dollar having risen meantime 50 per cent—as a rough average—it follows that their stocks depreciated only 25 per cent. That is to say, the article that cost originally one dollar f. o. b. New York, and is now worth only fifty cents f. o. b. New York, is still worth in Buenos Aires the equivalent of seventy-five cents f. o. b. New York, since fifty cents United States currency is now worth there the equivalent of seventy-five cents. The average importer has a stock, bought and paid for, some five or ten times as great at least as the amount of goods he has on order or unpaid for; therefore he gained by the rise in dollar exchange at least five or ten times as much as he lost on the payments he had to make subsequent to the rise in exchange. This, however, was ignored by the foreign merchant, and I have never heard it referred to, although he was well aware of it.

The situation at present, however, is this—that the merchant in Chile or Brazil claims we are highwaymen in demanding nine pesos or nine milreis for a dollar which is worth only, according to him, four and a half pesos or milreis; therefore he not only refuses to buy any more goods from us but also feels justified in refusing to pay for those he has already bought!

Right here I must nail to the counter one more popular delusion—namely, that the foreign buyer is not paying us his bill just now and not buying any more goods from us because he hasn't the money. A usually well-informed magazine falls into the common error of stating: "The decline in our export trade is due to the low purchasing power of our foreign customers"; and goes on to say: "Those that most need our goods are least able to pay for them." This may be true for a few countries, but surely not of foreign countries in general. The purchasing power of South America, Spain, Holland, England and its colonies, the Far East, and so on, is surely as great to-day as it was a year and a half ago, when they were buying their heads off and our export trade was at its peak. Of course, the rise in value of the dollar makes their purchasing power less, if they have to buy in dollars, but, as I shall proceed to explain, we don't have to sell in dollars.

This low-purchasing-power story has been overworked; the real trouble is not there at all. Actual facts do not fit into it. I am sure that 90 per cent of my own late customers have much more money to-day than they had in 1914. Yet this is the sort of thing we are up against: A customer in Ecuador, who has owed me $236 for over a year, writes and tells me that it is still perfectly impossible for him to pay me, because dollar exchange is at about 420 instead of a normal 205. That is to say, it would cost him 991 sucres to pay my bill, whereas he figures he should have to pay only 483 sucres. Therefore, in spite of the fact that he probably has 50,000 sucres on deposit in his bank, and would therefore hardly find himself destitute after paying my bill, he still claims that it is perfectly impossible to pay me, and I know of nothing I can do about it; nor does the bank holding my draft for collection seem to know either. This condition, not the low purchasing power, is what accounts for the bulk of our frozen foreign credits, as well as in part for the general reluctance evident among foreign buyers to place further orders for United States merchandise.

Repudiation Epidemic

In domestic trade the fall in price brought about the epidemic of cancelitis, but in export trade it brought about an epidemic of repudiations, which is a much more serious disease; for, as happened before in the armistice period, the foreign customer usually said nothing until the goods had reached their destination and then flatly refused to accept them. Now, repudiation is a comparatively simple matter to adjust when your customer in Pittsburgh sends you back the shipment you sent him from Boston; you are out the freight, and you have to sell the goods to someone else at a little lower price and take a small loss. But it is a different matter when your goods are repudiated in Buenos Aires or Valparaiso or Barcelona. The customer doesn't send them back—he merely leaves them alone. It is up to you to get them back if you want to, and getting goods back from there is not quite such a simple matter as to get them back from Pittsburgh to Boston. Moreover, when you shipped them to Buenos Aires, for instance, and drew your draft on the customer, you took the draft to the bank and discounted it, borrowing 80 to 100 per cent on it, money which you used as payment for the goods. But when the bank hears that the shipment is refused it expects you at once to refund the amount it loaned you; nay, more, if you have any money on deposit in the bank it just proceeds to charge the draft back—that is, deduct it from your deposit. You may think one day that you have $10,000 on deposit, which you are carefully hanging on to to meet some payment due in a few days; and one bright morning you go down to the office and find a debit note for $9950, the amount of the shipment you made to Señor ——, of Santiago, five or six weeks before and which you had forgotten all about—and your deposit in the bank is no more.

Of course the combination of the fall of value and rise of dollar exchange was a hard one for the foreign customer to swallow, we must admit. Imagine a man who had bought shoe laces in March, 1920, at $1.20 a gross with dollar exchange normal. When they reached him in July they were worth here only sixty cents a gross, and yet, exchange having risen to 130, they cost him the equivalent of $1.56. A certain loss stared him in the face, and the foreign merchant is not a good loser. The worst of them just lay down, refused the goods and left the exporter to do the best he could. The best of them agreed to accept if given three, four, six months in which to pay, under the assumption that in that time exchange would revert to normal. The immediate result to the exporter, however, was about the same, since in either case the bank insisted on charging back the draft, refusing absolutely to carry any extensions beyond the original tenor of the draft; in many cases the banks even anticipated a possible request for extension and charged the draft back before it was due, so as to be on the safe side. Not that I blame the banks, particularly as they are institutions run for private gain, and naturally, when they could, they got out of what had become a perilous investment.

But here was a fresh aggravation of our troubles. Having few American banks abroad, most of our drafts were in the hands of European or native banks there—the correspondents of our American banks. In these local banks we were, of course, a factor of no importance, whereas our customer was often a valued depositor. So the local bank abetted the foreign customer in insisting on an extension, or made no effort to press for the acceptance of a draft, being anxious, of course, to help the customer tide over his difficulties, so as to secure its own loans to him. As a result, far from getting any assistance from the banks intrusted with the collection of our drafts, we discovered that they were using their influence the other way.

Loss of Business Morality

This hectic period, the second half of 1920, surely turned gray the hair of every exporter who had any left. Our best and choicest customers would cable us requesting—nay, demanding—an extension of ninety, of 180 days, for the payment of our drafts. Our bank, we knew, would demand immediate repayment the moment we authorized the extension. It was impossible by cable, or even by letter, to explain to our customers our unfortunate position. If we agreed to the extension we saw our capital tied up indefinitely, even if we had it; if we refused we lost our customer. We finished up, of course, by doing both.

Early in 1921 the amount of money tied up, frozen abroad in repudiated shipments and extension of drafts, was estimated at more than $3,000,000,000. In Buenos Aires alone there is said to be at least $50,000,000 worth of American merchandise lying on the docks, which the buyers refuse to accept and pay for. In a few cases the buyers claim some supposed defect in the goods or plead delay in shipment, but as a rule they do not attempt to disguise the real reason, the cost of dollar exchange.

No more unreasonable excuse could be put forward from our point of view. Had the buyer been careful he would have covered himself against any rise in exchange by purchasing same at the time he placed his order. Every American importer does so here whenever he places an order abroad; or if he neglects to do so it is because he elects to take the risk and does not squeal if the gamble goes against him.

The saddest, the most disheartening feature of the whole business, to my mind, is the widespread breakdown of the morale of foreign patrons. I can see where they feel justified in their own minds in refusing to accept a shipment bought at normal exchange and delivered with exchange 50 per cent above normal. It may not be good ethics, or excusable, but at least it is understandable. Their loss of business morality, however, has now contaminated them to such an extent that many firms do not hesitate to repudiate a shipment for any reason whatever.

This, therefore, is the sad plight in which our export trade now finds itself. Our customers have definitely cut the traces and determined to do their future business with Europe. We have no orders, yet if we had them how could we fill them? The banks absolutely refuse to negotiate any foreign drafts, to finance any foreign shipments. They point to the undigested frozen mass of foreign credits and declare that until this is absorbed—and there is little perceptible sign of its absorption they cannot spare more money for this purpose. And you can't blame them, for we have practically no foreign banks in the European sense of the term. Our foreign banking has been done in the past by the foreign department of a domestic bank. As long as such a bank had a surplus of money

(Continued on Page 32)

The PRICELESS INGREDIENT

In the city of Bagdad lived Hakeem, the Wise One, and many people went to him for counsel, which he gave freely to all, asking nothing in return.

There came to him a young man, who had spent much but got little, and said: "Tell me, Wise One, what shall I do to receive the most for that which I spend?"

Hakeem answered: "A thing that is bought or sold has no value unless it contain that which cannot be bought or sold. Look for the Priceless Ingredient."

"But what is this Priceless Ingredient?" asked the young man.

Spoke then the Wise One: "My son, the Priceless Ingredient of every product in the market-place is the Honor and Integrity of him who makes it. Consider his name before you buy."

Three words of this old tale—"The Priceless Ingredient"—tell the story of the House of Squibb, revealing the secret of its service and success.

E. R. Squibb & Sons was founded in 1858 by Dr. Edward R. Squibb, a physician and chemist of high principles and ideals. He was inspired, not by hope of financial gain (for he had money enough for all his needs) but by professional duty and personal honor. His aim was to set a new and higher standard in chemical and pharmaceutical manufacture, by making products of greater purity than had yet been known.

Within three years the Squibb Laboratories had attained a position of leadership. In 1861 the Government of the United States turned confidently to Squibb for products needed for a million men in our Civil War. That was sixty years ago. The reputation so early won, the House of Squibb holds today inviolate and values far above profits.

In 1917, as in 1861, the United States Government again turned confidently to Squibb for products needed for millions of men in the World War, and after the War conferred upon the House of Squibb the Award for Distinguished Service.

For more than half a century the name Squibb has been recognized as full guaranty of skill, knowledge and honor in the manufacture of chemical and pharmaceutical products made exclusively for the medical profession and used only by the physician and the surgeon.

The name Squibb on HOUSEHOLD PRODUCTS is equally valued as positive assurance of true purity and reliability.

Squibb's Bicarbonate of Soda—exceedingly pure, therefore without bitter taste.

Squibb's Epsom Salt—free from impurities. Preferred also for taste.

Squibb's Sodium Phosphate—a specially purified product, free from arsenic, therefore safe.

Squibb's Milk of Magnesia—highest quality. Pleasant and effective.

Squibb's Cod Liver Oil—selected finest Norwegian; cold pressed; pure in taste. Rich in vitamine.

Squibb's Olive Oil—selected oil from Southern France. Absolutely pure. (Sold only through druggists.)

Squibb's Sugar of Milk—specially refined for preparing infants' food. Quickly soluble. In sealed tins.

Squibb's Boric Acid—pure and perfectly soluble. Soft powder for dusting; granular form for solutions.

Squibb's Castor Oil—specially refined, bland in taste; dependable.

Squibb's Stearate of Zinc—a soft and protective powder of highest purity.

Squibb's Magnesia Dental Cream—made from Squibb's Milk of Magnesia. Contains no detrimental substance. Corrects mouth acidity.

Squibb's Talcum Powder—Carnation, Violet, Boudoir, and Unscented. The talcum powder *par excellence*.

Squibb's Cold Cream—an exquisite preparation of correct composition for the care of the skin.

Sold by reliable druggists everywhere, in original sealed packages.
The "Priceless Ingredient" of every product is the honor and integrity of its maker.

SQUIBB

The FRANKLIN

THE causes contributing to Franklin endurance are as varied —and as definite—as the ways in which that endurance shows itself.

Franklin light weight avoids, and Franklin flexible construction absorbs, much of the destructive road shock which wears out other cars—and their tires—prematurely.

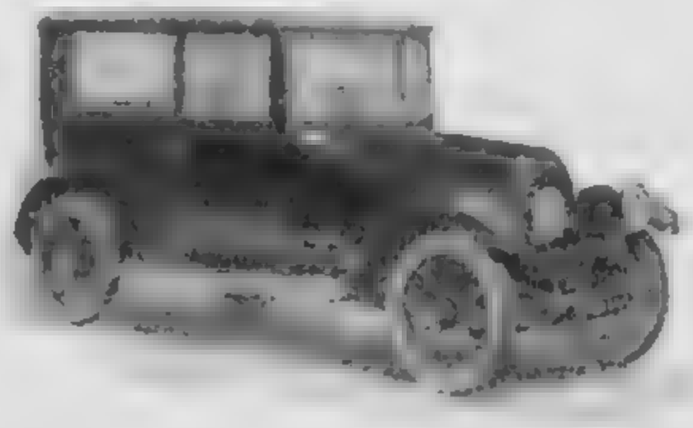
Franklin direct air cooling eliminates all radiator troubles and protects the engine from their bad effects.

Franklin quality of materials and workmanship gives a margin of safety against strains, and helps insure the efficient functioning of all parts at all times.

Year-round reliability, long life and slow depreciation in value, together with comfort, ease of handling and this economy, are natural results:

20 miles to the gallon of gasoline
12,500 miles to the set of tires
50% slower yearly depreciation
(National Averages)

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY
SYRACUSE, N. Y.



Prices Effective September 1, 1921 (F. O. B. Syracuse)
Touring Car $2350 Sedan $3350 Other Types in Proportion

(Continued from Page 30)

that it could not utilize to advantage in domestic operations it was willing to invest it in financing foreign business; but the moment there was a shortage of money, an excess of demand for domestic purposes, as there is at present and is likely to be for some time, the foreign department was bound to find itself without funds with which to operate.

In Europe the foreign bank has no domestic business to finance—all its funds are available for financing shipments to the particular foreign market in which it specializes. I fear it is now too late for us to endeavor to overcome this drawback by the establishment of purely foreign banks, such as the contemplated $100,000,000 Foreign Trade Finance Corporation. Moreover, even if such a bank were established it would lack the essential requirement to success—namely, foreign branches. It would have to rely for the execution of its business on correspondents abroad, European or native banks, or the few branches existing abroad of American domestic banks. The lack of efficient cooperation abroad under such conditions would be a very serious handicap to its success. Money alone is not what we require to regain our foreign business, but service abroad, cooperation, assistance, not at this end but at the other end, where our goods go and where we must collect for them.

European competitors have taken great pains to impress on our foreign customers the unreliability if not the dishonesty of the American exporter. Under these circumstances it is too much for us to expect them to buy a pig in a poke, to pay for goods without having seen them. Every paper in South America has circulated the story of the automobile that arrived without an engine, the case of silk hosiery that was found to contain nothing but empty cartons, or only eleven pairs to a dozen, or a quality far inferior to that stipulated in the order. We may have made a thousand perfectly faultless shipments for every one in which there was a question, but that one shipment, its shortcomings published and exaggerated by our competitors, has damned us. On a cash New York basis we shall not do enough business to keep one fair-sized export firm busy. It would seem that either we must sell on credit as we did before or shut up the shop.

Frozen Credits Abroad

Granting we can get orders, which we can't; granting we have banks to finance them, which we haven't—how even then could we feel reasonably certain, after our experience, that our shipments would be accepted and paid for at destination, without regard to any fluctuations in exchange, or fall in value, or the thousand other hazards we run? Who would have the courage to do business at such risks? Who would dare to gamble in this fashion, a gamble in which one risks losing much and gaining little, with all the odds in favor of losing? Only the inexperienced, those who are not familiar with present conditions abroad, will take such chances, will rush in where angels fear to tread. And it will not take them long to find out their error.

Anyone who has had the patience to follow me thus far must now have reached one of two conclusions, or both. The first is that I have greatly exaggerated the facts, particularly the extent of the breakdown abroad, and of the antipathy or resentment against the United States and its goods. I am willing to admit that for the sake of making my points more clear I may have overemphasized the facts, but I stoutly deny any exaggeration. The extent of the breakdown is even greater than is indicated by the wholesale failures in the export trade and the huge sums tied up by our banks and by the surviving exporters in frozen foreign credits—every one caused by repudiations, by the lack of moral courage on the part of our customers to stand the loss brought about by general conditions.

Though the amount of these frozen credits, estimated by bankers at more than $3,000,000,000, is sufficiently eloquent, yet it must be remembered that not all our foreign customers who would have repudiated their orders under these conditions happened to be in a position to do so when the débâcle took place. Remember that we had already begun since the armistice to discriminate among our customers, to curtail our credits, to shorten our terms. When the landslide of prices began we canceled millions of dollars' worth of orders, demanded cash rather than run the risk of increasing our losses, and so saved probably as much again as we lost. The banks do not minimize the extent of this foreign breakdown, however loath they may be to discuss it. Witness their refusal to finance any further foreign business on the customary terms. It is not strictly true, of course, that they have no money for this purpose—this statement is merely relative—the fact is, they do not consider it good business. They would rather boost the foundation of some new foreign-trade banks and let such banks do it. If it is not good safe business for the banker is it good business for the manufacturer or the exporter?

It is true that the banker works on a smaller margin; but he can spread out his risk much more than the exporter and, by financing the export of every kind of commodity to every kind of market, minimize the risk he takes infinitely more than the manufacturer, who is confined to his own line of goods, or the exporter, who is confined to the markets that he has specialized in and developed.

I repeat that the breakdown of business morale abroad is infinitely greater and more general, more lasting, more irreparable than it was in this country. Here, as it affected every class of business, it was more quickly diagnosed, steps were at once taken to combat its contagion, remedies were found and quickly applied by banks, trade organizations, chambers of commerce, and so on. The epidemic was soon in hand, was combated, and may be now said to have been almost completely stamped out.

Dangerous Credit Policies

Abroad it was a different story. Business conditions were more unsanitary in the first place; overbuying, speculation, reckless financing were rampant. When the epidemic took place no organizations combated it. As I have shown, the local foreign banks, mindful of the necessity of safeguarding their own loans, winked at their customers' repudiations of our drafts. The epidemic spread from the small firms to the large, from the weak to the strong. Here it met universal censure, there being no valid excuse to offer in extenuation. Abroad it was excused and condoned on account of the exchange situation, it came to be considered as a case of *force majeure*, it was turned into a case of national necessity, and so it festered and spread. It was undoubtedly helped to spread by our competitors, who saw in it the death blow of our commercial supremacy; it was encouraged by European manufacturers or their agents, who were not slow to realize that if importers repudiated their high-priced purchases from us, lost their credit with us, they would be unable to buy from us when prices went lower, and this would give them an opportunity to sell their goods. This is actually taking place to-day. In many markets Europe is selling goods at higher prices than ours, because our customers have lost their credit with us and will not buy for cash.

The policy of selling abroad on credit terms of ninety days sight worked quite well on the smooth level roads of prewar conditions, still better on the downhill roads of war conditions and rising markets, but buckled and cracked badly on the rough armistice detour, bumped along with many squeaks and rattles over the fair stretch that followed the post armistice rally, then broke down completely and was all wrecked to pieces on the rocky road of price deflation. Does this show it to be a policy that will stand up, that will endure?

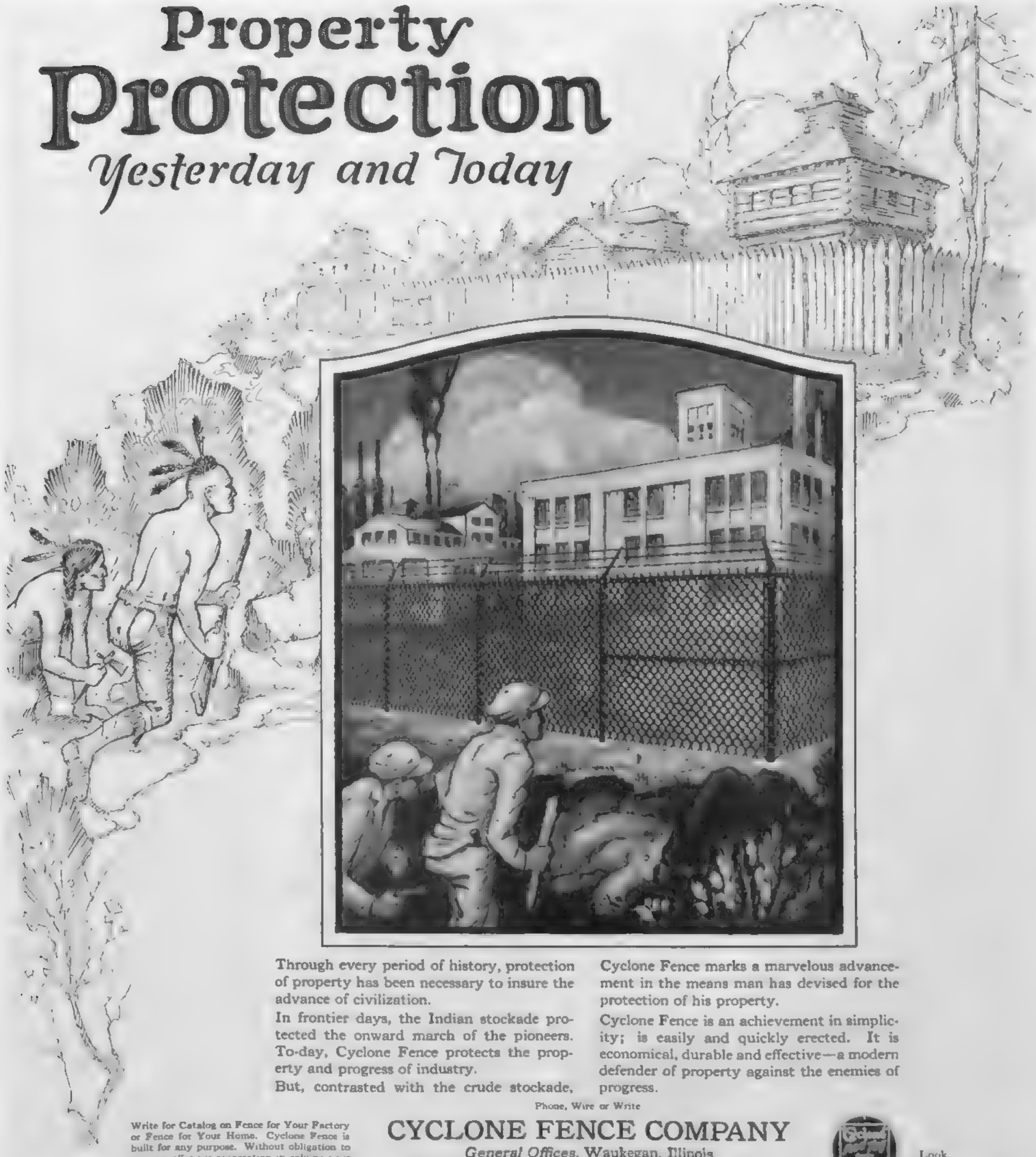
Facts are hard things to down—especially with mere theories. It is an undeniable fact that exporters in this country would be better off to-day, money in pocket, had they refused all foreign business tendered to them on a credit basis during the last four or five years. It is equally true, I claim, though perhaps not so obvious, that any exporter who refuses to accept any export business on credit terms during the next four or five years will at the end of that period be better off, with more money in pocket, than if he accepts such business, however experienced, careful and discriminating he may be.

I am painfully aware of the fact that in opposing the granting of foreign credits, in the sense of credit terms to foreign customers to pay for our dollar shipments from this country, I am opposed to almost every authority on the subject. "The foreigner,"

(Continued on Page 34)

Property Protection

Yesterday and Today



Through every period of history, protection of property has been necessary to insure the advance of civilization.

In frontier days, the Indian stockade protected the onward march of the pioneers. To-day, Cyclone Fence protects the property and progress of industry.

But, contrasted with the crude stockade, Cyclone Fence marks a marvelous advancement in the means man has devised for the protection of his property.

Cyclone Fence is an achievement in simplicity; is easily and quickly erected. It is economical, durable and effective—a modern defender of property against the enemies of progress.

Write for Catalog on Fence for Your Factory or Fence for Your Home. Cyclone Fence is built for any purpose. Without obligation to you, we offer our cooperation in solving your fencing problems. Tell us your needs.

Phone, Wire or Write

CYCLONE FENCE COMPANY

General Offices, Waukegan, Illinois

Factories: Waukegan, Ill., Cleveland, Ohio, Fort Worth, Texas

Branch Offices in Fifteen Principal Cities

Look for the *"Red Tag"*

CYCLONE FENCE

PROPERTY PROTECTION PAYS

"When your Ford won't start"

A New York automotive engineer says:

"A neighbor of mine drives a Ford. I told him about Gargoyle Mobiloil 'E.' He said he used a heavier oil and it worked fine.

"One cold morning he said to me, 'Something's wrong with my car. I can't get her going. Once she started up and chased me out of the garage and then stopped.'

"I lifted the floor boards, took the inspection plate off the transmission housing, and while he cranked the engine I poured some kerosene slowly on the transmission. The engine started. We drained off the old oil and filled up with Gargoyle Mobiloil 'E.' Now he knows why I am so enthusiastic over Gargoyle Mobiloils."

By adding kerosene, the engineer cut the congealed, heavy oil, thinned it down and lowered its cold test. That is why starting became easier.

* * *

Heavier oils may seem to "work all right" in summer. But they are simply storing up trouble. In winter an oil heavier than Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" is liable to congeal. This congealed oil makes starting difficult. The car may "creep forward," even with the hand brake pulled back to disengage the clutch.

The superiority of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" stands out even more strongly in cold weather. It distributes perfectly to every friction point. It will not congeal. You need this cold-weather convenience and protection. Let Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" show you how much more efficient a Ford engine can be in winter when correctly lubricated.

For the differential of Ford cars use Gargoyle Mobiloil "CC" or Mobilubricant as specified by the Chart of Recommendations.

IN BUYING *Gargoyle Mobiloils from your dealer, it is safest to purchase in original packages. Look for the red Gargoyle on the container.*

The Vacuum Oil Company's Chart specifies the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils for every make and model of car. Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" is the correct grade for Fords. If you drive another make of car send for our booklet, "Correct Lubrication."

DOMESTIC BRANCHES:

New York *(Main Office)*	Boston	Chicago
Philadelphia	Pittsburgh	Detroit
Buffalo	Indianapolis	Minneapolis
	Des Moines	Dallas
	Kansas City, Kan.	

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

(Continued from Page 32)

they cry, "has no money with which to pay. We must give him credit." Surely this is all wrong, for if he has no money he has no business to get credit. Of course he has money, but not dollars. He has just as much money now as he had a year ago, when he was buying from us freely—in fact, more, for they have been printing it very fast ever since. But none of these authorities have yet shown me how to get around the fact that if we give credit we are going to lose a big percentage of our money; and we are not in business to lose money. About the only reason I can get out of such authorities is that England, France, Germany are exporting on credit, and that unless we meet their terms we shall lose the business. But if we can do the business only at a loss would it not pay us better to let Europe have it, and let us rather give Europe a chance to export its products and to improve its finances and enable it to pay the United States at least some of the interest on what it owes us?

The insistence of these authorities on our granting foreign credit leads, as you can see, to damaging and dangerous results. You may persuade a manufacturer not well posted on foreign conditions to try it, and he will appoint an agent in Buenos Aires and make a few shipments there on a ninety-day-sight basis, but the first time he gets stung—and he will get stung once out of the first three shipments—he is off foreign credits for good, and will shut down on them absolutely. So that his last state is worse than the first.

Analyze these credit recommendations and you will find that few of them come from practical men who are in a position to practice what they preach. For instance, practically every American consul or consular agent abroad urges us to extend credit in his field. Their reports on conditions and opportunities for trade are very valuable and should be used more freely than they are; but when it comes to their recommendations as to how business should be done, we should remember that they are seldom business men, and that their recommendations are not necessarily infallible.

A One-Sided Affair

As an example in point, I read not long ago the consular trade report of a consul who recommends, among other things, something quite impossible in actual export practice—namely, that when drawing on customers at sixty, ninety or 120 days, we should instruct the bank to the effect that the drawee shall have the privilege of examining the goods before accepting the draft.

This of course virtually amounts to giving the buyer the option of accepting the draft or not, according to his opinion as to whether the goods are or are not up to his expectations. Have you ever tried to discount a draft with such a condition attached? In actual experience and practice, leaving aside the ethics, what do you think are the chances of the buyer finding a shipment of leather satisfactory, on examination, if he bought it at eighty cents a foot and when it arrives in South America the price has dropped to fifty cents? The writer can testify that in actual practice many South American firms under such conditions will find fault with the goods and refuse the draft, even if the goods are in every possible respect up to the quality stipulated at the time of purchase.

Let us go back and analyze the requirement still further. The buyer asks for ninety days' credit; he therefore expects the seller to trust him. On his bare promise to accept them and pay the draft when due, the seller must go ahead and make the goods, or buy and pay for them, and ship them to the buyer. At the same time the buyer virtually says, "Please note that I have no confidence in you. Before I accept your draft I insist on examining the goods and deciding for myself whether the goods are as good as I expect them to be, and my decision on this matter will be the final one."

Is this not a rather one-sided affair? Must we trust a buyer who will not trust us? Are we to accept his business reputation and standing without our reputation and standing being accepted in return? Must not mutual confidence be the basis of all business transactions?

Are we therefore really making a mistake, as our consul asserts, if we refuse to allow the buyer such an obvious loophole to escape his obligations if it suits him, especially as we know from actual and painful experience that too many of them will not hesitate to take advantage of it when it suits them?

I claim that the credit necessity in foreign trade has been much overdone—that to advise credit terms to-day is a foolhardy procedure. Business is not philanthropy or even gambling—it cannot be done successfully on such hazardous lines. What good will it do us to wrest the trade away from our competitors if in the process of doing so we are going to lose all our capital?

I have not exaggerated the hazard of future foreign business, and if I have brought this home to every American business man I shall feel justified in having had the courage to state the real facts. We are not justified to-day in continuing to ship goods to foreign customers on credit terms; it is not good business. Nor, on the other hand, can we sell our goods for cash. Fortunately we have a third course, of which more later.

Nor have I exaggerated, I am sure, the extent of our unpopularity, nor the resentment against us and our business methods. If any American as a result of personal contact with foreigners, or of travel abroad, is under the delusion that we are a popular, well-liked nation, he had better revise his impressions. The foreigner, of course, is usually too polite to show his dislike of Americans to Americans—especially to tourists or when a visitor to this country. The fact, however, that we are unpopular in almost every foreign country is obvious to any keen observer.

The Power of Mr. Hoover

However, apart from this unfortunate result of the World War, we seem always to have had a most unhappy faculty of getting in wrong abroad. Witness, for instance, our mix-up with Italy about Fiume. Up to that time Italy was one of the few countries in the world in which we were genuinely popular. It will take a generation for Italians to forgive us our stand on Fiume. The American business man may think that such purely political considerations do not affect business. I can assure him that even in South America I lost many an order from Italian firms on account of their resentment over Fiume. In vain I tried to convince them that the average American did not know whether Fiume was the name of a drink or a comic opera. America had refused to let Italy have Fiume! Witness our dealings with Latin America. There is scarcely a country there in which we have failed to do something to antagonize the inhabitants.

We have one redeeming feature abroad, without which we should be the most unpopular race on the face of the earth; one item in our favor, without which I should despair of ever regaining a market for our goods, whatever means we employed. I refer to our charitable work abroad during the last few years, particularly our direct efforts in feeding and clothing the starving and destitute people of Europe and China. It is a curious yet happy coincidence that the one individual to whom we now look as the most potent factor in helping us solve our purely business material problems, our Secretary of Commerce, is the one who has contributed more than perhaps any other American to this saving grace. And, convinced as I am that Mr. Herbert Hoover's charitable activities were undertaken from the most altruistic and unselfish standpoint, yet I feel sure that their effect in helping us reëstablish our goodwill abroad, without which we cannot sell our goods, will outweigh any assistance that he may succeed in rendering to America in his capacity of Secretary of Commerce.

The second conclusion my reader will have reached is that if the facts are anywhere near as black as I have painted them, then foreign trade for us is out of the question, and we may as well resign ourselves to concentrating on our domestic consumption and making the best of it. This conclusion of course is wrong, and is what I started out to disprove. The observant individual will have remarked that in spite of the conditions I have outlined we have not lost all our foreign trade, that we still hold a very considerable slice of it, and will ask, "How is it done, if the facts are as you state?"

The proper answer to this question is the answer to the whole problem of how to regain our foreign trade, for it follows that

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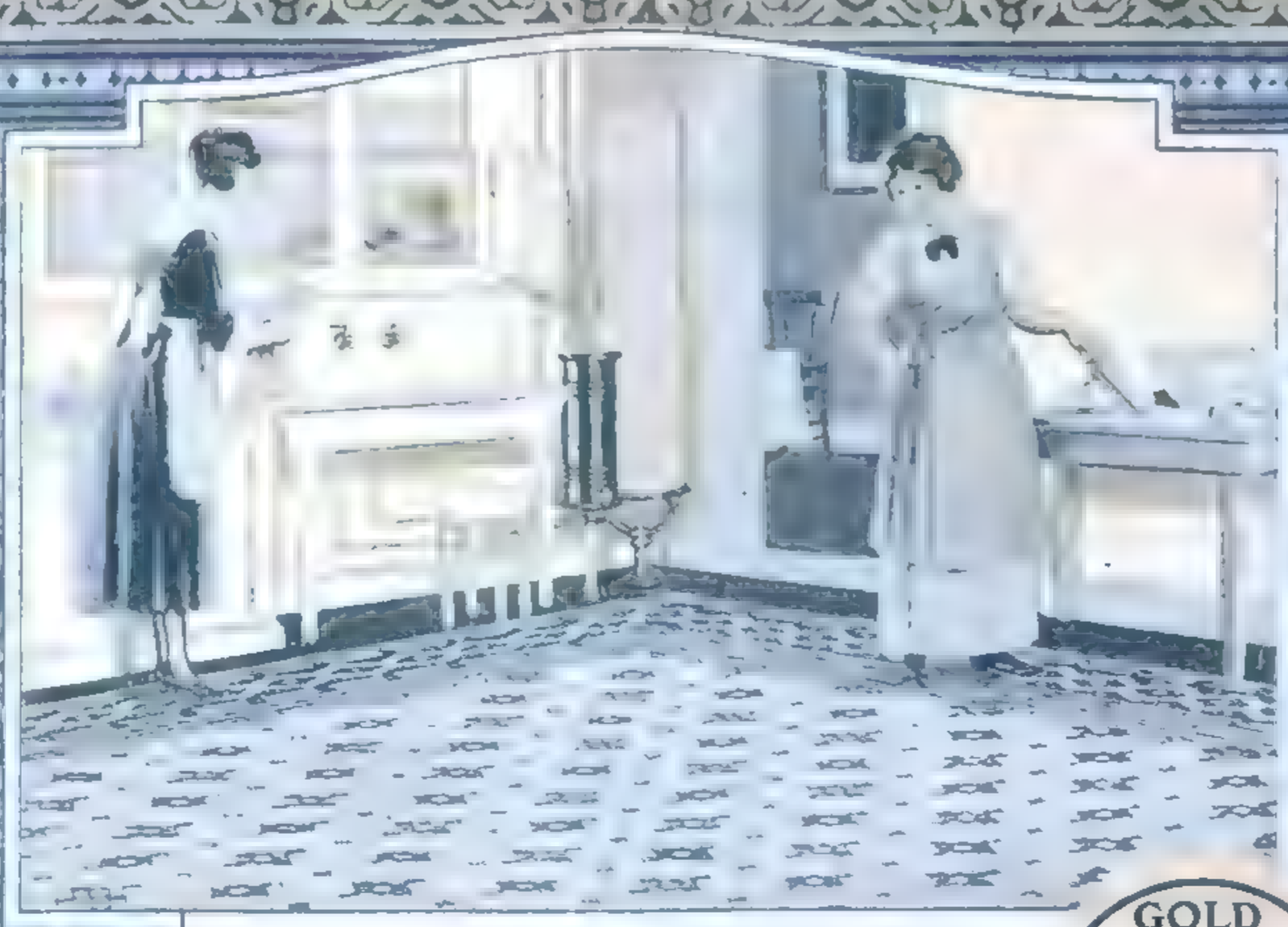


This cheerful blue and white tile design is No. 408

GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK
REMOVE RUG WITH DAMP CLOTH

"Shure and I love to work in a kitchen like this—"

"Did you ever see a prettier rug, Nora? It lies flat as a pancake—and there's not a tack in it! It's as easy to clean as it is to walk on!"

Congoleum *Gold-Seal* Rugs bring contentment to the kitchen. Easy to look at and to buy—but *hard* to wear out—they are the ideal kitchen floor-covering.

Just a few light strokes with a damp mop leave the surface clean as a whistle—the rich colors glowing like new.

The Gold Seal pasted on the face is our guarantee of absolute satisfaction. And the wide variety of handsome patterns—real masterpieces of the rug designers' art—perfectly adapt these sanitary rugs for use in every room in the home.

Popular Sizes—Popular Prices

1½ x 3 ft. $ .60	3 x 4½ ft. $1.80
[illegible] 1.20	3 x 6 ft. 2.40
[illegible]	
[illegible]	9 x 10½ ft. $16.60
7½ x 9 ft. 11.85	9 x 12 ft. 19.00

Prices in the Far West average 15% higher than those [illegible] average 25% higher. All [illegible] change without notice

CONGOLEUM COMPANY
INCORPORATED
[illegible] New York [illegible]
[illegible] City [illegible] Dallas
[illegible] Montreal

This is Congoleum Gold-Seal Rug, No. 508

Gold Seal CONGOLEUM RUGS

PUMPS

INDUSTRIAL · AGRICULTURAL · MUNICIPAL · RESIDENTIAL

AIR conditioning is today essential to many types of industry. Take candy. Chocolate creams made on hot days, when the air is saturated with moisture, have a trick of turning prematurely gray.

THE thing to do is to make Her happy with chocolate creams made in a plant where air conditioning keeps the air cool and dry every day in the year, no matter what the outdoor thermometer may say.

—speaking of the weather

Did you ever make any?

Modern industrial plants no longer take the weather as it comes. No longer are they compelled to shut down in the dog days. Neither do they permit mere weather to take liberties with their products.

They order their weather—have it made to specifications—and get the exact indoor weather conditions most favorable to their manufacturing processes. They either put moisture into the air or take it out, as desired—with the help of pumps. This process is known as Air Conditioning.

The plant that uses made-to-order weather enjoys two big advantages over the plant that submits tamely to the dictates of the weather bureau.

1—Its products are made under perfect weather conditions. And uniform weather is first cousin to uniform quality.

2—Its employees are happier and more efficient. You know, yourself, how hard it is to do good work on muggy days—how much better you feel on fine days—when the temperature is neither too high nor too low, and the atmosphere is not oppressive with moisture.

In this process of air conditioning, pumps do most of the work. Goulds Pumps are helping to maintain ideal weather in textile mills and candy factories—motion picture studios and furniture factories—automobile plants and cigar factories—hotels and paper mills—department stores and bakeries—printing plants and office buildings.

There are Goulds Pumps for every service requiring the movement of liquids and semi-liquids. All pumping questions can confidently be referred to Pump Headquarters. It is the business of Goulds Engineers to answer them correctly.

The GOULDS MANUFACTURING COMPANY
SENECA FALLS *Established 1848* NEW YORK

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Atlanta, Houston, Pittsburgh, Detroit
Agencies in all principal cities

GOULDS

(Continued from Page 34)

the way in which such trade as we still have is being done, must logically be the proper way in which all foreign trade can be done in future. Let us therefore analyze carefully the foreign trade we are still doing and how we are doing it.

In doing this we must obviously eliminate from our reckoning a very large portion of our present trade, because this portion is what I might term inevitable trade. In your town, for example, there is only one electric-light plant. This plant may be very inefficiently managed, its service may be very poor, its rates extortionate, its officials peremptory and uncivil, yet you will necessarily buy your electric light there. In the same way, there is a large volume of trade that for certain reasons we do in spite of ourselves, that we simply cannot lose if we try. Experienced exporters will realize at once the kinds of business that fall into this class and why we cannot lose it. This business, as a rule, by its very nature, is done as it has always been done, on a cash basis; it requires no credit structure and it benefits only a limited number of individuals. Being inevitable and requiring no particular care, it does not merit our consideration, and for that very reason we can proceed to ignore it, after having paused to notice that, although it is the dregs of the cup of our export trade, it fills a very considerable space at the bottom.

How to Sell Motors Abroad

It must puzzle many people, however, even practiced exporters, to account for much of the trade that we are still doing. By studying specific cases we may arrive at an explanation of the puzzle. Let us take, for instance, the automobile trade. Let us ask the average manufacturer when he made his last shipment to Buenos Aires. If he is truthful he will tell us that he shipped the last twenty cars to his agent there a year ago, and that when he last heard of them they were still in the Custom House, the agent refusing to pay for them, on account of the exchange. As a matter of fact, last March or April there were still about 2500 automobiles in the Buenos Aires Customs, waiting for their buyers to take delivery of them. Who, in the face of such conditions, could expect to get new orders or ship more cars to Argentina? Yet the fact remains that cars have been shipped there every month; in small quantities, it is true, but how is it done at all?

Let me now tell you the secret. The cars that are being shipped are consigned by one or two United States manufacturers to their own branches in Buenos Aires, and there distributed. It is obvious that the United States manufacturer with his own branch, controlled by himself, managed by his own men, has no repudiations of shipments to contend with. When he ships cars to his branch they are accepted. He has no animosity, no resentment, no anti-United States feeling and European prejudice to contend with. This animosity is almost wholly confined to the large business man, the importer, and only to a very limited, let us say diluted, extent does it reach the buying public. This fact is obvious to all observers of foreign trade abroad, or even in this country. A business man here may dislike the Germans, and not care about entering into business relations with German firms, but how many individuals refuse to buy a doll or a mouth organ when they discover on it the stamp "Made in Germany"? The same is even more true abroad. The public is not aware or concerned with the difficulties of doing business with the United States, and even an Italian, once he owns a flivver, will just as lief buy an American tire as an Italian one, if it is attractively offered to him.

But, you will say, the local branch of the United States automobile manufacturer could not escape the exchange problem. Well, let us see how this affected him. Let us assume that he had 200 cars in stock when the crash came, that these cars retailed at 5000 Argentine pesos each, and that he continued to sell them at the same price. At normal exchange this netted the manufacturer, say, $2000 United States per car. Exchange gradually rose from 100 to 150—let us say that it averaged 133. Instead of getting $2000 for his stock, Mr. X averaged only $1500. In other words, he took an inventory loss of 25 per cent—exactly the same as he did in this country. His Buenos Aires branch did not show him any more loss than did his Boston branch, and he continued doing business! His sales, of course, were reduced in volume, but they did not stop, like his competitors' who sold to an English or an Italian or a French importer. On the contrary, he is taking advantage of the present lack of stock of local dealers to boost his sales.

How about the difficulty of financing foreign shipments? Our manufacturer with his Buenos Aires branch hardly knows there is such a thing. He doesn't have to discount a draft when he makes a shipment, wondering all the time if the draft will be accepted at the other end. He ships to the branch, and the branch on the strength of its stock, and of the reputation and credit of the home firm, has no trouble in borrowing what money it needs from local banks, and so pays the home firm long before it has sold the cars. If it sells the cars on credit it can discount its notes, which of course are in local currency, with local banks and remit the proceeds home without gambling on what the exchange will be when the notes mature. It can even anticipate its sales, in order to fix what amount of dollars it will secure for its pesos, by selling for future delivery the pesos it will obtain from its sales next month or the month after. To finance a foreign branch is child's play compared with financing sales to foreign buyers.

As to efficiency, to volume, to satisfactory result—there is of course no comparison between the foreign branch and the foreign dealer. Let me revert again to the automobile case. The largest-selling car in Buenos Aires, outside the Ford, of course, is the very car which is sold by the American branch. Yet I would give you six guesses and you would probably not name it, for I doubt if it comes in the first six in volume of sales in this country. There it probably outsells any other six makes combined, including makes that in this country outsell it many times. The answer is obvious.

Let us consider another case: Some years ago I traveled south with a fine young American, the best type of American foreign salesman, well educated, speaking fluent Spanish, and a man who thoroughly knew his business. He was going to South America to introduce a well-known American make of automobile tire—that is, well known here. I stayed at the same hotel with him in Buenos Aires, and I shall never forget how his spirit gradually broke on realizing the impossible, heartbreaking task he had set himself to overcome European prejudice there. He tried importer after importer, but it was no use.

Mr. Burleson's Experience

"What?" they said. "American tires compete against European tires? Absurd!"

My friend bought a heavy French car, equipped three wheels with three different European tires, the fourth wheel with his own, drove it until he had driven the three European tires to shreds, with his own tire still full of service. And even then it was no use! They said there must be a trick in it somewhere; that anyhow the public demanded European tires.

My friend returned to the States brokenhearted but not quite defeated. He said to his firm, "Give me one more chance. Let me go down there with 10,000 tires and open a store, and I'll show them." The firm was clever enough to see the light; they formed a subsidiary company, sent him down to manage it, and told him to go ahead and shoot his orders. Within a few years that branch was selling more tires in Argentina than all the European makes combined, and still is, by many times.

Let us consider another concrete example, for it is by considering actual individual cases that we can bring home our contentions to the individual. There is always a danger, in propounding a certain doctrine, of convincing everybody except one's reader; that is to say, that the reader will reach the conclusion that we are right—and that everybody except himself should adopt our recommendations. Now if my arguments are right, they apply as much to you, Mister Reader, as to the next man. You must learn to think internationally as well as the other fellow.

Mr. A. S. Burleson—ex-Postmaster General—will pardon me if I pick on him to illustrate my point just because I happened to pick up a paper in which I read of his sales trip to Central Europe. Mr. Burleson, it appears, is one of the large producers of raw cotton in America, and went to

Puffed Rice

Like Snowflakes

in their texture—
Like nut-meats in their taste

Puffed Rice is a bubble grain—puffed by steam explosion to 8 times normal size.

The grains are flimsy, flaky, crushing at a touch. The taste is like toasted nuts.

Puffed Wheat is whole wheat shot from guns. Over 100 million steam explosions occur in every kernel.

Every food cell is blasted, so digestion is easy and complete. Every granule feeds

No foods like these

These are Prof. Anderson's inventions—the only cereals with all food cells broken.

No other process so fits grains for food.

All the elements in the whole grain are in this way made available.

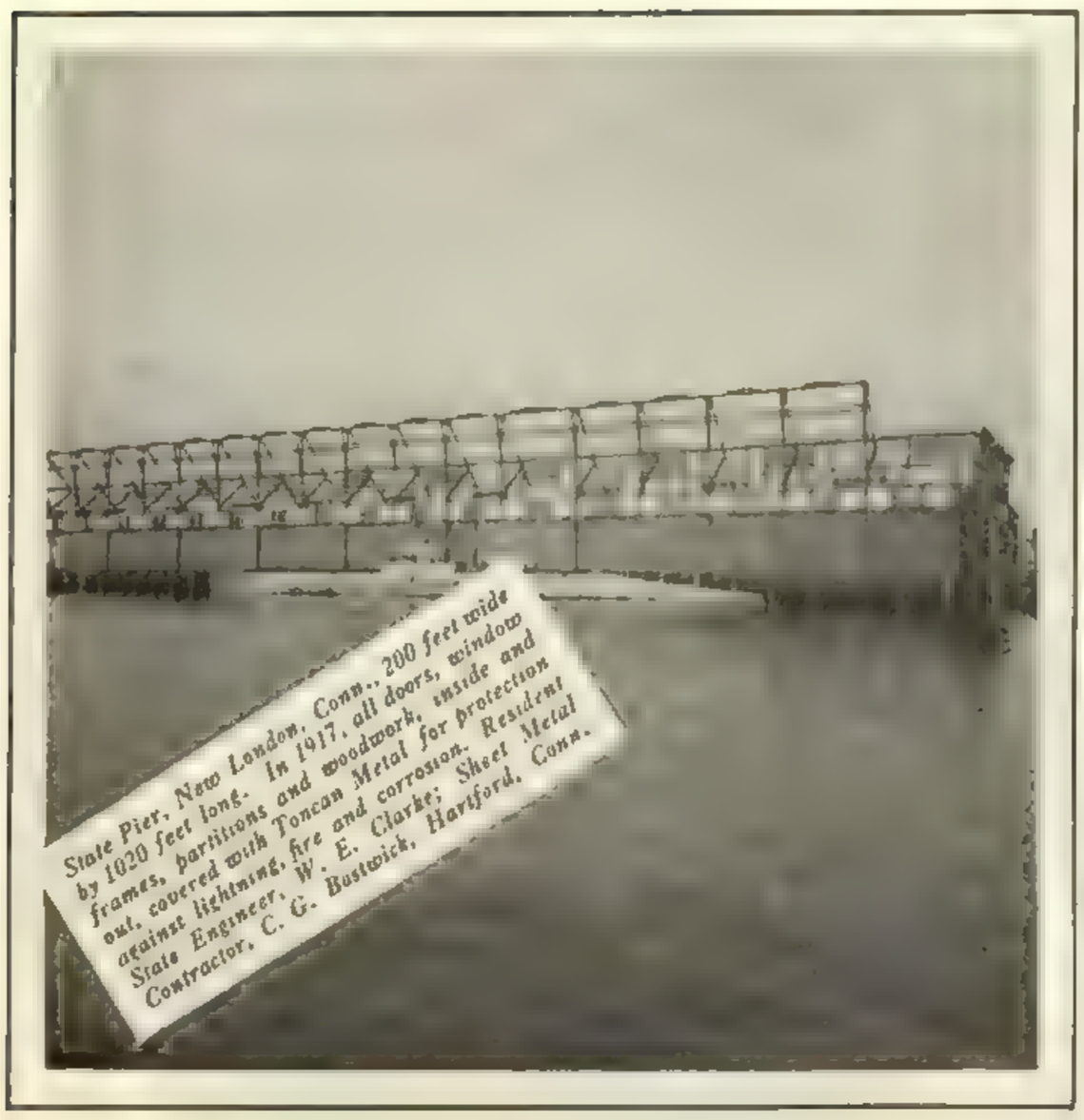
Thus whole grains are made tempting so that children revel in them. They eat them morning, noon and night, between meals and at bedtime.

When the best foods for children are the foods they love best, should they not be served in plenty?

Puffed Wheat Puffed Rice

The supper dish—Puffed Wheat in milk

The Quaker Oats Company *Sole Makers*


State Pier, New London, Conn., 200 feet wide
by 1020 feet long. In 1917, all doors, window
frames, partitions and woodwork, inside and
out, covered with Toncan Metal for protection
against lightning, fire and corrosion. Resident
State Engineer, W. E. Clarke; Sheet Metal
Contractor, C. G. Bostwick, Hartford, Conn.

Withstands Severe Exposure

Where salty, moisture-laden sea breezes, alternating with land breezes loaded with corrosive smoke and gases, make ordinary sheet metals short-lived, Toncan Metal is giving the long, uniform service which has so firmly established it as the durable material for sheet metal work.

TONCAN METAL

Endures and Insures

The State Pier, New London, Connecticut, is but one of the many examples of the use of Toncan in docks, warehouses, railway terminals and other structures where sheet metal is placed in unusual conditions of exposure. Anti-corrosive Toncan assures against frequent repairs and replacements. Experience of unnumbered users has shown that it will usually outlast ordinary metal sheets two or three to one. Check coupon for purposes that interest you. We will send interesting book.

For Welding, Forming, Porcelain Enameling

Check the product in which you are interested, and mail this coupon for detailed information.

◇ Metal Buildings ◇ Car Covering ◇ Trestle Covering ◇ Water Pans
◇ Culverts ◇ Tanks ◇ Stoves ◇ Refrigerators ◇ Washing Machines ◇ Enameled Products
◇ Roofing ◇ Siding ◇ Spouting, etc. ◇ Ventilators ◇ Lath ◇ Other Building Materials

Name _____ *City* _____ *State* _____

UNITED ALLOY STEEL CORPORATION
CANTON, OHIO

Open Hearth and Electric Furnace Alloy Steels
for Railroads, Automobiles, Edged Tools, Agricultural Implements

IN CANADA: Galvanized by Dominion Sheet Metal Corporation, Ltd., Hamilton, Ont. *Fabricated by* The Pedlar People Ltd., Oshawa, Ont.

Europe for the express purpose of selling his cotton to the war-stricken countries, figuring that as they are badly in need of this raw material they would buy it. Mr. Burleson was presumably prepared to give them credit, since he hardly could have expected to get cash New York or New Orleans, and presumably had succeeded, through connections not available to the average exporter, in making banking arrangements to finance such credit. Yet Mr. Burleson stated to the newspaper reporter that he had been unable to conclude any sales in Germany, proceeding to explain the reasons for his failure, just as any other salesman would do. Having been a salesman myself, I sympathize with Mr. Burleson's position; but in his case, being the principal as well as the salesman, he has only himself to blame. Mr. Burleson has not yet begun to think in international terms. He appears still to believe that in order for so many bales of cotton to represent wealth they must be stored in New Orleans; or that in order to be a millionaire his money must all be in United States currency.

His mistake in the first place was in attempting to sell his cotton in dollars; in the second place it was in trying to sell it at a distance, by taking orders. Now Mr. Burleson admits that German spinners need large quantities of raw cotton. Mr. Burleson, therefore, if he is sure of this, and if his cotton can compete with other people's cotton, should proceed to take so many bales of it out of his New Orleans storehouse and store it in a Hamburg warehouse instead. He will then be worth the same amount of money expressed in so many bales of cotton. Then he will find that nearly all his troubles about getting orders for cotton have disappeared. If he can go a step further and realize that he need not necessarily have all his money in the United States and in greenbacks to retain his wealth, but that he is just as well off if some of his money is on deposit in Berlin instead of in New York, and that in order to do a certain volume of business in Germany he must be prepared to invest permanently a certain amount of his wealth in Germany, and that this investment will return to him a satisfactory dividend as well as enable him to dispose of his surplus stock of cotton every year—why then, lo and behold, we have turned Mr. Burleson into an international trader and we shall have accomplished all that we started out to do. The next thing you know, Mr. Burleson will learn German and buy himself a little summer cottage on the Rhine in which he and his family can spend the summer months and some of the marks which his investment in Germany is earning him—and Mr. Burleson becomes a true cosmopolitan.

Thinking Internationally

This is a business treatise, and I have resolved to keep out of politics, especially international politics, and right here I must put on the emergency and pull up, for I am rushing on to dangerous ground. I wish, however, that you would now pause a moment and let your fancy roam into the alluring fields of international thought. You may catch a glimpse of the possibilities of the development of internationalism along these lines, the breaking down of the political boundaries which are the primary cause of war, for with our wealth distributed all over the world we shall hardly want to jeopardize it by letting the different nations destroy one another by flying at one another's throats, and it will become of some interest to us to see that they behave.

The men who are doing foreign business to-day, who are exporting in spite of all the difficulties I have mentioned, are mainly the men who have had the courage, the foresight, to establish their own branches abroad; to realize that it was not necessary for them to keep all their wealth, all their capital, all their stock, concentrated in this country. These are the men who do not want all their money in dollars, all their goods where they can see them.

These of course are the big men of business. Big men are usually men who can think internationally. Tex Rickard, for instance, is such a man—to be the biggest fight promoter in the world necessitates a mind too big to think merely in national terms. You will not be surprised, therefore, to hear that Mr. Rickard has invested a large portion of his wealth in a cattle ranch in Paraguay, which is in South America, not in Texas.

You have all heard of Mr. Louis K. Liggett, of Boston. Mr. Liggett is a very large manufacturer of drugs, chemicals, toilet articles, and so on. Not long ago he must have discovered that to keep his plants of bicarbonate of soda or talcum powder going at full capacity he had to export the surplus. Did he try to export it in the orthodox manner, drawing dollar drafts on foreign countries? He did not. He raised some $20,000,000, took it to England, and bought up Boots, Cash Chemists, the largest chain of drug stores in England. Now he ships there his surplus talcum powder and sells it for cash.

As to Foreign Investments

Bankers realize that we must do something to stabilize foreign exchange. They can see that to do this they must get Americans to invest their gold abroad, but that is as far as they can see, for you see they really know very little about export trade, having studied nothing but banking all their lives. So they try to sell us bonds in the Hamburg Waterworks, or the São Paulo Gas Works, or the Valparaiso Street Car Company, and Americans won't buy them. We have too little confidence in foreign business enterprise. We are not sufficiently internationalized as a race to appreciate that Valparaiso can have an effective system of electric street cars, and perhaps we are not so far wrong, at that. The attempt to sell foreign securities to the American public is bound to fail, and it is foolish to use good money and waste valuable effort in attempting to educate the public to invest money in foreign enterprises, instead of doing it in American enterprises abroad.

But it is a very different matter to educate the American manufacturer to invest his goods abroad, under his own control, his own management. Ask an automobile manufacturer to put a million dollars into the Capetown Waterworks and he will tell you that you are crazy. But explain to him what he can accomplish by investing a million dollars in a branch there—that is, a million dollars' worth of his cars, cars which he cannot possibly sell otherwise—and I believe he will sit up and listen.

This is something new, you will say. Of course not. There is nothing new under the sun. When I was a child in a small town abroad I remember the little office of an American sewing-machine company. I doubt if there is any European manufacturer with a better organization of foreign branches throughout the world. In England most people think that a certain American safety razor is an English safety razor—at any rate, it is made there. But these are the exceptions, whereas they should be the rule. They must be the rule if we are to get back our foreign trade and stabilize exchange.

Yet I know a dozen large cotton firms in New York who did a huge export business during the war and whose export departments are now morgues. They are waiting for export trade to come back. "We had it once, so it is bound to come back." A rich man, dying of tuberculosis, might say, "I was well once, so I am bound to get well again some day." The poor fellow overlooks the alternative, which is more likely to happen unless he hikes quickly to a good doctor, and follows his advice.

Look around you and you will see the thousands of large manufacturers who are working three or four days a week, waiting for their export business to come back. None of them has as yet seriously considered the solution of the foreign branch, simply because they do not need branches to do business in this country. They did foreign business direct with foreign customers before, so why can't they do so again, when export business picks up?

A very prominent leather manufacturer, speaking recently at a public gathering of fellow leather manufacturers, delivered himself of the following self-comforting remarks: "There is no question that . . . while our exports are certainly at a minimum at present, we have every right and justification in believing that before long we will be getting an increasing demand from overseas for our products."

We have nothing of the kind. It would have been much better and done the trade more real good, and he would have been nearer right if he had said, "We have every right to believe that unless we shake a leg and get busy, and find some new way to do export business, before long Germany, France and England will have taken from

(Continued on Page 40)

CHLOR-E-DIXO

The Tooth Paste *for an* Acid Mouth

Will not harden in the tube and prevents the accumulation of film on the teeth

CHLOR-E-DIXO
TOOTH PASTE
CHLOR-E-DIXO Tooth Paste keeps my gums firm and my teeth white.
ANNE LUTHER
My teeth are always free from film and tartar because I use CHLOR-E-DIXO Tooth Paste night and morning.
ALICE LAKE
I use CHLOR-E-DIXO Tooth Paste night and morning because it prevents tooth decay.
MAE MURRAY
I consider the care of my teeth of the utmost importance, and so I use CHLOR-E-DIXO Tooth Paste.
OSCAR SHAW

Prevents Film on the Teeth

That slight coating of film which gathers like mist on your teeth every night is caused by the acids in your mouth. If allowed to accumulate night after night and day after day it will form into a solid shell and lead quickly to the destruction of your teeth, causing your gums to recede and making the jewels of your mouth look dingy and ugly. The regular use of Chlor-e-dixo, the tooth paste for an acid mouth, night and morning will prevent film on the teeth, keep the teeth and gums healthy, and whiten your teeth like peroxide.

Chlor-e-dixo, the tooth paste for an acid mouth, will not harden in the tube.

Whitens the teeth like Peroxide

A.D.S.

American Druggists Syndicate Laboratories New York City

Sold only at Stores Showing A.D.S. *Products*

$57.10 Every Minute

Lost Through Check Frauds!

Watch the clock for 5 minutes, and realize that it ticks out avoidable check losses of—

$ 57.10	the	1st	minute
$114.20	"	2nd	"
$171.30	"	3rd	"
$228.40	"	4th	"
$285.50	"	5th	"

There are 525,600 minutes in a year and each is full of danger for incompletely protected ordinary checks.

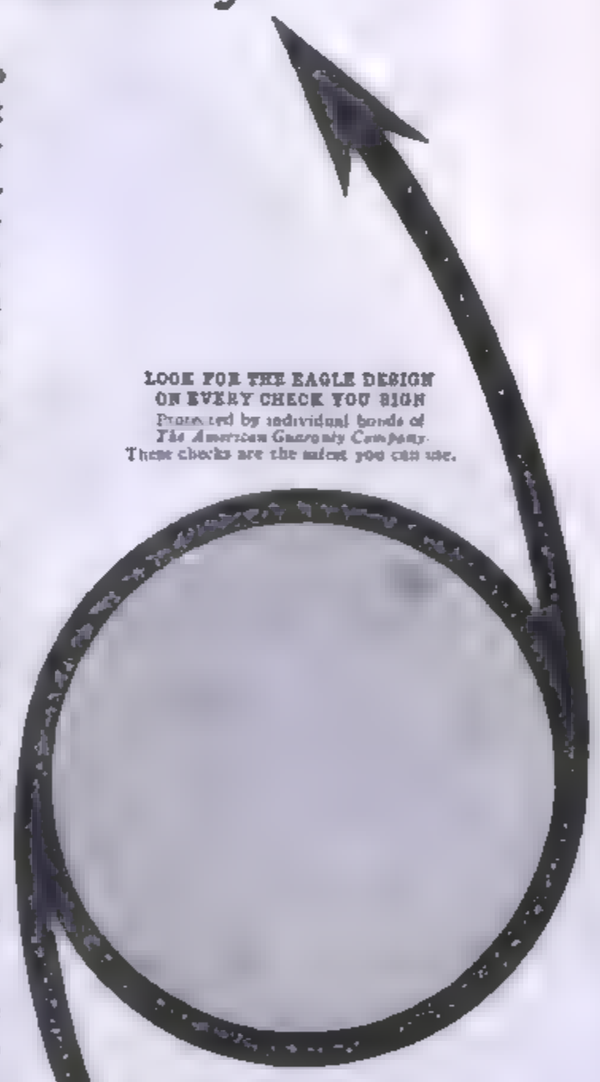
Protect Your Money

For the asking, you receive a $1,000.00 Bond without any cost to you, from any one of several thousand accommodating banks. They have realized the danger existing for their depositors in the continued use of ordinary unsafe checks. They now provide, without cost to you, these Super-Safety *Insured* Bank Checks.

Get this protection for your own money—for safety's sake; it costs you nothing but the asking. Each user is protected by an individual $1,000.00 check alteration bond indemnifying these Super-Safety checks against losses through fraud.

They are "the world's safest checks."

Ask your banker, or write for the name of one who will gladly accommodate you with the safest checks obtainable.


LOOK FOR THE EAGLE DESIGN
ON EVERY CHECK YOU SIGN
Protected by individual bonds of
The American Guaranty Company.
These checks are the safest you can use.

SUPER-SAFETY
Insured
BANK-CHECKS

$1,000.00 of check insurance against fraudulent alterations, issued without charge, covers each user against loss.

THE BANKERS SUPPLY COMPANY

The Largest Manufacturers of Bank Checks in the World

NEW YORK CHICAGO DENVER
ATLANTA DES MOINES SAN FRANCISCO

(Continued from Page 38)

us every cent's worth of leather business we ever had outside of this country."

You will, of course, advance the objection that a manufacturer cannot possibly open branches in every city abroad where he used to have customers before. Of course not. Last week I bought for a little boy, ten years old, a fishing rod for his summer vacation. Then came the question of what hooks to get. I explained to him that if he used small hooks he would catch many small fish, whereas if he used big hooks he would catch only a few big fish. He chose the big hooks, saying, "I'd rather catch big than many." That is the spirit I would have the American manufacturer cultivate—concentrate on a few good markets where there is the best chance of success. Let the other fellow catch the little fish. As long as each one in a particular line covers some market, we shall soon have that line selling in every market worth while.

Investments of Goods

You will object that many small manufacturers cannot open foreign branches. They won't have to. If we must export 20 per cent of our manufactures to be prosperous, it does not follow that each manufacturer individually must export 20 per cent of his production. If half the manufacturers export 40 per cent of their production it follows that there will be enough trade for everybody without the other half exporting any. Besides, small manufacturers can combine.

I am not a very ardent believer in combinations and look upon the Webb Law as somewhat of a joke, for reasons that do not fall within the scope of this treatise, but of course there are exceptions, and it is possible, though not easy in practice, for a group of small manufacturers of kindred but noncompetitive lines to form a combined foreign-selling organization and open foreign branches.

There are exceptions to all rules. There will still be a certain amount of trade that we can do without branches. We may keep or get back some tried, staunch customers, to whom we can sell without fear and trembling. There are, of course, a limited number of American firms abroad who can continue to sell American goods in approved American fashion. Not all such firms, however, are equally satisfactory. Many of them in spite of American names have become Europeanized. I heard recently of an American firm of paper importers in South America that is now buying all its paper in Germany. This would not happen if it were a branch of an American factory.

The large New York export firms or commission houses can still continue to be of immense benefit to the smaller American manufacturers if they realize the changed conditions, and change their methods accordingly. This of course is no simple undertaking aside from the fact that it is hard to change the habits of a lifetime. A few have already seen the writing on the wall. Their foreign branches no longer attempt to take orders, but buy what their market requires to meet its needs, and sell it locally. Where they have merely foreign agencies they have of course practically ceased to operate through force of circumstances.

The foreign branch, therefore, with stock, is the logical solution of your export problem. Let us be clear about this—a branch office, merely for the purpose of taking orders, will not do; we must invest, and permanently invest, our merchandise in the foreign country in which we wish to dispose of our goods. This permanent investment will vary in extent according to the commodity and the market. Naturally, it will take a smaller investment to open a branch in Lima, Peru, or in Iquitos than one in Buenos Aires or Paris, a fact which the firm that can make only a small investment will do well to bear in mind. It is a mistake of course to suppose that only large foreign centers are suitable fields for the export branch. A small corset manufacturer, for instance, might possibly do much better with a branch in Caracas than with one in Buenos Aires.

Again, the proportion of the investment to the annual turnover must vary with the class of commodity. It is obvious that a manufacturer of a slow-selling line, such as furniture or jewelry, must invest a greater amount in proportion to the sales he will make than a producer of cotton yarn or of gasoline. As a general average, subject to the above qualifications, I would say that a minimum investment should consist of one-half of the yearly sales.

The foreign branch can be a separate subsidiary company, or merely a straight branch of the home firm; that depends on the laws of the country in which it is established. In every case, however, the branch must be managed by an American or a foreigner who has resided in this country long enough to have absorbed a thorough American commercial education. A native, resident in the country in which the branch is opened, may make a very efficient employe, but he must never be put in complete charge, the policy of the branch left to his judgment and the final contact with the customers in his hands. The American branch must be American. There are of course many drawbacks to this, but they are far outweighed by the advantages of a forceful American selling policy. The truth of this can be seen by a survey of such branches of American firms as already exist abroad.

It will be found that the most successful ones are invariably managed by Americans, and those entirely in the hands of local talent are less successful.

Naturally, the overhead—that is, the cost of running the foreign branch—will at first cause you some concern. This cost is obviously much greater than an agent's selling commission or the expense of a traveler. But remember that your foreign branch enables you to eliminate the foreign importer, who adds a considerable percentage to the selling price of your goods, enables you to sell direct to his customers, the retailers, and in some instances to the ultimate consumers themselves. This again depends on the market and on the commodity. If you make cotton yarn or leather you will sell direct to the cloth or shoe manufacturer; if you make typewriters or an automobile you will sell direct to the public; and if you make men's wear or tools you will of course sell to the retail stores.

Practices to Avoid

What you must keep in mind is the necessity of eliminating entirely:

The necessity of taking orders for future delivery, except as a matter of information; all your actual sales must be for immediate delivery;

The direct shipment from the factory to the foreign customer; all your shipments must be made to your branch, which will deliver to the customer on the spot;

Sales in United States currency, except of course to your own branch. The branch must sell in local currency and make its own arrangements for turning this into dollars.

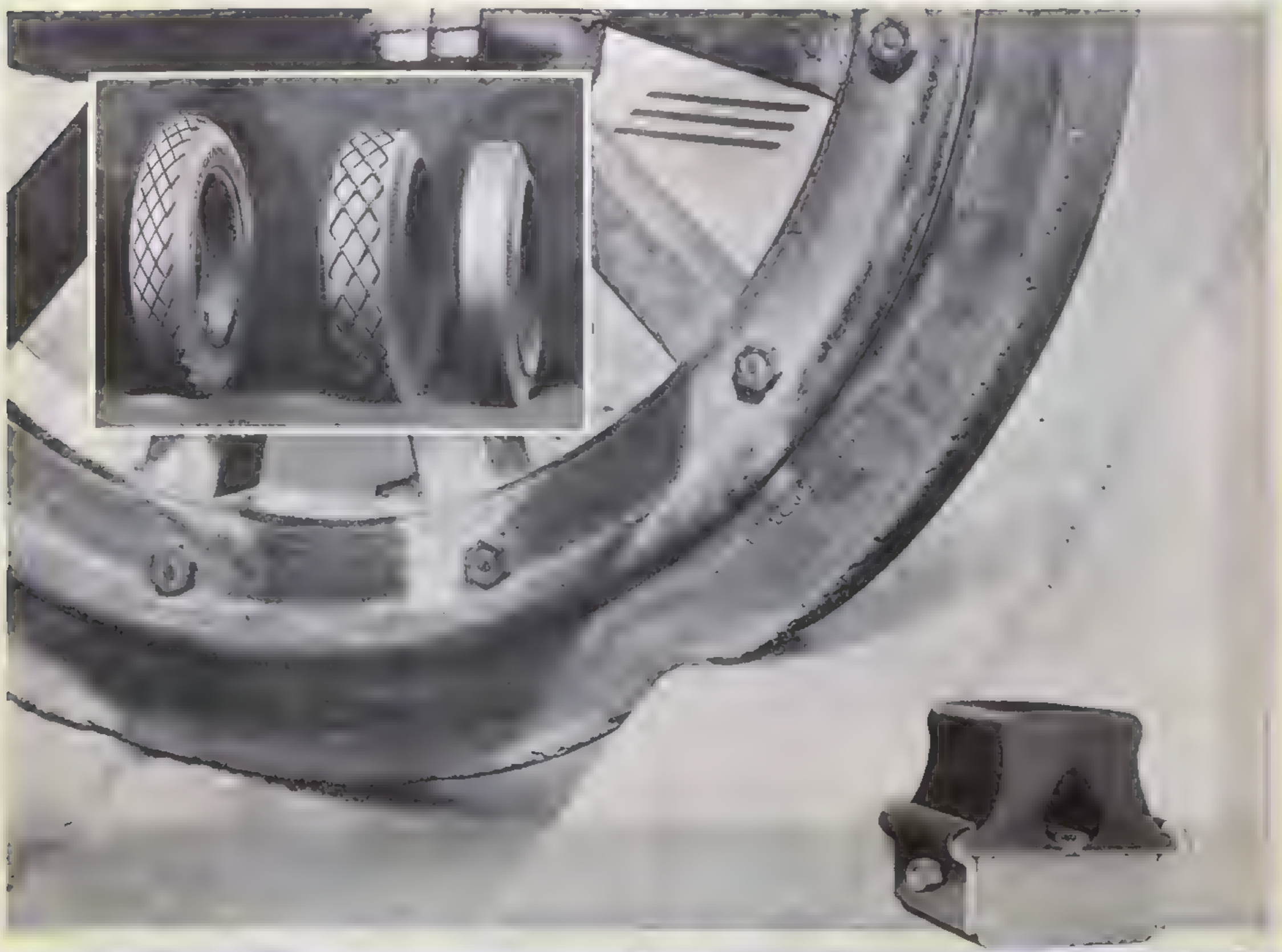
Let me mention one more advantage of the local branch over the foreign customer—millions of dollars' worth of foreign trade has been lost to United States manufacturers on account of trade-mark piracy. This obviously can be remedied by the local branch, which if necessary can adopt a trade-mark of its own, but as a rule can take efficient steps to prevent the firm's trade-marks from being appropriated and used by unscrupulous foreign merchants.

The effect on our foreign trade of the payment of the German indemnities to the European nations has had much less attention than it deserves. Many people will feel that this is a matter that does not concern us, whereas it affects us most vitally, apart from the fact that the payment of this in dollars, as originally stipulated, plays the dickens with our exchange, a fact to which our Treasury authorities have just waked up, and it is evident that the ultimate payment of this indemnity can be made by Germany only in the shape of commodities.

You can find in Buenos Aires to-day not only German but also English and French firms selling cheap, light aluminum kitchenware, to an extent that is driving the higher priced but more substantial American article out of the market. There is no doubt the American article, giving longer and more satisfactory service, is the cheapest in the long run, but to convince the Argentine public of this needs an aggressive American advertising campaign that no European agent of an American firm is willing or able to undertake. The result of course is that the importer—and in turn the retailer—pursues the path of least resistance—imports, stocks and sells the article

(Continued on Page 43)

GOODYEAR



Copyright 1921, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co

Actual photograph of Goodyear Cushion Tire after 25,000 miles of running in two years' service for the Boston Store, Chicago. Inset, in center of cross section of Goodyear Cushion Truck Tire showing Goodyear Patented Hollow Center Construction

THE utmost in cushioning and wearing capacity is furnished uninterruptedly by Goodyear Cushion Tires. They are recommended as equipment on all four wheels of lighter trucks and on front wheels of trucks engaged in heavy duty. Throughout their long life they never lose their resilience, because their cushioning action results from their Goodyear patented hollow-center design. This center is egg-shaped, with convex sides that flex easily and absorb the shocks of the road, protecting the truck and the load in rough going. Goodyear Cushion Tires come in sizes that fit standard wheels, and are easily and quickly applied. For other types of hauling, Goodyear makes other special tires—Goodyear All-Weather Tread Solid Tires, Goodyear Cord Truck Tires. Call upon your Goodyear dealer for the benefit of his unbiased judgment in selecting the particular Goodyear Tire that will serve you longest and best.

Photograph of the Six-46 Touring

$1785

F. O. B. ST. LOUIS

Sedan 5-passenger - $2785
Coupe 4-passenger - $2785
Brougham 5-passenger $2785

Photographic Brochure
Sent Upon Request

EACH cardinal unit used in the Moon is the product of skilled engineers who hold first place in the sphere of specialized production. Moon engineers have unified all these units with exacting precision, actually combining the foremost building skill of the world in the production of Moon cars, insuring mechanical excellence. Deliveries for 1921 have exceeded the same period of last year, which was the largest in volume in 14 years.

Built by MOON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, *St Louis, U. S. A.*
Founded 1907 by Joseph W. Moon

MOON

(Continued from Page 40)

which is easiest to sell and for which there is most demand. Here again this condition can be corrected only by a branch of an American manufacturer of aluminum kitchenware. With the goods on the spot, and an aggressive advertising selling campaign to bring home the advantages of the American article, we have a good chance to hold our trade in aluminum kitchenware; without it, it will be lost.

This same situation is true of countless other commodities. The only way for us to sell our goods abroad is to take them there and sell them. We claim to have brought the art of merchandising to a point far ahead of our European competitors. Then why, in the name of common sense, leave the merchandising of our goods in the hands of Europeans? Why not go over there and do it ourselves?

Nothing is more inimical to success than unreasoning, baseless optimism. We shall get nothing and nowhere by minimizing our difficulties, shutting our eyes to our obstacles, burying our heads ostrichlike in the sand and waiting for the sandstorm to blow over. For it does not follow that when it has blown over we shall again find a clear road to success. On the contrary, we may find the road so completely obliterated as to make it impossible to proceed at all.

That is the idea I want to put over, that this sitting-tight policy is all wrong, is fatal. I wrote recently to an authority on foreign credits and asked him what we should do, whether continue to do such business as we can and lose more money, or close up shop. His answer was, "Sit tight and pray to the Lord." However much one may believe in the efficacy of prayer, this is poor advice, for it overlooks the axiom that the Lord helps those who help themselves.

Let us face facts, however unpleasant they may be. Let us realize the real nature of the obstacles we have to face. Let us convince ourselves that in the foreign branch lies the only possible solution of our troubles which is at once practical, positive and permanent. Once we have done this, the bulk of our troubles are over.

Let me sum up with these parting injunctions: To sit tight and wait is an un-American policy, and must be condemned in the strongest terms. If we want the trade of the world we can have it if we seek it in approved American fashion, by getting up and going after it.

If we do this, using the same intelligence and energy that we apply to our domestic trade, and adding to this the expert knowledge of foreign markets possessed by the thousands of Americans who have long engaged in foreign trade, who have traveled, who have internationalized their minds, there can be very little doubt of the eventual success of our efforts. No nation possesses to a greater extent than the U. S. A. the faculty, the make-up necessary to succeed internationally. The words of President Harding at the recent Plymouth celebration are no idle boast: "Unrivaled in genius, unexcelled in industry, resolute in determination and unwavering in faith, these United States will carry on."

I, for one, can see no reason why they shall not carry on, internationally as well as nationally, not bounded by the broad confines of our great country, but over the still broader fields of this terrestrial globe.

THE REMAKING OF EUROPE

(Continued from Page 21)

day and night he worries over it. He may tell you, as many told me in Berlin last summer, that soon Germany will have to throw up her hands as Austria has done; that her difficulties can never be surmounted without a complete revision of the Treaty of Versailles and a vast reduction in the reparation terms. But he does not believe it; he is going right ahead planning and scheming and hoping for a way out.

The most important and most vital problem in Germany to-day is not her possible position ten years hence or her commercial plans for dominating trade in the future, but her ability during the next two or three years to save herself from dismemberment, to maintain the standard of living of her people and to function as a nation. And in my opinion this is just as important and vital for the surrounding countries, for Great Britain and for America, as it is for Germany. The future of Europe for many years to come hangs on this thread.

A glance at the map of Europe gives us the picture. Germany occupies the very center of the stage. Hemmed in as she now is on the east by the terms of the peace treaty, with the new Poland and with Czecho-Slovakia occupying vast stretches of territory which she formerly dominated or claimed as her own; with her former ally, Austria, so curtailed and weakened that even under German domination she would no longer be a menace; with her eastern provinces cut off from the main country by the Polish corridor to the Baltic; with Alsace and Lorraine lost on the west, and with her rich productive Rhine country occupied and controlled by her former enemies—with this picture before us it may seem that Germany must play a smaller and not a larger part in the future of Europe.

But a little reflection will demonstrate the fallacy of this idea. The strength and vitality and relative importance of a people in a given scheme of society are not measured by geographical distances so much as by geographical position. If Germany were located where Russia is, with everything else equal, she perhaps then would not be the main key to the European problem. But if Germany were located in Eastern Europe she could not, of course, be the vital nation she is to-day. For the vitality of a nation is the vitality of its people; its people are the product of its location and environment. And the Germans are a vital people largely because they have been located in this central section of Europe for many centuries past. The German people cannot be moved off the map; they cannot be submerged, kept weak and helpless or their civilization eliminated by any human method which will not also submerge or keep weak the neighboring nations who might attempt to trample on them permanently. Europe can rise from the ashes of the war, but only as Germany rises also.

Germany's present problems are gigantic; her situation in many ways is dramatic and unique. The present German nation consists of approximately sixty million people. These people enjoy a higher standard of general education and intelligence than those of any other large country on the Continent; there are no more industrious people on the Continent than they; no more frugal or saving people. There are normally no more moral people, and for integrity and business honesty the German people have in the past measured up well with those of all the highly civilized nations of the earth.

Such are the characteristics of the population of this defeated bankrupt nation, which is now called upon to pay a portion of the colossal but unnecessary damages caused by the four years' war which their leaders madly launched against the civilized world. Could any type of people be found whose characteristics are more fitted for developing the ability to discharge a debt than those of the German nation? The ideal debtor everywhere is, fundamentally, the man who is intelligent, capable, resourceful, industrious and honest; who not only recognizes his obligations but has the capacity and intelligence to devise ways to meet them. It takes very little study and analysis to demonstrate that the German people are abundantly able to create sufficient wealth during the next forty years to pay every dollar of the debt which is demanded of them.

But this is not the whole story or the whole problem, by any means. The real problem is, rather, How can Germany pay in her present financial condition and at the same time be remade in such a way and to such an extent that she will not hold back or drag down the other large nations of Europe and the rest of the world to a low economic level, and drop back herself to a continuous condition of chaos, or become a cause of constant unsettlement, like the old Balkan states, to all Europe? Unless this sort of outcome can be avoided it would be better in the long run for France, Great Britain, Italy and America that Germany does not pay at all.

Let us examine the German financial situation. Before the war Germany's national wealth was estimated by the best

(Continued on Page 45)

"Drifting into the twilight zone between health and disease"

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EACH year 410,000 people in this country die from diseases that come normally with old age. Of these, 60,000 are *under forty* and 105,000 between forty and sixty. This represents an increase of nearly 100% in thirty years.

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Smart styles for every man of 17 to 70

(Continued from Page 43)

authorities at from three hundred fifty to four hundred billion marks; the annual income of her people was estimated at about fifty billion marks. At that time the funded and floating debt of the empire amounted to less than five billion marks. Her banking and currency systems were then as sound as those of the United States, her gold reserve was large and metal money was in circulation everywhere. The total amount of Reichsbank notes outstanding on May 30, 1914, was only about two billion marks. Further, her budget was easily balanced every year and in spite of extraordinary military expenditures she was keeping out of debt.

Witness the contrast to-day. On July first of the present year the national debt of Germany exceeded ninety billion marks, to which must be added approximately twenty billion marks of state debts created during and since the war. The floating debt on July first was two hundred and fourteen billion marks. The gold reserve of the Reichsbank was down to about one billion marks—and since further reduced by reparation payments—while the circulating notes of the Reichsbank had increased to over seventy-five billion marks, in addition to about nine billion marks of circulating notes issued by the so-called loan banks. During 1920 the government's budget showed a deficit for the year of over fifty billion marks as compared with about forty-seven billion marks deficit in 1919. For the present year the most conservative estimate points to a deficit of at least fifty billion marks, but this may be greatly increased in view of the steady fall in the purchasing power of the mark since last spring.

This is the financial condition of a nation which has now agreed to meet, during the coming forty years, reparation payments of approximately one hundred thirty-two billion gold marks; a sum which, if reduced to the recent value of the paper mark, means that Germany has contracted to pay to the Allies something like thirty-three hundred billion paper marks. Such figures as these stagger the imagination. Here is a nation with a present funded and floating debt of approximately three hundred billion marks and with over eighty billion marks of uncovered paper money outstanding—hopelessly bankrupt from this standpoint—which now calmly agrees to assume a further obligation equaling thirty-three hundred billion further paper marks.

An Amazing Paradox

I say such figures stagger the imagination, and on the surface the whole proposition looks ludicrous. Picture a person who is in debt to the extent of, say, four hundred thousand dollars and living beyond his means to the extent of fifty thousand dollars a year, offering his note for three million dollars payable in installments over a period of forty years. This is the approximate parallel of the position Germany is in to-day. On the surface it looks as though any possibility of her meeting the reparation obligations in full were out of the question. And to assume that she can at the same time rebuild her finances and credit seems still more absurd.

And yet the fact remains that unless Germany does restore her credit and rise once more to position and strength, the real remaking of all Europe in our time seems well-nigh hopeless.

In view of the financial situation which I have just outlined the natural assumption is that Germany must be in as deplorable an economic condition as Russia has been in for the past two or three years. It is good economic doctrine to hold that no people whose government is bankrupt in this way can maintain or improve their standard of living, can labor or produce efficiently or can carry on any substantial civilization, or progress in any way whatever. Bankruptcy in our minds connotes such civilizations as Turkey, Persia, the lower Balkans before the war, Venezuela, Ecuador and other backward countries of South America. And here is where the dramatic side of the German situation comes in: In spite of her grotesque financial position, which, as I have shown, is steadily growing worse, Germany is actually recovering from the setbacks of the war far faster than most people imagine.

After having spent some time in England and Belgium during the past summer, and witnessing the intense business depression and gloom in those countries among all classes of society, I entered Germany by way of Cologne. Immediately an atmosphere of industry and prosperity was everywhere evident. All through the industrial sections of Western Germany everybody was at work and producing. The great Krupps works at Essen were operating at full capacity, employing over one hundred thousand men and manufacturing a large variety of articles, ranging all the way from machinery to manufacture artificial teeth to railway supplies and locomotives. They were making steel and iron products of every conceivable kind, cutlery, tools, cash registers and adding machines, moving-picture machinery, dredges, floating docks, candlesticks and many other articles. At their shipbuilding plant they were building passenger and freight steamers.

At Dusseldorf the great Rhein Metall Fabrik plant is to-day carrying on one of the biggest railroad-equipment enterprises in Germany, and in traveling on the railroads one can see evidences of this type of production in the number of new engines and cars which are taking the place of worn-out equipment.

Evidences of industry and general business activity are to be seen all over Germany. Though it is a mistake to say that business is booming in Germany it is certainly true that nearly everybody is at work and that commerce and trade are active and increasing. A study of current German business statistics fully confirms this impression. As compared with prewar conditions business is light, but in certain lines of production real prosperity is clearly evident. As an instance, the steady growth of shipping at the port of Hamburg is interesting. For the first six months of 1921 the arrivals and departures of steamers at this port, though only half those of 1913, were more than twice those of the first six months of 1920.

Militarism Waning

But the great fact which immediately impresses anyone traveling through Germany to-day is that this great country of sixty million people is completely intact so far as its machinery of production is concerned. None of the battles of the war, aside from a few on the eastern front, were fought on German soil. No German towns or cities were destroyed and nothing occurred during the four years of conflict to interrupt the ordinary internal activities of her people. The German railways were not damaged or destroyed; her waterways were not interfered with; her farming sections remained in normal condition and enabled her to raise her crops year after year without any interruption whatever. Thus she came out of the war in a decidedly different condition from France, Belgium, Italy or even England. In traveling through Germany the uniform impression is that of a country which has maintained its general peace characteristics.

Another fact which strikes the investigator is the marked change in the attitude of the German people toward military ideas and customs. Before the war the leading cities of Germany were permeated with the military spirit. Even the police forces in the cities reflected rigid military discipline, and the presence of large numbers of soldiers in brilliant uniforms was everywhere to be noted. The attitude of the common people toward the military element was always one of respect if not reverence. Even an ordinary soldier in Berlin or Frankfort in 1913 would always be given the right of way on the street, and his authority was generally asserted without any objection on the part of the general public.

Outwardly, at least, the military spirit in Germany has undergone a great decline. Cities like Berlin, Munich, Frankfort and Hamburg now seem to be no more military in atmosphere and spirit than New York or London. There are practically no German soldiers to be seen and the police forces of these cities are not viewed with the awe and fear with which they formerly were. Though the police maintain order they do it just about as effectively and in the same sort of way that the police in New York and Philadelphia do. The only conspicuous type of policeman in sight to-day in Berlin is the man who stands on the busy street corners regulating traffic and occasionally arresting a reckless taxi driver.

The fact of the matter is that Germany is to-day the one large European nation that is completely disarmed. Reduction of armaments is an accomplished fact in Germany. Her navy has been taken away from her and her army reduced to a mere

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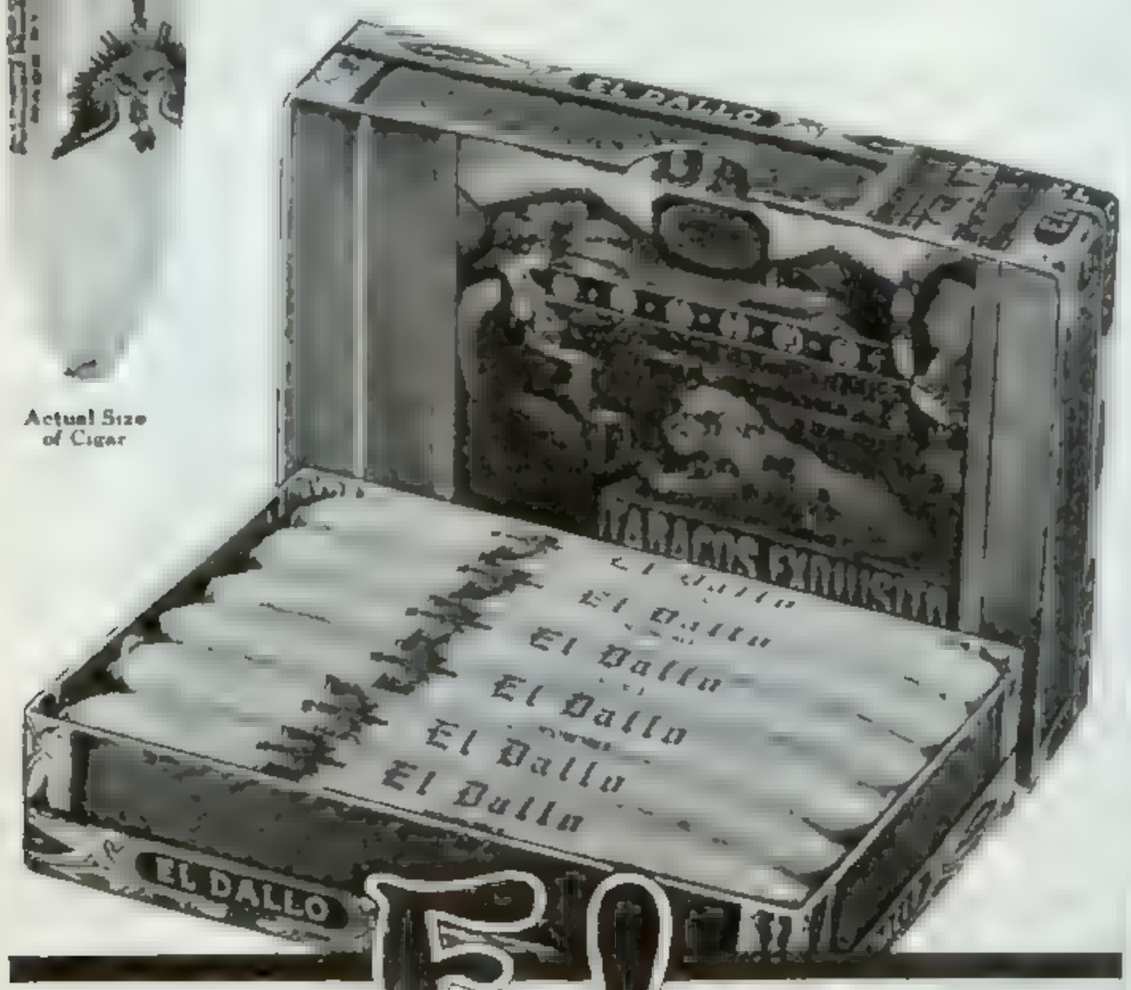

EL DALLO

"EACH CIGAR IN ITS OWN HUMIDOR"

police force. And so far as one can see, disarmament is a condition which is being calmly accepted by the German people and becoming a commonplace of their life. There is an atmosphere of peacetime calm in evidence nearly everywhere. Though internal unsettlement is still present to some extent in Bavaria, and there is an active party of reactionaries at work who hope to restore Ludwig to his throne, it is clear that time is working in the interest of antimilitarism among the masses of the German people. Were it not for the unsettled Upper Silesian situation the German Government would to-day be giving even less thought and attention to its military organization than it is now. Certainly not a moment is being wasted by the Germans on military plans for the future.

That the present form of government is steadily becoming more popular among the German middle classes and business interests is everywhere evident. The party of reaction is becoming weaker and weaker as time goes on, while the present coalition government is becoming stronger and more conservative. In fact, the Social-Democratic Party of Germany is really the conservative political organization of the country; its conservatism has vastly increased with the responsibilities of government, and its stability is far greater than was the case when the present republic began to function. There now seems little likelihood of any sort of serious counter-revolution, provided Germany is able to maintain the present standard of living of her people and in some way solve her desperate financial problems.

The German people to-day are going forward and making progress in their economic development in spite of their grotesque financial position. No more remarkable spectacle of a people working effectively under such conditions has ever been seen in modern times. With the great exchange wall around them, making it seem almost impossible to trade with other nations, they are, nevertheless, building up their foreign commerce and selling goods in substantial quantities to all parts of the world. They are importing raw materials to some extent; they are securing short-term commercial credits from Holland and several other countries. In fact, they are going about their business and actually making progress in the face of what appear to be absolutely insurmountable difficulties.

In the Days of Crisis

The whole impression that one gets of the German nation is that of a vital and efficient people who cannot be kept down. With their credit completely exhausted, with their currency growing less valuable every day and with the prospect of a complete collapse of their finances at almost any time, the nation still continues to function. Though pessimistic views are expressed by every financier and banker in Germany, and the statement is constantly reiterated that Germany can never recover so long as the treaty terms are enforced, yet as a matter of fact she is recovering and growing stronger as a vigorous wealth-producing country every day. What is the explanation of this remarkable situation? What is the answer to this unheard-of spectacle of a nation growing steadily weaker in her governmental finances and at the same time progressing rapidly in her economic situation?

The answer is found by reviewing German financial and political policy for the past three years. When the armistice was signed, in November of 1918, the provisional German Government which was then formed was a mere shadow so far as strength and stability were concerned. No one knew from day to day whether it would stand or fall. Indeed, for several months it looked as though anarchy of the Bolshevik type would overspread the country any day. Uprisings occurred among communists and other radicals in all parts of the country. The revolt in Munich threatened to wreck the new German Republic almost before it had begun to function. Political instability and unsettlement extended from one end of the country to the other. All trade and production were at a standstill; the food shortage was intense and the whole nation was on the verge of starvation. Transportation facilities were in chaos, and as the winter wore on the suffering from fuel shortage grew in intensity. The returning and disbanded armies flooded the labor market, searching for employment which was not to be had. Prices were high and rising, wages were remaining low or sagging as the purchasing power of the mark receded. Altogether, things looked very black for Germany that winter.

Naturally the uppermost thought of the government and those in authority was to feed the people, and thus counteract, as far as possible, the impending spread of Bolshevism and anarchy. Relief organizations were doing what they could, but the government had to go into the breach on a mammoth scale to maintain and support the millions of returned soldiers who could not find employment or support their families at that time. The new government would not have lived a day if it had not undertaken to support millions of people and dole out bread and other necessities. This policy was absolutely necessary; much more so than in France and England, for conditions in Germany during the winter and spring of 1919 were far more desperate than in these latter countries.

The Progress of Inflation

In England and France the support of the unemployed was a heavy enough burden, but the French and British governments were strong and stable enough to carry through this work without crippling themselves to any alarming extent. But the German Government was then hardly more than a mere name; it had no credit, it had not gained the confidence of any of the business or financial interests and the masses had little faith in its permanency. It had to find funds to feed its population and the only possible way to do this was to embark on a program of renewed inflation. Thus the printing of paper marks began to go forward with great speed, and the floating debt of the government rose by leaps and bounds. Whereas at the close of the war the circulating notes of the Reichsbank had stood at about twenty-seven billions and the floating debt of the government was about forty billions, by the end of 1919 the Reichsbank circulation had risen to thirty-six billions and the floating debt of the government to about eighty billions. This was the only way in which the new German Republic could keep itself alive and maintain any sort of standard of living for its people.

But a policy of inflation is always a two-edged sword. As the circulating medium in a country increases in amount beyond the normal needs of commerce and trade, its purchasing power inevitably declines, the costs of government and of wealth production increase in the same ratio, and unless the inflation is continued the community is worse off than ever. The outcome of inflation of this type is either more inflation or the building up of production in the country to such a volume as to restore its credit, enormously increase its income, and thereby place real value back of its redundant currency. Like the heavily capitalized corporation of small earning power, it must make its earnings grow up to its capitalization or the latter will become less and less valuable.

Whether with deliberate intent or purely from the force of circumstances, it is certain that Germany started on this inflation program in 1919 in order to keep the country functioning and to give stability to her government. There was no other way out. She could not lay new taxes in any great volume because at that time any great increases would not have been collectible, and even if they had been the government was too weak to embark on any such program. All the German Republic felt able to do in 1919 was to try to tide over the transition period by printing money and going into debt on paper until safe political ground had been reached and the wheels of production had begun to turn.

Doubtless German financiers and business men, as well as the politicians, hoped that the peace treaty would put far less burden on them than it has done. They hoped that they would be able to revive industry on a large scale much more promptly than they were able to do. Unquestionably German bankers hoped that long before 1921 the rest of the world would recognize the necessity of giving Germany credits and aiding her to get on her feet. I do not for a moment doubt that when the peace treaty was signed and accepted by Germany she had great confidence that before May 1, 1921, the accredited financial experts of the other great nations of the world would come around to the view that financial coöperation with Germany, to insure her

(Continued on Page 48)

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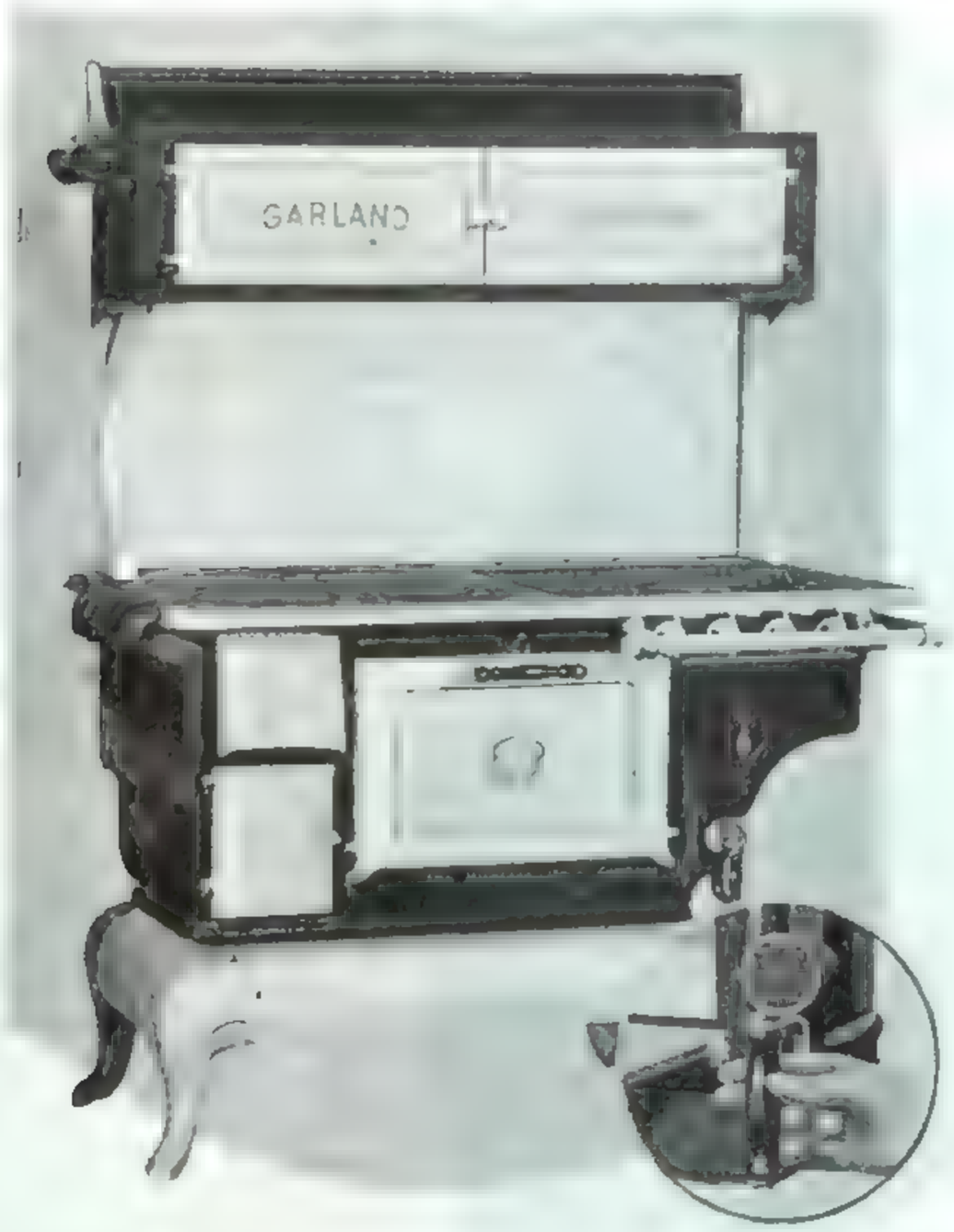

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(Continued from Page 46)

carrying out the terms of the treaty, would be the only wise plan to adopt.

But the world did not come round to this view at all, and during 1920 showed no signs of ever doing so. So the Germans, who had by then stabilized their government to some extent and had begun to eliminate the dangers of Bolshevik inroads and counter-revolutions, began to get back to the work of production in a more serious way. By this time the returned soldiers had begun to be assimilated and, with agricultural conditions reviving, the food problem was becoming less of a menace. Further, the winter of 1920 was not nearly so severe as that of the previous year, and the fuel shortage was being rapidly overcome. But to restore the country to conditions of normal production it was necessary for the German Government to keep spending money in all sorts of ways. The transportation system had become fearfully deranged during the period of transition from war to peace; the purchasing power and standard of living of the people were still at a low ebb. There was nothing to do, therefore, except to keep on printing money to cover the mounting deficits of the government. The government-owned railroads had to operate at a frightful loss, but they had to be operated. Loans and advances in various forms had to be made to the people and to business enterprises. Taxes were raised moderately, but the ruling powers still felt themselves too weak to go very far in this direction.

As a consequence of this situation, during the year 1920 the Reichsbank issued nearly thirty-three billion more circulating notes, thus practically doubling the amount of currency in one year, and the government's floating debt was more than doubled, being increased from eighty billion to one hundred seventy billion marks. In the meanwhile the total receipts of the government from taxes, duties, and so forth, amounted to less than twenty-five billion marks, and the government budget failed to balance by more than fifty billion marks. And naturally, as this great inflation got under way, the cost of living, the cost of doing business and the costs of government kept on rising higher and higher.

Reactionaries Losing Ground

But during 1920 this gigantic program of government aid and regulation of industry, carried through entirely on the basis of an inflated currency, began to make its influence felt. An era of close consolidation of industry set in. Important organizers and financiers, typified by the much-advertised Hugo Stinnes, began to link one important industry to another, thus developing new ideas of economy and efficiency in production, bringing down costs and employing great armies of workmen. Further, through government aid and cooperation, the former great war industries were rapidly converted to a peace basis and set to work in great units to produce all types of goods that Germany had the raw materials for or could import raw materials for from countries where the exchange wall was not too greatly against her. In addition, her capitalists and experts gave new attention to the problem of her coal supply. By the terms of the treaty much of her high-grade coal was turned over to the Allies and thus acted as a special incentive in the development of methods for more efficient use of her red or low-grade coal, which she still has in plentiful supply.

The German to-day holds that if the inflation policy of the government had not been continued during 1920 and since, these events in industry and the basis for a revival of industrial activity throughout Germany could not possibly have taken place. Disappointed in her original fancy that the former enemy countries would have come around to her view that it would be best for them to help her get on her feet, she followed the only route that it was possible to follow and at the same time maintain and build up the standard of living of her people. Every German financier of importance in Berlin agrees that during the past two years the governmental revenue from taxation has been far too low. But he insists that until this year it would have been impossible to increase taxes to any great extent and at the same time keep the government from toppling over. The German has not feared Bolshevism at all since 1919. Bolshevist sentiment has faded away all over Germany, even among the most ignorant. The Russian picture is so close to the German that he is completely disillusioned. But what he has feared is a royalist reaction which might be backed up by some of the financiers and Junkers of the country, who naturally resent increased tax programs more than anyone else.

However, the German business interests have this year moved rather solidly back of the present government. As industrial conditions improve, as labor becomes more fully employed and as the food shortage is lessened, the German Republic is growing stronger and more sure of itself. In the spring of 1920 the head of one of the leading banks of Germany stated that his country could never recover under the present government. This same man in the summer of 1921 told me he now believed that Germany's only hope for the future was in the maintenance of the present government. This is typical of the change which has taken place during the past year in the political attitude of the German business interests. The royalist reactionaries are still a respectable group, but they are losing ground steadily. The younger generation which is coming to the front is looking forward and not backward.

The inflation process which brought such havoc to the price of the mark in 1920 has been continued during 1921, but up to the time of the signing of the ultimatum there had been a perceptible slowing down of the printing presses. But the floating debt continued to increase and on the first of last July had reached two hundred fourteen billion marks. Since that date both the circulating notes and the temporary borrowings have further expanded, and the buying power of the mark has reached its lowest point.

German Optimism

According to German banking opinion, and this view is confirmed by economic experts in Berlin, the present relative prosperity and stable condition of the German people have unquestionably been brought about by the inflation policy. In this one instance in the world's history it has proved possible for a people to raise themselves up by their boot straps. This is contrary to all economic experience, but the thoughtful German explains that one other most important factor in the whole situation must not be overlooked. This factor is purely psychological. It consists of the firm conviction, planted deeply in the mind of every German, high or low, that, come what will, the German people cannot under any circumstances be destroyed, and that the rest of the world cannot recover to a normal condition unless Germany is allowed to recover also. They know, every man of them, that they are located in the heart of Europe; that their nation consists of sixty million active, intelligent, vital people; that their industry and producing power are equal to those of any other people, and that Europe cannot get along without them. Even the best of them profess ignorance as to how their financial problems can be worked out, but they assert absolute confidence in the final outcome. This is the fundamental reason, it is claimed, why Germany, with a prospect of seeing the mark become almost as worthless as the Austrian crown, and with possible repudiation of internal debts staring her in the face, nevertheless maintains her attitude of optimism and actually makes great economic progress.

The Germans are a practical people, as well as being intensely visionary. Their egotism is great and their self-confidence sublime. Consequently, hardly any of them can ever get the other man's point of view. Although they all know they lost the war they hate to admit it and continually fall back on the statement that had it not been for the revolution at home they would never have been defeated. I really think that everyone but the soldiers themselves honestly believe this. Also, the great majority still insist that it was a war of defense, brought on by Russia or England. A grave old banker spent an hour with me in Berlin rehashing the old story of the English plot of 1897, and solemnly insisted that King Edward VII, and not the Kaiser, was the guilty man.

But though the German will indulge in illusions and self-adulation he is, nevertheless, stolidly practical and he talks earnestly at all times of ways and means for carrying his country back to financial stability. And since the Wirth cabinet has come into power and the ultimatum terms have been

(Continued on Page 51)

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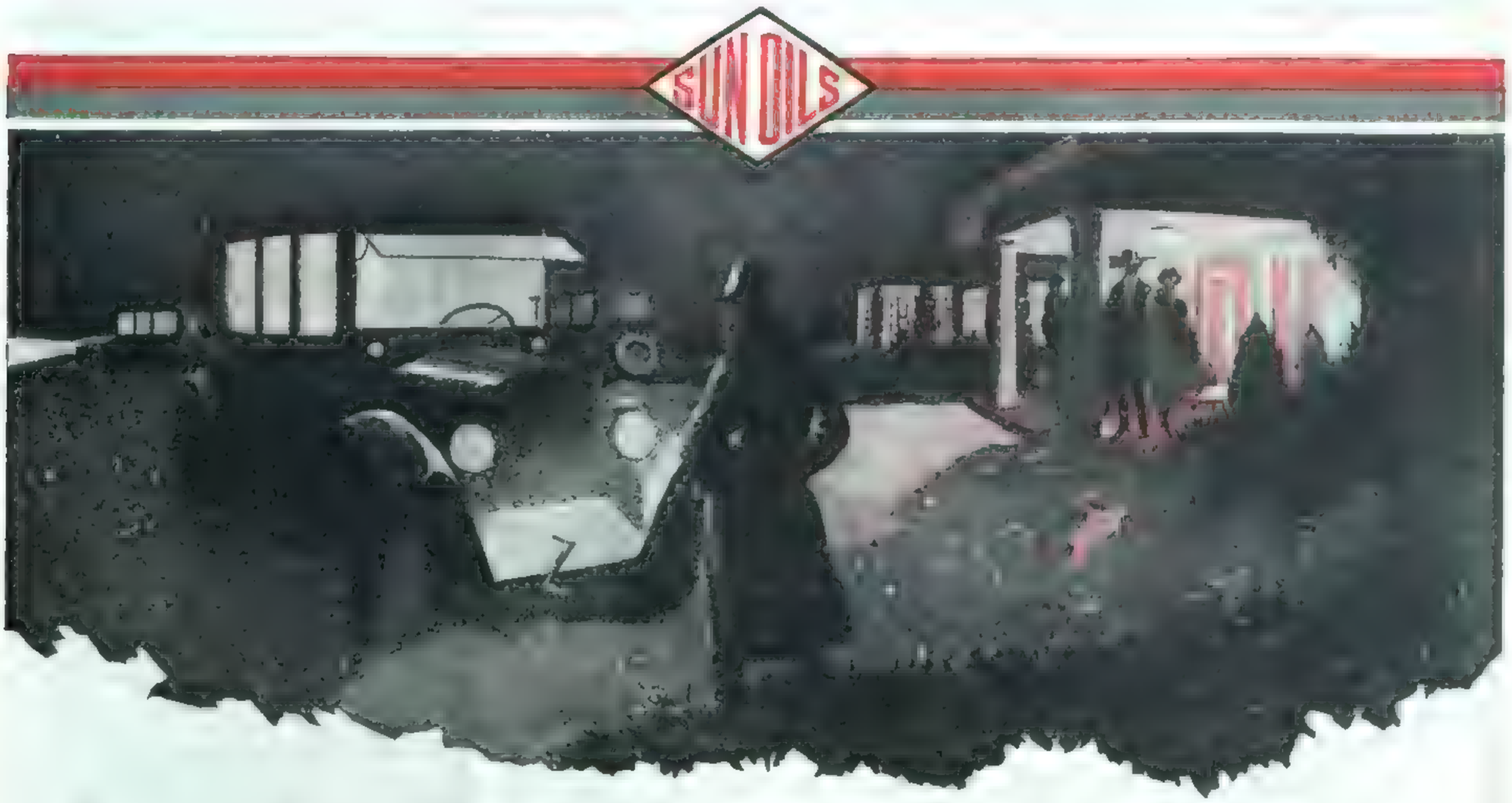

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He failed to provide his car with a safe oil for winter use—an oil that would flow freely and function perfectly in cold weather.

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(Continued from Page 48)

accepted he is viewing the situation seriously and practically. Before this the policy of the German was to spar for time; to make vague, indefinite promises which he did not think he would have to keep. In his sublime, self-sufficient way he felt sure that some big compromise was possible. This was shown by the attitude of the German delegation at the London Conference last winter.

Now, however, the German Government is down to hard facts, and is looking these facts in the face. The claim is everywhere made that without outside coöperation in one form or another, and without compromise of the treaty terms, Germany can never live; but there is absolute confidence everywhere that outside help or coöperation will be forthcoming. The payments this past summer of one billion gold marks have been made with the full knowledge that Germany cannot continue payments of this type for long; but she is sure that she won't have to continue.

The practical view which Germany now takes is this: The rebuilding of her industries and the continuing low value of the mark are enabling her to build up her foreign trade and enter into competition in every market she can reach. She knows she cannot actually flood the world with cheap goods, for her capacity has a limit, and the higher the exchange wall rises the harder it is to import raw materials or other necessities. But she can do just enough in the foreign dumping process to be a constant annoyance to certain manufacturers in countries like Great Britain and France. She can force other countries to raise uneconomic tariff walls against her and upset their own internal affairs. Though her costs rise with reviving industry and speculative booms may tend to limit her advantages in costs over other nations, yet she feels that no boom can go far enough to wipe out her advantage entirely. Further, she is banking very heavily on a growing conviction among the Allies that if they do not allow her to increase her exports enormously she cannot possibly meet the reparation payments.

To the argument that she has not attempted to tax her people and thereby build up her strength and credit, she is now returning a full answer. For the first time since the close of the war a radical program of taxation is now before the Reichstag. The present tax proposals are estimated to promise sufficient revenue to balance the ordinary budget—that is, the ordinary expenses of government, disregarding the reparation costs and other extraordinary expenses growing out of the war, are from now on expected to be covered by actual revenues, and not by deficits. Reparation costs, however, will still be charged in the deficit columns.

The Reparations Problem

But the big practical thought which is back of the mind of the German is in relation to the future carrying out of the reparation terms. These terms provided that Germany deliver to the Reparation Commission on July 1, 1921, twelve billion 6 per cent gold-mark bonds, known as Series A; and on November 1, 1921, a further block of thirty-eight billion 6 per cent gold-mark bonds, known as Series B. The remaining amount of the indemnity, eighty-two billion gold marks, carrying no definite interest rate at present, was also to be delivered November 1, 1921. These bonds are the tangible evidences of the debt that Germany has agreed to pay ultimately.

Germany is practical enough to know that the best thing that could happen to the Allies is for these bonds to attain real negotiable value. To-day they are mere scraps of paper and they will remain in this state until German credit is restored with the rest of the world. She has now, by straining her efforts almost to the breaking point and upsetting the foreign exchanges, complied with the Allied demand to make a first payment of one billion gold marks. Thus she has demonstrated her good faith, but she feels that she has pretty well convinced the world that further large payments in gold are out of the question. Any payments she makes from now on will be chiefly in the form of labor or goods or the delivery of building materials to France and Belgium.

Unquestionably Germany has won a tactical victory in bringing the Allies around to the view that it will be better for them if she try to make payments in materials and labor rather than in gold or currency equivalents. And she hopes to win another victory a little later by convincing them that their own interest is to aid her in restoring her credit and thus placing real value back of the big bond issues which have been created. In this way, and in this way only, can the Allies hope ever to get the full amount of the debt due them.

The logic of this is unanswerable if we assume that Germany can balance her ordinary budget through taxation and can so build up her excess of exports that she can meet the interest and sinking-fund payments of approximately three billion gold marks, or about seven hundred fifty million dollars per year, without further inflation of her currency or expansion of her own floating debt.

But the problem of balancing her budget is not so simple as Chancellor Wirth outlined a month or two ago. This very year the government is being confronted with a deficit of fifty billion marks or more, and the rapid fall of the mark since last May has thrown out all the government's estimates and calculations. Every day, as the mark declines, government costs go up. An estimated expense of ten million marks last May is now an actual one of eighteen million marks or more. Further than this, as the mark declines, labor costs and all other costs begin to soar, and steadily the German cost of production rises. This invites speculation in every direction and still further weakens the situation. It becomes more and more difficult to import goods or to carry on commerce with any nation. And naturally, as inflation goes on, the opportunity for building credits in any form becomes more hopeless.

Can Germany Pull Through?

That the German people have the vitality to produce the surplus wealth required to meet the reparation payments does not admit of doubt. And that the only practical way in which the Allies will ever be able to collect and realize very large sums will be through some process whereby the reparation bonds will attain negotiable value is also clear. But before German credit can to any real extent be restored, before capital in any important amount can flow into Germany from the rest of the world, German internal finances will have to be put through the wringer by some method or other. The mark is now worth less than one cent in American money; if inflation continues another year it won't be worth half a cent. The German floating debt is now well over two hundred billion marks and rising. True, this is only two billion dollars in American money, but in Germany a mark is a mark and in relation to all other things it is a staggering deficit, for both income and outgo are always measured in marks.

The only possible road for Germany is along the path of deflation; a type of deflation which will necessarily result in either reducing the par value of the mark to a nominal figure or replacing it with a new type of currency. And the same sort of reorganization will have to be carried through with her floating debt and funded internal debt. By some forceful, practical methods her obligations will have to be readjusted in some relation to her income. Otherwise, regardless of her producing capacity, her credit will not be restored, for high producing capacity under such conditions simply means that her surplus wealth will be fully consumed in the reparation settlements.

But if Germany adopts a pruning-knife policy in her finances and aggressively raises her taxation income to the proper level her way out may be greatly simplified. The influx of foreign capital would be encouraged; the world would recognize that her future was becoming secure, and foreign credits would be extended in increasing amounts. Further, the Allies would then find their real interest in aiding in the recuperation of Germany in order to realize on the reparation bonds, which to-day have little value except as chromos.

A development such as this would have a far-reaching effect on European conditions and on the world as a whole. It would be the real starting point for the remaking of Europe. But will it be, can it be, done? This is the question to which we must attempt to find the answer.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Moody. The next will appear in an early issue.

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THE STONE GROWER

(Continued from Page 11)

there in the evenings for a night or two with your jewel kit—or whatever you call it—and doing the resetting there. Of course I'll be at the theater, but I'd get home before you finished the evening's work, and—and perhaps we might have a little supper before you leave. My friends say I have a real gift for dainty little home suppers. And—and, as I said, of course I'll pay extra. You see, I am leaving New York Saturday night after the performance, and I'd like so much to have it done by then if I possibly could. Could I?"

She had spoken rapidly, hesitatingly, appealingly, throwing into her request all the wealth of magnetism and art she could summon. John Lewis listened, goggle-eyed, drunk with her spell. Had she asked him to eat one of the arms off his battered desk chair he could not have refused. And even in this moment of divine infatuation his thrift asserted itself. There was no reason for making this a Verplanck job. He was going to do it on his own time. Why should he not pocket the fee? Perhaps, too, there might be a chance for him to substitute Aunt Frouche's diamond or one of his others for a better stone in the coronet.

"Sure, I'll do it. Sure," he gobbled. "I'll be glad to. I—I suppose you know quite a good deal about diamonds, having—having had so many."

He asked the question with a simplicity that masked consummate artfulness. But at once he saw there had been no need for so much finesse, for Cerise Varney's golden laugh set the tiny room to ringing and re-echoing with flutelike melody.

"If you knew me better," she cried, throwing out her gloved hands in a graceful gesture of deprecation, "you'd never ask that. It is a joke with all my friends that I don't know anything at all about precious stones and that I seem to be too stupid to learn. Why, again and again some girl has shown me what I thought was a perfectly wonderful diamond, and when I praised it she said it was a stage jewel she had borrowed from the property man to fool me with. And now that I've confessed, I suppose you won't want to bother with my coronet. But please don't think I can't appreciate the beauty of an artistic setting," she hastened to defend herself, "just because I don't know the technic of gems. For I do appreciate beauty—more than anyone else I know. I ——"

"Sure," said Lewis, taking pity on the wonderful creature's embarrassment. "I see the difference. Sure. Most folks don't really know a good stone from a bad; don't know a Cape from a ——"

"But ——"

"But I can see you'd know art in a setting. Sure. Yes'm. And I'll try to make it please you when it's done. What's the address to go to after the theater?"

Teunis Verplanck, vice president of the firm, stuck his head in at the door of the expert's office a moment after the prima donna had taken her glorified departure, and while John was still staring raptly at nothing, with mind and heart and blood all in a jumbled swirl.

"H'lo, Lewis!" said Verplanck. "Just as I was passing here I saw Cerise Varney blow out. Trying to get a valuation on her hardware, wasn't she?"

"No, sir, she ——"

"No? Well, then she was laying pipes to. The poor old girl is pretty near down and out. This show of hers is a frost, and she'll never get another chance within two hundred miles of Broadway. She almost had to blackjack Ferrison to put this one on for her. She's dead in New York—too dead to bury—and men have stopped forming a waiting list for the honor of slinging away cash and diamonds on her. She's up against it. Lord, ten years ago I was crazy over Cerise! So was everybody. Doesn't seem possible, does it? Still, at that, she keeps herself pretty well groomed. Only in a strong light ——"

"I think," mused John Lewis, not knowing he spoke aloud, "I think she's the—the grandest-looking lady I ever saw. Sure. And the nicest too."

Teunis Verplanck whistled under his breath, then departed hotfoot to tell his brother, with much laughter, that poor old stick-in-the-mud Johnny Lewis had fallen for a woman at last, and that the woman was poor old back-number Cerise Varney. An hour later a messenger boy brought Lewis an envelope with the name of the Criterion Theater on its obverse and that of a hatter on its reverse. It contained two third-row orchestra seats for that evening's performance of The Girl With the Orchids, and Cerise Varney's card.

Though the curtain was not scheduled to rise at the Criterion until 8:30, John Lewis was in his seat there at five minutes before eight. He feared lest the show might begin unusually early that night, and he wanted to miss nothing. It was his first visit to the theater since, on a pass, he had attended a visiting fellow countryman's performance in Hamlet eight years earlier. He wore his best black suit with a wholly new green tie, and he had in his coat lapel a rose he had bought from a street flower vender.

Lewis was almost the first person in the theater, and even when the curtain went up some minutes after 8:30 the house was scarcely half full. He had never before been to a musical comedy—day-and-night attention to one's job having certain compensations. And he was bewildered by the costumes, and still more so by their lack, and frightened by the lights and colors and jazzful racket.

But from the moment that Cerise Varney ran singing out from the wings, to an accompaniment of dutiful clapping from heavily suborned ushers, his mere bewilderment merged into a daze of stark worship. From that instant until the final curtain he was lost in rapture over the star's well-weathered charms. Her beauty, her voice, her dazzling attire, her winsomeness—all these were a revelation to the hermitlike onlooker.

He left the theater in a trance of infatuation and dived like a rabbit into the subway in search of a train to bear him to within walking distance of the prima donna's apartment. There he was admitted by a wooden-faced maid, who ushered him into a little reception room.

A few minutes later, in an aura of swishing silks and elusive perfume, Cerise returned from the theater. In kindly encouragement she listened to his stumbling words of praise for her performance. Then she went to lay aside her furs and to get the coronet whose setting he was to change.

She came back to him, carrying a violet velvet case on whose white satin interior rested the half hoop of platinum and diamonds. At once Lewis the dazzled swain gave place to Lewis the gem expert. With critical eye he inspected the coronet.

Assuredly the Duke of Aosta had rare good taste in stones. The diamonds ranged in size from two carats to nine. The two bars of matched stones, flanking the climax diamond, were about seven carats each. There were five of them in each bar. Mentally, as he noted their luster and setting, he appraised them as purest blue-white Jaegers and contrasted them with his own nine precious gems, all of which were measurably inferior to these, in quality as well as in size.

Next he ran his brooding gaze over the old-fashioned setting, and he began to visualize the new form wherein he meant to place the stones—a form which would give the appearance of greater size and brilliancy. They would need it.

While he studied the coronet Cerise Varney stared up at him with the wistful eyes of a child. As he turned to meet her glance she said eagerly, "They're pretty, aren't they? Say they are!"

"Sure, they're pretty," he assented. "Sure. But why do you leave a fortune like this kicking around your flat? It's ——"

"I don't," she denied. "I keep it in the safe-deposit vault. I stopped and got it this afternoon after I left you. I have a cozy hiding place for it here too. Nobody can ever find it. Nobody except my maid knows where I hide it when it isn't at the bank, and I can trust her. She's been with me always. That coronet is the last—I mean the only really costly piece of jewelry I have. When my voice or my face goes back on me I'll be able to sell it for nearly one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. A jeweler told me that. Honestly, he did. So I'm terribly careful with it. Now let's have something to eat, and then you can tell me for certain whether you can have it reset for me by Saturday night. Have you any ideas yet about resetting it?"

For answer he drew forth a little block pad and a chewed pencil. The coronet still on the table in front of him, he began to

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sketch in swift nervous strokes, and under his twitching strokes a rough likeness of a coronet began to appear before Cerise's childishly excited vision. It was a coronet like her own, yet with its stones rearranged in far more artistic fashion. Lewis had been copying from memory a Benvenuto Cellini design. The cleverness of the picture made Cerise cry out in delight.

"Splendid!" she applauded. "Oh, beautiful! Can you really make it like that? And can you do it by Saturday night?"

"Sure I can. Sure," he said. "If I can get here every evening by eight and have a clear time to work on it till, say, eleven I can do it. I work quick."

"Good!" she exclaimed. "And by about eleven I can be back from the theater and see how you've got on all evening, and then we'll have a bite of supper before you go home. Won't it be fun? But"—a tinge of anxiety in her sweet voice—"how much is it going to cost?"

John Lewis then and there fought a momentary but terrific conflict with the thrift which was his first nature. Neither side could claim a victory. It was a drawn battle. His thrift urged him to charge this unworldly client a hideously exorbitant sum for his services. His dazzled and new-awakened Romeo self begged him to do the job for nothing, and to be content with the rich profits from substituting his own diamonds for some of those in the coronet. Finally he named a price which was moderately reasonable.

With a laugh of pure happiness Cerise ran to a corner desk and scribbled a check for the sum then and there. Despite his protests that the job was not yet begun, she forced him to accept full payment in advance.

"You might change your mind, you know," she told him. "And I've fallen in love with that design. Now let's go to supper."

Seated opposite Cerise at the soft-lit little table and waited on by the wooden-faced maid, John Lewis might have been eating ambrosia or prunes for aught he knew or cared. Briefly yet rapturously he replied to Cerise's volley of small talk, and at last, still in a roseate daze, he departed. The street seemed as drab and as forlorn as a slum by contrast to the Eden he had just quitted.

The next night promptly at eight he was at the apartment door, working kit in hand. The wooden-faced maid let him in and took him to a bright-lit room down the hall which apparently had been cleared of all extra furnishings to give the true theatrical atmosphere of a workshop.

The maid left him there, shutting behind her the door leading into the dim hallway, a glass door with a daintily sheer rose-hued silken curtain behind it. This was the only touch of feminine daintiness left about the laboriously severe room.

For three swift-moving hours the expert worked, until Cerise returned from the theater and went into ecstasies over his progress. The time had seemed very short. All John Lewis' zeal and skill were thrown into the task. Not only was he adding thousands of dollars in value to his little hoard of diamonds, but he was toiling for the woman he loved. He must make the coronet worthy of her beauty. The fact that he was also robbing her in the process troubled him not at all. She would never be the wiser, and therefore never the worse for the substitution. He would have the joy of making a work of art for her, and at the same time would enrich himself more rapidly than ever before in any single year.

Night after night Lewis wrought at his labor of love—and of profit. Night after night his three hours of concentration were crowned by Cerise's radiant return from the theater and by her scintillant supper talk.

On Saturday evening when he reached the apartment he stared about him in wonder. The place was stripped bare. Even the trunks which, the preceding evening, had banked the rear of the hall were gone. In his improvised workroom only a kitchen table and chair remained.

To drown his pain at realizing this was the last evening when he might see his inamorata for some time he worked with double zest. Cerise had told him she and her maid were leaving New York Sunday morning for a month of needed rest somewhere in the South. On their return to New York the prima donna was planning to take a larger apartment, and when she should be settled there she wanted Lewis to overhaul some more of her jewelry. This thought eased his pang of impending absence as he slaved over the handful of platinum and diamonds this last night.

A full quarter hour before Cerise came home from the theater the task was accomplished, and for the intervening fifteen minutes Lewis burnished and polished the coronet until it shone in the strong light like many-hued fire. He looked upon his work with real pride. Scarce an expert in the jewel trade could have told at casual glance that nine of these flaming diamonds were not the same as had once adorned the half circlet. Wisely, shrewdly, inspiredly had John Lewis wrought at the setting of the substitute gems, and they appeared larger and brighter than ever before, thanks to their new surroundings and placing.

Snugly, in the worn old black leathern case in his inside waistcoat pocket reposed nine diamonds larger and finer than any he had ever owned. Only by minute study would the change be noticeable. And from her own statements as well as through crafty question and test, these past few evenings, Lewis had proved to his own full satisfaction that Cerise was a veritable dunce in such matters. He loved her the better for her sweetly feminine ignorance. Somehow it made her seem the more unworldly, the more divine and ethereal.

He heard the apartment door close as the maid admitted her. His pulses throbbed. Then came the diva's light step down the hall. Heart in mouth and coronet in hand, John Lewis was halfway across the room to meet her.

Cerise went into rhapsodies of praise at sight of the completed coronet. Nothing would do but she must call in the wooden-faced maid to admire it too—to the maid's grumpy embarrassment. Then Cerise put it on her own shapely head and twirled and postured before the only mirror left in the place. She was like a child with a wondrous Christmas gift and could not take her mind or her eyes from it. She descanted joyously over the art of the setting and declared the stones looked twice as large and lovely as ever before. Finally, still wearing the coronet, she dragged John to the half-dismantled dining room for their last meal together. She did honor to the event by insisting that they share a bottle of champagne—a drink which Lewis knew only by repute—and that they wind up the feast with thimble-sized glasses of cognac.

Lewis ate and drank in his usual self-conscious daze, and he replied with his wonted taciturnity to her gay chat. But he was in paradise. Champagne was a glorious beverage, even if it made his head buzz and his keen senses thicken ever so little.

When he got up, none too steadily and with sighing reluctance, to take his leave, Cerise went with him to the apartment door and into the half-lit outer hall. There she rang the elevator bell and turned back to him to say good-by. As the elevator began its creaking upward flight she said bashfully:

"I—I can't forget you, I'm afraid. I wish I could. It will seem long till I see you again. I—something tells me I shall cut short my stay down South. I ——"

On an impulse she seemed unable to resist she finished her tender good-by speech in startling but heavenly fashion. She lifted her glowing face to Lewis' there in the dim light to be kissed.

With a gasp of rapturous incredulity the man flung both arms about her and kissed her on the lips. For an instant she nestled close—very, very close—in his arms. Then the elevator topped the floor beside them and they drew away from each other in shamed haste.

Lewis stumbled blindly into the waiting lift and was borne downward, still staring with adoration up at the floor he had just quitted.

"She loves me!" he said over and over to himself. "She loves me! She—she kissed me!"

Still in his bewilderment of bliss he found his way, somehow, across town and to the house that held his onion-scented hall bedroom. It was a long journey. Yet to-night he walked every step of it, and with lagging feet at that, for he wanted to be alone out there under the stars as long as he could, with the heavenly memories he was living over and with the still more paradisal prospects which fancy was painting in his whirling brain.

It was well after two o'clock when he sat down at last on the edge of his creaky single bed and began to take off his shoes. Next he removed his collar and tie and slipped out of his coat and waistcoat. Though the champagne mists had dispersed from his brain, all his motions were subconscious. His mind was far away from that smellily sordid little room.

With the same mechanical motion he took from his inner waistcoat pocket the worn black wallet which reposed nightly beneath his bolster. At least he thrust his fingers into that pocket and pulled out something. The something was a wallet. But it was not his, although the size was nearly the same. It was a new wallet and of different coloring.

This phenomenon brought John Lewis out of his dream world with a shock which wakened all his love-drugged wits. Mouthing queer words disjointedly in his almost forgotten native tongue, he opened the strange wallet. Between its two outer folds lay a gray-tinted envelope. Still mouthing and trembling, John opened the envelope with fumbling fingers and pulled forth a sheet of close-written paper. His eyes bulging, he read:

"You reset a bracelet for me nearly twenty years ago. It was an old bracelet. The man who gave it to me had the old itemized bill for it, written when his father had had it made for his mother. He gave the bill to me as a curiosity. I stuck it away somewhere. Two years later, in Paris, I had the bracelet reset once more. The jeweler itemized its stones. Three of them were a carat and a half that had once been two carats. I hunted up the old bill to prove it. It got me to thinking. The jeweler in Paris told me it was a trick that had sometimes been played in diamond-setting countries, but practically never in America.

"The next year, back in New York, a girl showed me a brooch she had had reset at Verplanck's. She said its middle diamond weighed two and a half carats. She had bought it herself and she knew. I borrowed the brooch. I told her I wanted to wear it to a supper. I took it to a jeweler and had him weigh the central stone. It was nearly half a carat shy of its first weight. I didn't tell her. I didn't tell anyone. I figured I might be able to do something with that knowledge some day, though I didn't know just how. All knowledge can be cashed in, I think, if you keep it long enough and not too long.

"Then I met Teunis Verplanck. He was silly about me. I got him to bragging one day about the store and telling me dreary wheezes about some of the people there, and I kept him at it till he told me about the funny little Antwerp man who was a wiz at settings. He said you were the only foreigner in that department, so I knew where I stood. Every year after that I looked you up in the city directory to make sure you were still with the same firm, because by that time I had begun to work on my big idea.

"This season I've found out what a lot of people have been saying about me for the past two years—I'm through with the stage, or rather the stage is through with me. I haven't laid much by—not in money. But I've still got some good jewelry. The coronet is worth twice as much as all the rest put together, and I hit on a way to make it earn a regular old he-dividend for me. I had to let my sister—she's my 'maid' in on it—worse luck! But the melon was due to be worth cutting two ways, and I couldn't swing the deal without her.

"Didn't you wonder why I got you to do the job at my flat instead of doing it at the store or at home? You'd have to bring the stones to the flat—get the point?—and I'd know where you carried them.

"The room I had you work in is bright. I've had extra lights put in it. The hall outside is dark. The door is glass. People in the dark can see through a thin silk curtain into a bright room as easily as if they were in the room themselves.

"My sister has spent every evening this week in that hallway. She's seen you lug that greasy wallet out and spread its nine diamonds on the table in front of you. She's seen you change them, one by one, for diamonds out of the coronet. She can swear to that. So can a man I know who watched with her one evening. He didn't know what we had him there for, but he saw what you were doing; and I've still got the affidavit the Paris jeweler gave me, and I still know the girl with the brooch.

"All of that would make sweet testimony in court, wouldn't it, Johnny boy? It would send you to prison for a big slice of years, and you know it. You won't dare squeal.

"To-night when you go home for the last time I'm going to make you kiss me, and I'll cuddle close to your manly breast, right above the greasy wallet. It's an old trick, but it has won out a good many hundred times, and it'll succeed with a poor chucklehead like you. That's why I'm writing all this in the afternoon—to explain and to give you the tip not to raise a holler that would land you in a nice sunny cell.

"As soon as I can get rid of you to-night I'm going to beat it for a 12:30 train from the Grand Central. Good-by, Johnny boy. Will you miss me? 'Sure you will! Sure!' But you'll miss those nine diamonds even worse."

John Lewis lifted his blurred eyes from the faintly scented paper. His lips were writhing, his tongue protruded. Then from his horror-sanded throat dribbled the jerky words:

"Twenty-one years! Twenty-one years of—of the cleverest game a—a man ever played! And now—and—and now ——"

IT LOOKS EASY

(Continued from Page 14)

cliff and lifts 'em out of their seats. They look at him and think that the only difference is that Sergeant York played in luck, and never give a thought to the camera man as the mustachio goes up in smoke

Some time ago you may have seen motion pictures taken from an airplane in a flight up the Grand Cañon.

"Gracious," you said, "that is interesting! I'd like to go there some time."

And then you changed your elbow over to the other seat arm and waited for the feature to start. But those pictures were obtained only after long and patient preparation. Dozens of times camera men had gone down in the cañon and turned the crank, but never had one dared fly the length of the cañon in an airplane. Currents and cross currents! A chart of the cañon's air currents and atmospheric whirlpools would make a Kansas cyclone look like a checker game at an old soldiers' home. But permission was secured from the Government and the picture was made. Fortunately the trip was completed safely

At the theater the people said, "That's interesting. By the way, did we put the windows down before we left?"

Something after the same manner, H. D. Blauvelt, who was another cinematographic daredevil, made the first coast-to-coast motion pictures of the Panama Canal. Hundreds of photographers had set up cameras along the edge and cranked bravely away, but none had ever taken their lives in their hands and made a coast-to-coast flight over the famous cut.

For air currents and pockets the canal is about as bad as the Grand Cañon, and especially when they have to go down low to get the system of locks. But the pictures were made, and the audience dropped another nickel in the candy machine and said, "How wonderful! I wonder who's here to-night."

But a great deal more than mere bravery is needed to bring the news picture to the theater. For instance, there were the motion pictures of the Dempsey-Carpentier prize fight. The whole world was talking about the fight, and anything to do with the big encounter would be grabbed greedily. But that is where the plot begins to thicken. The law is that anybody can make motion pictures of a prize fight. As far as the statutes go, a prize fight, pictorially, is public property. But you've got to beware of the managers. They won't sell you ring rights, and that usually closes

(Continued on Page 59)

Eighty-eight manufacturers agree with this opinion~

CONCENTRIC—

"The MOST SATISFACTORY PISTON RINGS are of the concentric type, in which the wall thickness is uniform all around the ring.

HAMMERED (Peened)—

"The varying degree of elasticity which is required in the ring in order that it should tend to expand in a circle and fill the cylinder bore, is attained by certain PEENING (hammering) methods.

LAP JOINT—

"There has been much misrepresentation in the manner of specially designed piston rings which attempt to form a more perfect seal than is afforded by the lapped joint. The fact is that the percentage of leakage past the joint is such a small part of the whole that any improvement in this regard yields results too small to measure.

ONE PIECE—

"On the other hand, the simple ruggedness of the plain ring, as contrasted with the complicated construction associated with the majority of special piston ring designs, has everything to recommend it for ordinary service."

—From an article by Lieutenant-Colonel J. G. Vincent, Vice-President in Charge of Engineering, PACKARD MOTOR CAR CO., and co-designer of the Liberty airplane motor, in the JOURNAL OF THE S. A. E. Colonel Vincent is a former President of the Society of Automotive Engineers.

ONE of America's best known motor car engineers, Lieutenant-Colonel J. G. Vincent, has named the vital points of merit for the ideal piston ring.

Every requirement he names is found in the American Hammered Piston Ring. In fact, Colonel Vincent's description exactly fits the American Hammered ring.

Backing up this expert opinion are eighty-eight leading automotive and industrial engine manufacturers, who endorse American Hammered rings by installing them as factory equipment.

In your own motor car—get the same results demanded by the men who know. Install leakless American Hammered rings today, and forget the petty motor troubles—carbon deposits, gas and oil waste, loss of compression.

You can get them quickly from your dealer or garageman.

AMERICAN HAMMERED PISTON RING COMPANY, BALTIMORE, MARYLAND
Export Department, 461 Eighth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

American *Hammered* Piston Rings

"How good" is more important than "how much"

Low price doesn't mean low cost, but long wear does And long wear means good quality all-wool fabrics You get it all in our clothes

Your money back if you're not satisfied

Hart Schaffner & Marx

From the Painting by Herbert Paus

Copyright, 1921, Hart Schaffner & Marx

The famous Valspar boiling water test

"Splash away, Son— the floor is Valsparred"

"YES, you precious little rascal—you think you're getting back at me for that tiny bit of soapsuds in your eye. But permit me, most excellent son, to inform you that the floor is varnished with Valspar—and that you and I are here just to tell people that even soapy water can't harm a Valsparred surface. So you can keep on pouring till it runs off the page!"

On floors, furniture or woodwork, indoors or out of doors—on anything that needs varnishing—use Valspar Varnish. For Valspar is not only exceptionally durable and easy to apply, but absolutely waterproof.

Valspar can be washed freely with soap and water: It will never turn white!

Anything that's worth varnishing is worth Valsparring.

This coupon is worth 20c

VALENTINE & COMPANY

Largest Manufacturers of High Grade Varnishes in the World—Established 1832

New York Chicago Boston Toronto London Paris Amsterdam

W. P. Fuller & Co., Pacific Coast

VALENTINE & COMPANY, 456 Fourth Ave., New York

Special Offer

For your dealer's name and 15c in stamps we will send you a 35c sample can of Valspar or Valspar Varnish Stain—enough to finish a small table or chair. Fill out the coupon

Dealer's Name_____

Your Name_____

Your Address_____

S. E. P.—11-5

VALENTINE'S

VALSPAR

The Varnish That Won't Turn White

(Continued from Page 54)

the conversation. But on account of the great interest in the Dempsey-Carpentier set-to the men behind the news movies decided to make an extra and unheard-of effort to get the pictures.

The management had put up a crow's nest where it was to take its own and official pictures, knowing well the stump they would be up against later. The Interstate Commerce Law says that pictures of a prize fight cannot be transported from state to state, but that the preliminaries may be shown. Inside, Rickard was making his plans to grind away, and later these pictures were brought to New York, where it is said a fine of a thousand dollars was paid, and as this article is being written they are being shown at six theaters in New York alone. But we are getting ahead.

Strategy Wins

As soon as Boyle's now famous Thirty Acres was decided on a movie man made a hasty trip to New Jersey. Abutting onto where the ring would be was a factory several stories tall, and immediately the movie man got busy. The arena was to be a big one, and it would be a long way from the top of the factory to the ring—but there is the Long Tom. In motion-picture circles a Long Tom is a telephoto lens that can reach out and bring a scene right up to it. Before the owner of the factory knew what was happening he had signed something and the roof rights belonged to the movie-news men who were so anxious to convey all the preliminaries—the crowd arriving, notabilities and the tying of the tape and up to the handshake—to the waiting fans. It was estimated that in the United States alone twenty million people would see the pictures. In addition there were the world rights, and they were just as interested in the fight in Europe and Brazil as they were at home.

On the big day twelve camera men for the company were to start out from New York to cover the fight. Four were to be assigned to the roof, one was to get into an airplane, which was to circle the bowl, while the others were to pick up what they could at the railroad stations, at the ferryboats and at the entrances. The day before, however, they had received a tip that they were to be denied the roof after they had paid for it. Local pressure had been brought to bear and policemen were to be stationed on the roof to see that not a crank turned. It looked pretty hopeless, but success in life is not to be won that way. If we stopped every time somebody got in our way we should never climb very far up life's slippery stairway. We should just about reach road overseer and hang up.

On top of the roof was a skylight, and inside the skylight they built a platform for a camera to stand on and then cut a hole through the glass for the lens. On the roof also was a water tank. The tank was drained and a hole bored through its wooden side. Here another Long Tom was to do some peeping. But that morning when the four camera men arrived they found policemen already on the job, and the policemen had a mean and wicked look in their eyes. The skylight gaped in silent loneliness, and the water tank with its one staring eye might just as well have been in Calcutta

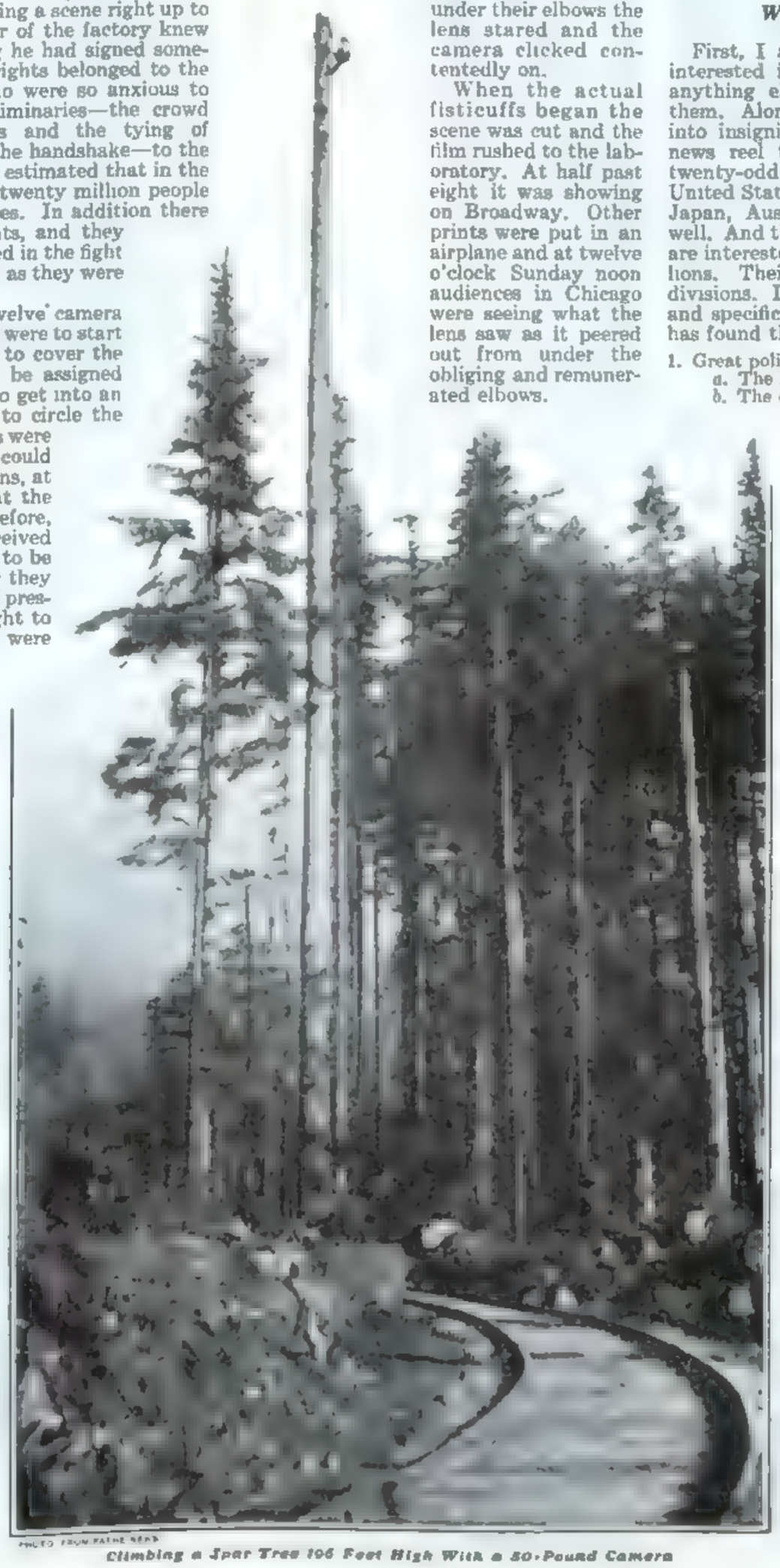
The policemen had come there from some unknown power higher up and they intended to see that instructions were carried out, and with that they gave their night sticks a significant flip. But one of the camera men had just begun to fight.

"Dang the torpedoes!" he said, and slipped into the janitor's closet.

The policemen argued on and from time to time twirled their authority. Then the camera men went away and the policemen had won—conversationally. Among the mops the camera man still continued his course, and on the roof the policemen stood lords and masters of all they surveyed. And when the fighting began they had an almost uninterrupted view of the world's greatest encounter—and so had the camera man. Silently he had come up the back stairs to the fourth floor and edged up a window. There he thrust through a seven-inch lens, but two five-fifty seat men were directly in front of him. He passed them each a bill and they found they could crowd over quite a bit and still have plenty of room—practically the only men in that great audience of ninety thousand persons who got to see the fight for fifty cents each.

Meanwhile out from under their elbows the lens stared and the camera clicked contentedly on.

When the actual fisticuffs began the scene was cut and the film rushed to the laboratory. At half past eight it was showing on Broadway. Other prints were put in an airplane and at twelve o'clock Sunday noon audiences in Chicago were seeing what the lens saw as it peered out from under the obliging and remunerated elbows.



Climbing a Spar Tree 196 Feet High With a 50-Pound Camera

But there are many things a news movie man must know besides how to grease an elbow. For years news reels were looked upon as house emptiers. When a theater man wanted to send his audience home calmly and quietly he would put on a news picture. Somebody would cough; somebody would stir; then a man down front would get up—and soon the janitors would be gossiping over their brooms. But now the news reels are constantly growing in popularity. To many people they are the most interesting part of the program.

Why? Has human nature changed?

Not a bit of it. Old human nature runs along in about the same course. It has deviated hardly a hair's breadth since Clovis. What pleased our hairy and primitive ancestors on the Mesopotamian plains now pleases us, only with us it's got to be refined and dressed up and have a white tie on.

The movie men have made a success of the news reel because they have studied you and me; not in numbers of one and two, but in groups of a million. You may not like a certain picture and I may not like a certain picture, but we don't loom very large from a news-reel editor's point of view. He lumps them off in millions, and one million is about like another. He has experimented until he knows to an iota what an audience will want.

What Millions Like

First, I am told, an audience is more interested in the Irish question than in anything else that can be put before them. Alongside it everything else pales into insignificance. One man gets out a news reel twice a week which goes to twenty-odd million people, not only in the United States and Canada, but in Europe, Japan, Australia and South America as well. And this is what he has found people are interested in, checking them off in millions. Their interests fall in five general divisions. I will give the general divisions and specific examples of each as this man has found them:

1. Great political, economic or social events.
   a. The Irish question.
   b. The opening of Parliament.
2. Great physical events.
   a. A good example of this is the Pueblo flood. People all over the world were interested in this and how relief was rushed to the sufferers.
   b. Fires, explosions, volcanoes, avalanches.
3. Scientific progress.
   a. A method for tempering copper.
   b. Machine for printing envelopes, eliminating the necessity of stamps.
4. Human interest.
   a. A blinded soldier knitting.
   b. A trained earthworm.
5. Spectacles.
   a. Navy airplanes sinking former German battleships.
   b. Completion of big dam.

Week in and week out twenty million people will react to the pictures as shown by the table. More people out of a million will be interested in seeing a blinded soldier knitting than in a score of airplanes circling above and dropping tons of dynamite on a former German battleship. A movie man has discovered that you—speaking in millions—are not impressed by size alone. You look on the activities of the airplane, aloof and impersonal; but when the blinded soldier is shown you immediately place yourself in his position, or your son or a member of your family, and think, "What if it had been me or Jack?" Immediately the picture becomes a personal matter; it brings emotion to you, and that is the most difficult thing of all to do in news pictures.

The reason story films are more interesting than news releases is that stories make you respond to emotion. You hate somebody and like somebody else. You

After a Busy Day

A bracing drink at your favorite refreshment counter will pep you up—chase the cobwebs from your tired brain.

But remember—

Even the best drink tastes better through a straw

Stone's Seamless Straws

To guard your health
Protect your clothing
And cost you nothing

Stone's Straws are freely dispensed wherever your favorite drinks are sold.

Use a Straw or two with your next drink

Stone's Straws add a novel touch of original daintiness to every home festivity. A sanitary box of 500 for home use may be obtained at small cost from your druggist

The Stone Straw Co

Exclusive Manufacturers

Factories

Washington, D. C. - Baltimore, Md.

The Storm is Only Sidewalk Wide

when your car is equipped with a Badger De Luxe All Season Top.

Winter driving is done in full comfort; the drafts which blow through the curtains of the open car are shut out. There are no leaks to let the snow drift through.

And when summer weather comes you still have the open freedom which was your first reason for buying your car.

You get the satisfaction afforded by beauty and luxury in the choice art leather top material, the quality linings, the silk roll curtain at the rear, the silk side drapes and cut glass dome light, drop windows for ventilation and shower curtains carried in a special compartment.

And you get real economy, for it costs far less to equip your open car, old or new, with a Badger De Luxe All Season Top than it does to pay the difference between open and closed car construction.

Now made for:

Buick	2, 5 and 7 passenger,	1918-21	Gardner	5 passenger,	1920-21
Cadillac	4 and 7 passenger,	1918-21	Hudson	4 and 7 passenger,	1918-21
Chandler	4 and 7 passenger,	1919-21	Hupmobile	2 and 5 passenger,	1920-21
Cleveland	5 passenger,	1920-21	Nash	2, 4, 5 and 7 passenger,	1919-21
Dodge	2 and 5 passenger,	1920-21	Oldsmobile	4, 5 and 7 passenger,	1919-21
Dort	5 passenger,	1920-21	Reo	5 passenger	1920-21
Essex	5 passenger,	1919-21	Studebaker	2, 5 and 7 passenger,	1919-21
Franklin	2, 4 and 5 passenger,	1919-21	Velie	5 passenger,	1920-21

Prices:

2 passenger Models $185
4–5 passenger Models 275
7 passenger Models 285
Special Cadillac 4 pass. $375; 7 pass. 390

Prices f. o. b. Racine, Wis. War tax and installation extra
Write for descriptive booklet

WISCONSIN TOP COMPANY, Inc.

Consolidation of McAvoy Brothers & Co. and Wisconsin Auto Top Company
Racine, Wisconsin

Also makers of a complete line of Auto Fabric Accessories sold through 4500 dealer connections covering the entire country

Badger De Luxe All Season TOPS

immediately become a rooter. You want your home team to win—your hero. You won't be happy until he gets the girl. But in a news reel it is hard to take sides when all you see is some water squirting up around a steel spot on the ocean. As soon as a news-reel editor can make you take sides or stir your emotion he knows he has found a successful release. That is what he is angling for all the time: to give you information, to make you take sides and to stir your emotions.

"What is the most successful emotional picture you ever released?" I asked a great news-reel man

"The parade of the Twenty-seventh Division up Fifth Avenue. That stirred our audiences to a higher pitch than anything we have ever released. This was the first division to return, and everybody in the audience was interested personally in some way. Even though they knew no one in the picture, they knew somebody in some other division, and now they realized in earnest that the long war was actually over. I wish I could get another as good."

"What picture aroused the second greatest amount of interest?"

"You mean in the United States?"

"Yes."

"The Black Tom disaster in the early morning of July 30, 1916. When the explosion shook three states and the great fire broke out people thought it was of German origin and their emotions were aroused. Telegrams and letters poured in for days."

"What would you place third?"

"The Wall Street explosion."

"Why was the Black Tom a bigger picture?"

"Because everybody in the United States was interested in the war, and because with the exploding dynamite and burning buildings it was more spectacular."

"What was the most successful human-interest picture you ever released?"

"We found a family in Robersonville, North Carolina, that had thirty-four children, to say nothing of the grandchildren. One thing we showed was that the family used a tub for a butter plate. People are still talking about it."

Statue of Liberty Stunts

"What is the second best human-interest picture you ever released?"

"Stunts on the Statue of Liberty. We sent three men up and had them crawl around on her head and arms and photographed them. People had never before recognized how big the statue is, and they couldn't help putting themselves in the place of the men. Everybody is interested in the Statue of Liberty, and when they saw the comparative size between man and the statue it woke them up. I wish I could find another that would go as strong."

"Are there certain kinds of pictures you never show?"

"We never show dead men."

"Anything else?"

"Yes, fashionable weddings. Outside of New York they are not interested in society weddings."

"The most baffling thing of all is human interest," says another authority. "Sometimes I think I have discovered something that will go over big, and it falls as flat as a porous plaster. And the next time something I am not counting on very much goes over with a bang. It's easy, you know, for us to tell when a thing has gone over. We can simply drop into a theater and see the reaction of the audience. We study audiences all the time. And also we can tell by the number of prints we sell and what the salesmen and exhibitors say. If we get out a poor issue we know it mighty quick."

"What is the biggest human-interest picture you ever put over?"

"A blind bull that was led to water by a duck. I have never yet turned up a picture that would equal that. If you know of any tell me, and I will pay you well."

"Aren't audiences more interested in live, breathing people like themselves than in dumb animals?"

"Yes, but the world is full of people It is only now and then that an animal does something surprising and human. It makes people think."

"Is there any sure-fire thing in a news picture?"

"Yes, a baby."

"Here is another question I want to ask: Why do you always have a man take his hat off?"

"That is a standing instruction with the camera men. First, a man never looks the same with his hat on and with his hat off. Second, hats are queer things. They go out of style easily, and then in foreign countries like Japan and China they are so surprised by the queer-looking—to them—hat that they don't pay any attention to the face. When we take a picture of a notable in Japan we always make him take his hat off, too, so that you people here in America can see him undistracted."

Public Men on the Screen

"Do you ever have any trouble in getting them to take their hats off?"

"We used to with Charles E. Hughes. He thought he was better looking with his hat on, when it was just the other way. We knew that he was going to be appointed to the cabinet and we wanted to release a flash of him at about that time. We looked him up in the morgue, but we didn't have a good picture of him with his hat off, so we had our camera man tell him that we had a picture of him with his hat off, but that it was a poor one, and would he please pose for something that he would not be ashamed of? He did. He has a really splendid screen personality—when he has his hat off."

"Is there much difference in public men in this respect?"

"All the difference in the world. It is like a singing voice—some have it and some haven't. In the news end of our business we say that the screen elected Harding. He has a splendid screen presence. He is large and impressive and has practically a screen-proof face—that is, no moles or disfiguring marks show in the close-ups. Audiences respond to him instantly."

"Who are some other public men who have screen personality?"

"General Pershing. He is one of the best in the business. He used to be a bit nervous before the camera, but now he eats it up. Secretary Denby is good-looking and goes over. Another is Postmaster-General Will Hays "

"Do you call him good-looking?"

"His smile is what gets him over. It's the best smile in the cabinet. Chief Justice Taft is another who screens well. When they screen well we can run them much oftener than when they make a poor showing. But of course we have to be careful of the lens hound."

"What is a lens hound?"

"A person who everlastingly wants to get his picture taken. The country is full of them."

"Why does Mr. Taft go over so well?"

"Audiences look on him as being fat and jolly."

That tiny bit—

Just one-half gram—suffices for a shave.
A 35c tube supplies enough for 152 shaves.

Acts in a minute

Within one minute the beard absorbs 15 per cent of water. And that is enough to make a horny beard wax-like. No long rubbing, no hot towels.

Maintains itself

In creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.

Acts as a lotion

The palm and olive oil blend soothes the skin. It leaves the face velvety and without irritation—a delightful effect.

Try It
At Our Cost

Multiplies Itself in Lather 250 Times

By V. K. Cassady, B. S., M. S., Chief Chemist

That is one thing we've accomplished in Palmolive Shaving Cream. A little goes far and the lather is luxurious. We have made a lather also which removes the oil-coat instantly. So within one minute the beard absorbs 15 per cent of water. We do away with finger-rubbing, with hot towels and with waiting.

The bubble walls are so tenacious that the lather maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face. It does not need replacement.

Based on Cleopatra's oils

Palmolive Shaving Cream is based on palm and olive oils. Cleopatra used those same oils as cosmetics. So did Roman beauties. For thousands of years they have held supreme place in treatment of the skin.

Millions of women apply them in Palmolive Soap. The results have made this famous soap the leading toilet soap in America.

Now we extend the same comfort to men. Every shave leaves the skin soft and smooth. Lotions are not required.

That's the chief factor in this soap's success—that delightful after-feeling. Thousands of men are so surprised and pleased that they write us letters about it. That's a rare thing for men to do.

18 months—130 formulas

We are experts in soap, as you know. We have studied it for many decades. But we worked 18 months and tried 130 formulas to get this Shaving Cream as you want it.

First we talked with a thousand men to find out their ideas. We found that they wanted a quick shave, abundant lather, a lather that doesn't dry. And, above all, they wanted faces to feel fine at the finish.

So we kept on until we excelled in all of these requirements. And we think we reached the limit.

Try it and see. We supply you ten shaves free. If you find it a bonanza, tell other men about it. If you like your old way better, go back to it. But give us this chance—send the coupon.

If you have anything you are equally proud of, we will gladly try that on the same terms.

10 Shaves FREE

Simply insert your name and address and mail to
The Palmolive Company, Dept. A-307
Milwaukee, U. S. A.

_____

_____

PALMOLIVE
Shaving Cream

Which would *you* rather do?

KEEP those column bases in good order with a coat of paint every two years, or spend ten times as much for new bases every five years?

Repaint the weather boarding on your house every third or fourth year, or replace it in fifteen years at four times the cost of the four coats of paint?

Invest a small amount in paint every other year, or in five or six years pay five times as much for new metal roofs and gutters?

Be forced to replace outside shutters every ten years, or repaint or revarnish every three years at less than one-third the price of replacement?

Your porch floor, too! Keep it serviceable and attractive with paint and varnish, or give ten times as much for a new floor every ten years?

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EN BLOC

(Continued from Page 9)

that will pass the bills through the Senate. The bloc system ignores the first object and overwhelms the second. The whole bloc scheme depends on the enlisting and holding of sufficient senatorial votes for any given purpose to defeat any counter purpose, either by voting against it in sufficient strength to beat the organization or by controlling enough votes to postpone, harass or deadlock the organization and force through the plans of the bloc. The Agricultural Bloc was at a great advantage because it controlled a majority of the Committee on Agriculture and thus was able to have its own measures reported out of that committee and placed on the Senate calendar. After that it was merely a question of holding its votes steady and pushing its measures through; resisting the threats and enticements of the organization and going straight ahead.

So far as the Old Guard was and is concerned there is no local, individual and senatorial nourishment for them in the Agricultural Bloc, but there is this about it, as shown by President Harding's pointing with pride to the agricultural legislation of the session: This legislation, no matter how secured, is capable of political capitalization through the claim that it was passed by a Republican Senate and thus must be credited to the Republican Party. That is all well enough. It isn't likely the Agricultural Bloc protests that, and all would be reasonably well if the matter ended there. The difficulty is that, encouraged by the success of the Agricultural Bloc, other blocs have been formed or are forming—the Mississippi River Bloc, the Progressive Bloc, the Taxation Bloc, and so on. Utterly regardless of the Senate ruling class, these impudent and inconsiderate blocers are blocing all over the place.

How Our Taxes are Levied

The reason is plainly apparent to those who know their Senate. The present leadership of the Senate is a leadership of assumption, not a leadership of ability. The Old Guard is old, but it isn't a guard any more. The machine is creaky, obsolete, inefficient. The organization commands neither respect nor loyalty. Fancy a bloc getting anywhere when Nelson W. Aldrich was leader of the Senate! It wouldn't have lasted half an hour. In the present situation, however, the organization is helpless. It is tolerated in unimportant matters, but on any especial occasion it is easily pushed aside and left to deplore these demonstrations of independence while the independents shove through their measures. The leaders say that the bloc system breaks down party lines and disrupts effective leadership. Breaking party lines, to the Old Guard, is the capital political crime. Their principle is: My party, right or wrong.

The men who form and run the blocs take the ground that the interests of their states, constituencies and industries are paramount to party politics, and that their ends justify their means. It is likely that most of them would follow the leaders in any broad basic party principle; but what the leaders do not understand is that, in the conception of the blocs, not every measure that comes before the Senate has a broad party base, is a fundamental proposition. The leaders labor under this obsession. They try to maintain that everything that is legislative is partisan, and must be, and that their word must be taken as to that point and determination. The bloc members refuse this view, laugh at it, and go ahead to attain their special ends regardless of the wails of the leaders, and of their humiliation.

President Harding, according to one of the ablest of his interpreters, "deprecates the formation in Congress of blocs for the protection of special interests and the furtherance of legislative demands of groups and classes. The President regards the system as inimical to the interest of the public at large."

Naturally, as the head of his party the President may regard the bloc system as inimical, but it is not likely that fact will have any great effect on the blocs. They have tested their power, know how to get their results, and in these matters there is the obvious retort that when it comes to special interests the Old Guard in its time looked after a few interests that were very special, and that the bloc system, it may be, is interfering with other efforts in that direction. The difference between loyalty to the party organization in the Senate, and disloyalty, may conceivably depend on just what the term "special interests" implies. In any event, and without discussing the merits or demerits of the bloc system as contrasted with and opposed to the Old Guard system, it may be added that even if the bloc system is inimical to any interest whatsoever, public or private, or favorable thereto, it will be a long time before any monument, memorial or other tribute of popular esteem will be erected to the Old Guard and its system and the interests concerned and conserved by it—a very long time.

The bloc system is not the only pressing trouble of the old-line leaders. There are several more, including the peace treaty with Germany, the railroad-refunding bill, the Panama-tolls question, the prohibition-enforcement bill, and the refunding of the debt of the Allies to this country. The two particular and portentous troubles are taxation and the tariff. As is often the case in political campaigns, the Republicans overtalked themselves on taxation and tariff. They promised reduction of taxes and revision of the tariff. Before this article is printed the tax question will be on the floor of the Senate, with the best the Senate Finance Committee can do in the way of reduction embodied in the organization bill; and looking at it from the viewpoint of the average citizen the best the tax reducers can do isn't much.

"There are two ways of laying taxes," said a member of the Senate Finance Committee. "One way is to lay them scientifically and in accord with the economic status of the taxpayers and the financial needs of the tax users—to spread the taxes according to ratios that will be productive but not onerous and that will be just and equable. That is the way taxes should be imposed. The other way is to lay taxes politically, and with the political results of the imposts in view—to make the schedules so they will have the best possible political effect for the party that is responsible for them. That is the way taxes usually are laid.

"Now we of the majority would lay the taxes both scientifically and politically if we could. However, the present situation admits of small science and of merely occasional political manipulation. Here we have a revenue demand from the Government that admits of but one consideration: Get the money. Wherefore we must get it. We are not tax layers. We are not economists. Except incidentally, we are not politicians. Instead we are purse snatchers. As soon as we find a source of tax revenue we chase it up an alley, hold it up, tax it to the limit, and then go out and lie in wait for another source of revenue, which we chase up another alley and hold up and tax mercilessly. We can't be anything else. We must find revenues not in millions, or hundreds of millions, but in billions. We can shift taxes some, but we can't shift obligations. The demand for money and more money comes from every governmental angle. Trim expenses to the bone and the total sum required for governmental upkeep is staggering."

Tariff Embarrassments

There is little else to be said of the tax situation because the Government must have the money and the Congress must find the money. There may be other things to say after the bill is a law, after the Senate finishes manhandling it on the floor, after the Agricultural Bloc and the Taxation Bloc are through with it and after the conference between the House and Senate puts it in final terms—that is, other things to say about the economic phases of it and the senatorial political phases of it. There is one thing that may be said now, may be said to-morrow and next day and every day between now and the elections in the fall of 1922, and that is this: The question of taxation and its burdens and the impossibility of any great relief because of the great governmental requirements for money will be the important issue in those elections—the paramount issue.

The President may be successful with his limitations conference and with his foreign policies or he may not be. The Republicans may find suitable and sufficient ways out of the various entanglements they are in; but unless they find some way to reduce taxes they will face an electorate that will have small consideration for any of their other achievements. You can't argue with a man who is mulcted by the tax collector. You can't appeal to his party spirit. The only way to get the support of that man in a situation like this is to cut down his tax bill. The Republican leaders know this, and they know, too, that in their tax efforts they are not making and cannot make reductions that will be of much popular avail to them. Wherefore they look forward with gloomy apprehension to November, 1922, when the next congressional elections will be held, and already are beginning to assemble such alibis as they can.

Added to this uncomfortable prospect, and making it much worse, is the tariff problem. The Republicans must do something with the tariff—and, gosh, how they dread it! The tariff is a killer. It is a slaughterer of majorities. It is designed for political sustenance, and it usually provides political famine.

It goes backward politically when it should go forward, and jumps sidewise when it should remain on the track. It is the political Old Man of the Sea, always on the back of the dominant party.

Fancy Promises

Inasmuch as the Democrats made a tariff when they were in power it is politically incumbent on the Republicans to make one now. They have started on the job. The emergency tariff was a gesture, but the Fordney tariff is a contortion. The Senate leaders, handed the House idea of what the new tariff should be, have laid the Fordney Bill away in the hope that it will catch some fatal disease, die thereof, and allow them to mourn it in public and cheer it in private. But it won't. The tariff bill is there, a hodgepodge of expediencies, and sooner or later the Senate must tackle it; and whatever they do with it they won't help themselves any politically, and they may hurt themselves a lot.

"What," I asked a Republican leader, "was the idea of all this preëlection stuff about reducing taxes and cutting down expenses, and so on?"

"It would have been all right," he replied, "if the times had kept good. When things are prosperous and the people are happy, we can get away with murder; but when business is bad, people become dissatisfied and censorious, and naturally they blame their misfortunes on us."

"But," I said, "you knew times were going to be bad, and that you couldn't reduce taxes much, and so on, didn't you?"

"Yes, I suppose we did—I suppose we did. Still, we had to take the chance and talk that way. And now we're in a world of trouble."

He stopped and smoked a little. "Did I ever tell you of the time Tommy O'Malley set out on his great adventure back in my home town?" he asked.

"Not yet."

"Tommy's finish and ours are comparable. He went out on the street one afternoon and announced he was a bear, a woolly bear, and that he could whip any man within sound of his voice. Nobody paid much attention to him. He made the further announcement that he was the toughest man in those parts, and supplemented that with a grand burst of self-laudation in which he said that he was so tough that he could strip himself naked, put a bobcat under each arm, climb to the top of a shagbark hickory tree and never get a scratch.

"Just about then a big Swede lumberjack came along, listened attentively to Tommy's résumé of his superior qualifications, and then in a most methodical but thorough manner walked into Tommy and beat him to a pulp. They took Tommy, or the shreds of him, to the hospital, and sent for Doc Alcorn. As the doctor was preparing to patch Tommy together as well as he might he said: 'Tommy, I thought you said you could strip naked, take a bobcat under each arm, climb to the top of a shagbark hickory tree, and never get a scratch.'

"'So I kin, doc,' Tommy whispered faintly. 'So I kin, but it's hell gittin' down.'"

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THE CANYON OF THE FOOLS

(Continued from Page 26)

with the lowest classes were self-directed, and that this was a temporary mode of living. He turned over the pages of the diary, cool and collected, moistened his thumb frequently, and pretty soon he threw out: "There is a good lot about Jim Harper in here. She came out here expecting to marry him, hey?"

I nodded.

"And then he wasn't here to meet her," Maricopa went on slowly. "A very good reason too. At this present moment he runs a good chance of getting drilled in the bean."

"Not Jim Harper?" I cried out.

And Maricopa said "That same!"

I might as well confess that a little thrill of pure joy went through me at that intelligence. It's pathetic the way deep down I clung to May, and now my heart actually gave a teeny-weeny bound at the thought of that poor devil Harper's having been murdered, or being about to be murdered, and I had never seen him either. For, don't you see, it opened up that delectable prospect of getting May safe out of this nasty mess by my own machinations—bear her out on my shoulders, if worse came to worst. I could see the two of us trekking across that leprous desert, bones on every hand, bones of buffalo and wild cow—human bones, too, for that matter—mirage of May's fainting spirit calling out to me that she could go no farther, the dark head sinking on my shoulder.

I gathered her in my arms and staggered on—to life and love; stumbled into it every time in those days. I never did underestimate my genius for succoring good-looking women, and my fatal amiability in that regard was heading me towards as sweet a little amorous *impasse* as ever a man walked into with his head down.

I came out of my abstraction enough to ask in a whisper, "Where is he?"

There I was, with my head away in the clouds before I was even sure that that cell door wasn't going to clang on me in the course of the next ten minutes. Clouds clustered round me as thick in those days as sponges on a Florida reef.

"As a matter of fact, I don't know," Maricopa said. "But I do know he's in danger of being done to death for what he knows."

"Does he know so awful much?"

I was taken aback a trifle to find that he was important enough to be brained for his knowledge.

"What he does know would probably put General Terrazas behind the bars, to say nothing of Mr. Robert Swasey," Maricopa said in lazy accents.

Swasey! Terrazas! Terrazas behind the bars and Incarnación at liberty to apply for a divorce! And May, my sweet impulsive May, taking orders from that fox-faced criminal, Swasey.

"Is Swasey crooked?"

"Crooked, yes. Crooked as a street in China, and just as slick as he is crooked. The point is now, since this recent decision closing up the True Friend, he is right down to hard pan."

"He's got an option on the Sprowl estate," I put in eagerly, and I told him of Clint's offer to me in connection with that same.

"Exactly!" said the sheriff. "It won't surprise you perhaps to hear that Terrazas is headed for the canyon too—he and that good-looking wife of his," and he aimed one of his meaningful eye shots at me. I did have the grace to blush, and the sheriff opened his hand, inspected the palm, shut it again thoughtfully, and said: "You have met the lady, as it happens."

"Yes, by chance."

"And she has told you, I suppose, that she is going down there to keep Terrazas' hotel in order—and take in washing. No? Well, that's how it is. There are two guests in the place now—Mr. Sebastian Polhill and his physician, or what you call him, Doctor Faggard."

"But I thought that Polhill and Swasey were at swords' points. Are they both friends of Terrazas?"

"Who knows?" Maricopa said.

He added that all those gentry had one common interest—gold—and that that would bring mortal enemies together for a time. Terrazas was scheming another revolution. To set the wheels going he must recapture that mine of his and suck it dry, because on its gold output alone depended the willingness of Terrazas' old soldiers to rally round his standard again. But such an undertaking would cost money itself. You have to catch a pump with gold when gold is what it pumps up.

"In my opinion," Maricopa said, "they have already laid their hands on gold, Swasey and Terrazas, and they are waiting for their chance to sneak over the border with it. They have got scattered through the canyon now a bunch of the general's old followers, good horsemen, good punchers, dead shots too—not the kind of Mexican that files the sights off his gun when they catch in his clothing, understand. No, they are strong on gunfire and waiting for the chance. You see what that means, of course."

I did. It meant red war in that province; it meant another strain on the policy of watchful waiting. In the condition of the public patience, it meant very likely that the country would be precipitated into war.

"The hot-heads will get their way at last," Maricopa said, "and half a million good men will be condemned to do garrison duty in the mountain passes of Mexico for God knows how many years—to say nothing of the blood that will be spilled."

"Great crawling snails!" I burst out. "If that's the case, why not grab him now when you can put your finger on him?"

"What's the charge?" Maricopa answered soberly.

"Can't you frame a charge?"

That was a well-nigh fatal question. The sheriff got up abruptly, clapped his hat back on his head and strolled over to the door. He looked both ways, and came back and drooped over me with a fatherly light in those turquoise eyes of his. They looked weird, scintillating, smoky blue against the deep mahogany color of his lean cheeks.

"That is where you come in, my boy," he said softly. "I have been watching your methods the last two or three days, and I have made up my mind you are the man I want. You have got plenty of punch; you seem to know when to make a stand and when to crawl backwards out of trouble. And then again, you do know how to humor women in the pinches, it's a cinch. You're the kind the dear things die for."

I felt myself growing pale, and I advised him hoarsely to look elsewhere for his hired gunmen.

He patted me on the shoulder and told me not to jump to conclusions.

"I'm not asking you to do anything I wouldn't do myself if I had the right qualifications. There may be some little risk, of course," he added with a twinkle, "but I take it you're not afraid of a red shirt. You don't mind getting your hide nicked in a good cause, hey?"

I kept the sparkle going in my eyes somehow, although that allusion to a red shirt was not the pleasantest thing in the world, you'll have to agree.

"What is your suggestion?" I breathed.

"Why, simply that you go on being interested in Terrazas' wife," he let fall casually.

He poked a long cigar into my mouth, and I closed my teeth on it hard and looked straight ahead through the window at those burning yellow reaches. What more enticing proposition, you say, and it's true. I had bound myself to do that, anyway, with words of fire. But put in those bald words, it suddenly looked ominous—it looked tough. I had a hot flash followed by impaired circulation in my extremities.

"You're one man that's not afraid to call a spade a spade," I murmured. "You're asking me to jab him in the jealous streak, I take it."

He acquiesced in that.

"His weak side. Why, even suppose he was to take a shot at you and miss!" Maricopa went on dreamily. "Even at that, we could hold him for attempt to kill. But as it is, we can't lay a finger on him."

Wasn't that enough to transmogrify a man, in all conscience?

"Suppose he didn't miss," I muttered feebly, and he said something about the plaudits of a grateful country. The plaudits!

"They might fall on deaf ears," I interjected.

But still, do you know, there was a dizzy fascination about that proposition, akin to that impulse to fling yourself down from a great height. Here was something I ought not to do, take it in the abstract—something perilous and sweet—and suddenly it was put up to me to go through with it as an act of Simon-pure patriotism; something I ought to do, no matter who or what I must forsake to do it, and put my whole heart into.

I was awfully tempted to try conclusions, there's no gainsaying that. I called up a hasty vision of that seductive Spaniard. I lost myself in those unfathomed eyes. I remember thinking, "I ought not to hesitate," and I still think that way. A stroke of international policy was involved, and if ever there could be a case where propriety went hand in hand with guilty love, this looked to be the case. Weren't the fates of two great nations hanging in the balance? Not to speak of Jim Harper's fate.

I reverted to May, and I saw that my best chance to be of service to her and bring the man of her choice into those waiting, yearning arms was to embrace this offer of Maricopa's. Of course, I don't deny that a baser motive was involved too. I saw that if I did embrace it Maricopa would take care of me financially.

Here was my chance, and it looked like my only chance, to repay May what I owed her; my God-given opportunity to crop up in the rôle of her mysterious benefactor and carry everything before me. As usual, I pictured Jim as dying on the eve of his nuptials.

Maricopa had one last shot in his locker.

"Jim threatens to spill the whole game, and he is taken prisoner," he said. "All right, but he's still dangerous, and Swasey isn't the man to resort to killing. Well, what then? This girl comes to hand, and Swasey figures on using her as a lever to lever the concession of silence out of Jim by threatening dire consequences to May in case of a refusal."

You see, here was my chance to save May herself from worse than death, and it involved nothing on the surface more disagreeable than a flirtation with a young and pretty woman.

"Do you get the full beauty of all this?" Maricopa wanted to know.

I did, by fits and starts, and I was ready at the drop of a hat to burn up the road back to May Gowdy; but the sheriff put one of those lean paws on my arm and warned me not to go off half cocked. Hair-trigger tactics like that might result in the summary execution of poor Jim through motives of pure vengeance. Terrazas, in short, might scent a trap and bolt without waiting for the poison to work into his veins. The thing to do was to ferry me down into the canyon in some natural fashion.

"You had better take that job Clint offers you on the Sprowl estate," he suggested. "Clint, of course, is an honest man. He is ignorant of Swasey's methods."

Another consideration hung me up. What was going to become of May? I couldn't leave her there in Swasey's keeping.

"Send her on ahead," Maricopa said. "Put her in charge of that Australian that runs the stage. He will drop her off at Sprowl's and make the necessary explanations. They will board her. They are at pretty low ebb, I happen to know, and need money."

"Send her on!" I repeated. "All words of one syllable too. Don't forget that this girl has a mind of her own."

"Don't let her have a chance to use it then," the sheriff said in steely tones. "She'll do what's for the best, of course."

I suddenly felt myself subsiding, without any good reason, as if I had been borne up to that height of resolve by an invisible tidal wave, which was passing now and letting me down with a rush.

"Suppose I refuse. Suppose I simply draw out now," I grated at him, sluing my cigar round in my teeth.

He turned a deprecating eye on that steel door, and I saw that in that remote contingency the law would have to take its course. A charge of vagrancy would be preferred against me.

Well, what was there for it, I ask you? Here was the one job that had offered in that dead end, the one way to get money into my fist again, the one way to meet my obligation to May, the one way to bring back into the light of day the man she had come all those weary miles to meet and marry, and the one way to keep two great nations out of war—at a cost of only one

(Continued on Page 70)

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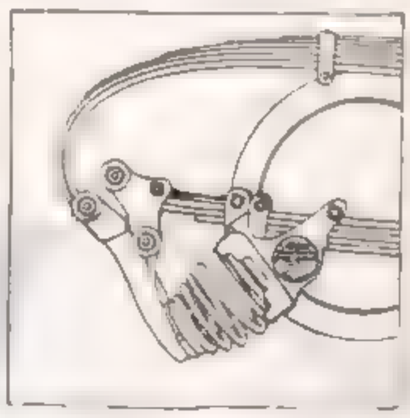

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The Rex All-Seasons Top, California Type, is pictured above. This top combines the utility and comfort of a closed car with the graceful lines of the popular California design. It is covered with durable artificial leather that harmonizes with the body of the car. Polished plate glass is used throughout. Standard appointments include an electric dome light, silver-finished door pulls and hand grips, three silk-finished sun curtains on rollers and the Rex Sun-and-Rain Visor.

The Rex All-Seasons Top, Sedan Type, is shown below. This top converts touring car or roadster into a closed car that follows closely the lines of sedan or coupé.

For summer driving, the panels of Rex All-Seasons Tops are easily and quickly removed. Auxiliary storm curtains are carried in ceiling pockets.

Rex All-Seasons Tops are manufactured especially for Buick, Cleveland, Dodge Brothers, Essex, Haynes, Hudson, Hupmobile, Nash, Paige, Reo, and Studebaker cars. They may be ordered through dealers who sell these automobiles.

Write us, giving the make and model of the car you drive, and we will mail you samples of California Type covering material and literature showing how either of our tops will look on your car.

REX MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Connersville, Indiana

SEDAN TYPE

Rex all Seasons Top

(Continued from Page 67)

red shirt too. The situation had all the elements—doesn't it seem to you so?

And actually, from first to last, I couldn't believe I was going to get a red shirt out of it. Not even when, a little later—I had Maricopa's money stuffed in my jeans by that time, and a nickel star he had given me pinned to my undershirt—not even when I saw Terrazas standing in the middle of the road looking at me with a dark light in his eye and the horns of his mustache well up.

Of course, I didn't hanker to pick a quarrel with him. I couldn't afford to get into some damaging fracas while May's fate hung in the balance, could I? It has to be confessed that I had made that compact with Maricopa with my fingers crossed, and I wish now that I had shown some of his engaging frankness.

I nodded worshipfully at Terrazas and walked past him in deep thought. I was in for it, you'll agree. But at its worst I couldn't help thinking that it had its captivating side. For one thing, I had got a weight off my chest in the knowledge that I had shaken for good and all that shadowy feeling of being idled after in the distance by interested parties.

It was a comforting thing to know that I had Maricopa on my side, I say. He did perfectly enchant me. I liked that cool, sane way he had of tackling problems of state. He didn't employ phrases like "We drinked together," or "We drawed our guns," or even like "Which I don't think it will rain," as I had been led to expect a man of his caliber would; but still he was my ideal of wild justice, and I felt certain from the trained way he had of easing his gun pocket over to make sitting down comfortable that he could shoot the little glass ball to smithereens before it hit the ground. Yes, I felt convinced that a few citizens like Maricopa Jim loafing around would make undertaking in that town a real profession and not a mere side line to a furniture store.

I was concentrating hard on the immediate future and the shape it was likely to take, and I didn't notice that I had walked through the town and out on that cement bridge over the big wash. I was so deep in thought that I failed to hear those rapid footsteps behind me. I heard nothing until I felt this light impulse at my elbow, and then I wheeled round in a panic, and there was May—May herself, bless her—standing there in her little blue serge dress with the silk embroidered kangaroo-pouch pockets, and the little hat with the heckle feathers on it. She was flaming, too, but she kept herself well in hand.

"It's all right," I began hoarsely, and, by George, I was maudlin again! And I turned away with a lump in my throat. "It's all right about your not recognizing me, little girl, last night. I've got down pretty low, it's a fact, and I'm not worth any decent girl's consideration any more. When you think of Bob McCarty, think of something in the past tense, will you?"

I certainly pitied myself. I heard her say, "You're slipping, Bobolink, you're slipping," but she stumbled over the words. I crept my eyes round to her again. She was fighting off that treacherous glimmer I had seen once before; that heart-swelling, surreptitious wetness along the lids that always raised me into the seventh heaven and the nth power.

"You will have me in tears, the best I can do. You poor mystifying kid!" she said. "Do you want to pull the heart out of me with just one grab? Can't you read between the lines? There I had told her I didn't know a soul in town! She's got Syd's own morality, and if I hadn't stood by that line of chatter, goodness knows, she might have put the whole boiling of us out-of-doors. Did you think I meant it?"

"It would have been all right if you had," I muttered.

She stooped towards me—she had got up on that cement wall with her hands about her ankles—and she said: "You mad, mad boy! If you will ride freights and come here on this wild-goose chase and starve yourself through just stubborn pride, do you think I will leave you to shift for yourself just for that? Why haven't you been near me? Don't you know I've been just about frantic about you, thinking what might have happened? Don't you know I feel responsible for you?"

Responsible for me! Could she have dropped out a word more humiliating than that to a man experimenting for the first time in calf heroics?

I said huskily: "I've been busy with one thing and another. Look here! Just let me—I want to square up with you."

I took out my new-found roll and peeled off a leaf or two.

"Oh, that!" May said, flushing. "There's no hurry, really."

"And I want you to know that I appreciate—I don't know what I would have done—it was pure absent-mindedness and having that hang-dog on my trail."

"Isn't it the first duty of partners," May wanted to know, "to keep track of each other and let the one that happens to be in the position to help, help? I thought that was the rule with partners."

"Are we partners?" I gasped.

"Well, aren't we for the time being?" she smiled.

She jumped down and took me by the arm and guided me out into a little mock canyon made by a fissure in some big rocks. I was speechless. The sun began to sink and pour in there and warm me, and then May asked me if I realized how badly in need of a shave I was.

"You look like a tramp," she said playfully.

It's a fact; I hadn't had energy enough to shave myself in the last day or two, and I carried a full equipment in my back pocket too—everything but a mirror, and May had that. She drew it out of that crocodile hide and held it there for me while I shaved. plumped down there by that rill of water meandering through gray-green rocks. I got through with it, but the combination of hot sun, nerve concentration and all those starvation hours was too much for me. The world began to go black in spots, and reel and whicker in front of me. I saw May's face, grave, concerned, and then frightened, just before I faded. Not quite, of course. I was never quite out, I always maintain, but it's not a convincing argument to May.

I came back slowly, edged into the world naive as some little stranger, and when I learned that I was lying with my head in her lap and her soaked handkerchief across my brows I came to more slowly still. I got a lot of cheer out of that. I muttered that I was all right, nothing the matter but a little acute indigestion, probably—that was satirical—and I got a lot of cheer out of the general situation.

"Just lie still," May whispered. "Don't move. Don't exert yourself the least little bit. Poor boy, you're done in completely!"

I did as I was told. I felt loosened up inside, unjointed, disarticulated, and my legs and arms seemed to be twirled out three or four turns of the thread. It's a fact with my head cushioned there I felt as if I had come to some exquisite anchorage and was riding there on a long swell, and I had to struggle to keep from bawling right out. I can only account for all that girlishness by saying that I had been going so short on food of late that I was in imminent danger of coming unglued altogether.

"I don't want you to think that I often play the baby this way," I muttered. "First time in my life."

"Sh-h! Don't think about it!"

I couldn't think about anything else. Even a well-nourished man might feel a little dizzy with his head in the lap of a girl like that and her cool fingers passing and repassing under his chin. Man, the tips were like velvet, and her eyes hovered over me with the strangest, shyest light of endearment in them imaginable.

"Is it really you?" I whispered.

And she said, "Of course it is, silly."

Strange, I couldn't seem to think that I was getting all these favors at the hands of one who was practically another man's wife all this while. It seemed to me that if we could only get definite news of Jim's demise everything would be jake. May would want to mourn a little while, as it was only natural she should, but time would soften the wound . . . and then would come the dawn of a happier day . . .

I thought of a thousand ways of breaking the news to her that Swasey was a crook and that Jim was in his power, but May simply put her hand over my mouth when I tried to be serious.

"Favor yourself a little, do," she whispered.

Well, I was trying to. I lay back, and I had time for a whole flock of reflections and regrets. I had been too hasty in my promises. What I had agreed to do I had agreed to do in a moment of desperation, with the remembrance of May's snub fresh in my mind.

(Continued on Page 73)

Westinghouse

ORNAMENTAL STREET-LIGHTING EQUIPMENT

Street Lighting is Your Job!

Cities and towns that are well-lighted usually owe it to the initiative and energy of a few far-seeing individuals. Not necessarily men of previous prominence, but always men of intelligence and vision.

These men find no lack of arguments that appeal alike to practical instinct and to community pride.

Modern street lighting always enhances property values—its modest cost is returned many times over in increased income and enlarged valuations. Cases of record demonstrate that even as between two sides of the same business street, locations on the better-lighted side have a very much greater value.

Street lighting makes the thoroughfares safe for women and children—simplifies policing and decreases crime. It prevents costly and painful accidents. It contributes wonderfully to the satisfaction and protection of home owners.

Cities and towns which are well-lighted become known for their progressiveness. There can be no question but that a city which is lighted by modern methods is a better place in which to be and to live.

The question of cost, the single objection that is raised against a project for good street lighting, is an argument of ignorance. The cost of this permanent improvement is almost absurdly low.

The Illuminating Engineering Bureau of the Westinghouse Companies will gladly supply the figures and the facts to any good citizen who asks for them.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING COMPANY [Offices in all Principal Cities · Representatives Everywhere]

How To Keep Your Hair Beautiful

Without Beautiful, well-kept Hair You can never be Really Attractive

STUDY the pictures of these beautiful women and you will see just how much their hair has to do with their appearance.

Beautiful hair is not a matter of luck, it is simply a matter of care.

You, too, can have beautiful hair if you care for it properly. Beautiful hair depends almost entirely upon the care you give it.

Shampooing is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of free alkali which is common in ordinary soaps. The free alkali soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why leading motion picture stars and discriminating women use Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just

Follow This Simple Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Rub the Lather In Thoroughly

TWO or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

When you have done this, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly, using clear, fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified.

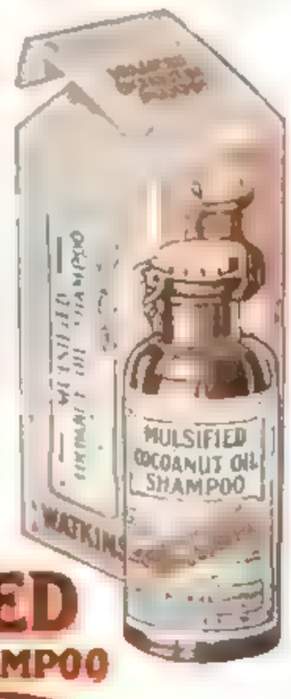
Two waters are usually sufficient for washing the hair; but sometimes the third is necessary. You can easily tell, for when the hair is perfectly clean it will be soft and silky in the water, the strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone in the water; and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch, and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water. When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, wring it as dry as you can; and finish by rubbing it with a towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then, give it a good brushing.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage, and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.



You can get Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months. Splendid for children.

WATKINS
MULSIFIED
COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

(Continued from Page 70)

But that was all explained away now. Lying there, with May's hands caressing me, I recanted, I was bottle-full of my original infatuation, I couldn't see any other woman in the world, nothing was too good for her, and there was nothing I wouldn't do for her, this side of dying without knowing how she felt about me in her heart of hearts. I half closed my eyes, and I had a strange, delightful vision of the world falling in ruins around us, that jigsaw tower crashing to the ground, everybody snuffed out but just the preoccupied two of us, everything to do over and nothing much to do it with.

"Hello, Eve!" I whispered.

I held a yellow blossom under her chin to see if she loved butter. It tickled her. She shuddered and bent her head, and her chin pinioned my hand there without half trying. Strange how these details come to mind

"You are getting stronger," she murmured.

You probably can't imagine how I could come fresh from that sinister conference with Maricopa and work this idyllic vein; but I could change moods in those days as easily as a scene shifter will shift scenery. I noted a brooding, beautiful upside-downness in that lovely face bending over me, and I was mysteriously heartened; but it's doubtful, of course, whether she herself was taking those giant leaps into the lavender hereafter along with me. A girl's mind doesn't seem to have the cruising radius of a man's, somehow. Had you noticed that? May hadn't an inkling of what was going on inside me, and it would probably have knocked her cold if she could have known—at the time.

When from sheer joy of living I gave my imitation of an Englishman in distress, she said: "You mustn't, really! It makes me feel as if I had a strange man's head in my lap. Bobolink, do you want me to think you are fully recovered?"

We *were* domestic. I subsided, promised to be good, lay back again in a kind of lazy swoon and formulated easy ways of getting out of my contract with Maricopa. Contemporaneously, I couldn't help noting May's little graces and touches that weren't obvious at a far view, like that little square collar of filet crochet, the fleck of powder on her neck, the clean smell of just a dab more of it somewhere, and the sway and twinkle of that little lavallière she wore slung round her neck on a chain of refined gold. She was still waiting for that necklace of raw nuggets.

She was deft. I felt certain pricklings in my throat, heart-swarmings, when she dovetailed her long fingers under my chin with a gentle massaging motion and murmured mischievously that a cheek as smooth as mine must be a delight.

"A delight!" I gasped.

"Well, from a barber's point of view," she added.

She had been friendly with a lady barber at one time, I ascertained. Had even—*mehercule*—at one time thought of taking up barbering, and had gone through some of the literature of the subject with a view to finding out whether red beards were stiffer than black, and kindred topics. She pitched me that old yarn about the ship's barber who always cut people when he shaved them ashore because he allowed for the motion of the ship, and my guffaw hadn't subsided when she was running on again, quoting her lady friend to the effect that what was truly abominated in the profession was a man's face that had fallen into hills and valleys.

"If I were to take it up I imagine I had rather shave three young men than one old one," she suggested delightfully, and I believed her.

"Dog-gone if I wouldn't like to see you in the rôle of Delilah!" I chuckled. "Maybe you are. I feel as weak as water, as it is."

I did too. I wasn't able even for a long while to lift my head out of her lap, and I lay there for a season, listening to the drop of water in a pool somewhere, and feeling the sun warm on my ankles.

May said absently: "You have two crowns to your head, do you know that? Do you know what that means?"

I grunted out a negative.

"It means that you will eat your bread in two kingdoms."

I was silent, not knowing what line to take, and she went on composedly: "Men have all the luck, don't they? A lot of girls would give anything for that dimple of yours, Bobolink McCarty."

I wasn't used to having my personal beauty brought into the conversation. At that time I didn't know that girl's trick of dwelling on a man's features and delighting in them one by one. She had reference to the dimple in my chin, I might as well say. I had always been afraid that it was a sign of degeneracy, but May admired it.

"It can be yours for the asking," I said idly.

And then without the least warning she dropped out ever so lightly: "Is that what you told that dark girl, I wonder, that you were dancing with at the pavilion?"

I sat up broad awake, and I saw what she had meant by saying I would eat my bread in two kingdoms. And wasn't it like May to introduce that momentous topic in just a casual word or two? It was accomplished in a breath, and it took me down ever so many pegs. So she had herself passed by and seen me rampant in the arms of that impassioned Spanish housewife! All the world had seen me!

Yes, but what she didn't know, what she couldn't have known, was the nature of the deadly barb, pointed with irony, that had prodded me in there. How could she feel otherwise than hurt, seeing only the superficial aspect of the thing?

I ought to have let her into the plot then and there. I know that now, and yet I didn't do it. Why not? Well, for one thing, I was burning mad to get her shipped out there where nobody except Jim Harper would have a better right to look after her than I had, and maybe he was already murdered. All I wanted was to wrap May round three or four times with those long, gawky arms of mine and tell her she need never look to anyone but me for her protection, and I was afraid she wouldn't see it my way if she knew how I stood committed towards Incarnación.

In any case, I didn't tell her the one thing that would have made all clear. I did think of a thousand tight-fitting reasons that might palliate that offense against good taste, if nothing more, but May wasn't asking for reasons. She was simply putting me in possession of her state of mind, and I felt as if she had thrown and gagged me.

"That? Oh, that was the wife of General Terrazas," I murmured.

May's light burst of mocking laughter was evidence to me that she didn't care whose wife Inky was. I couldn't accuse her of jealousy, of course, and I didn't accuse her; but she did convict me of a vagabonding fancy with one searching look.

"I was trying—I wanted to get a line on the general," I said, and I was conscious of an acceleration of the pulse. "You know, I am going down there into some gold fields adjoining him, and I wanted to find out where he stood."

There was quite a long silence; then something, half sigh, half yawn, from May. I read a dozen different meanings into that single small sound, but she said nothing, and I ultimately rolled over on one elbow and looked into her eyes. I saw something like dismay, something like terror there.

"You're leaving here?" she faltered.

"I've formed a partnership to hunt for gold," I said simply.

"And you are leaving right away, Bobolink?"

I put my hand on hers hard, and said in a tense whisper: "Do you think I don't know what we've both been thinking of all this time? He wasn't here. He abandoned you, left you here on the threshold of the desert without a word, without a syllable—isn't it the truth?"

"You mustn't misjudge him," May countered rapidly. "It's true he isn't here, but he did leave a note for me in Mr. Swasey's hands."

"A note!" I said bitterly. "You come two thousand miles, and there's a slip of paper waiting for you. Is that your conception of the manly thing to do? Didn't you have a right to expect a little more than that, in just common decency?"

The stormy petrel was abroad in those clouded eyes. I had been on the point of asking what was in the note, in my capacity of lord protector and champion of married and nearly married women; but after all I didn't. I pitched my next remarks in a new key altogether. I begged her pardon for my insinuations. I said that Jim undoubtedly knew his own business best, and that only some extraordinary emergency, explained in his note, could have detained him from her arms.

"In fact," I said, "I have just a whisper of info to the effect that he is being held somewhere for his knowledge. So much you may know yourself; but I wonder if you know that Swasey, his employer, is implicated."

"Swasey!" she breathed.

That dark lovely head was close to mine, the blue eyes horror-struck. It was evident that all my stuff was new to her. She confessed to me that that man gave her the creeps, and that he had told her to make herself ready in the morning for a long journey into the mountains, where Jim would be waiting for her.

"I didn't trust him," she whispered, "but what to do I didn't know."

"Then come with me," I said all in a rush.

Jove, youth is a wonderful time, isn't it? There's nothing like its recuperative power. May and I fanned it all out together. I said nothing of my having taken service under Maricopa, but I did say on his authority that Swasey was a broken reed, if not, indeed, a fading flower, and that, in short, he meditated something vile; and she believed me, and agreed to go down to the Sprowls' under my protection.

"Oh, Bobolink," she said; "when I found Jim wasn't here, and that all your worst fears were verified, didn't I thank my lucky stars you were in the neighborhood? Not that you'll ever have to complain that I'm the clinging-vine type; but don't you find yourself that the farther away from home you are the more little things will upset you?"

She gave me a grateful look, and a warm wave picked me up and carried me along on its crest. I was fairly quaking to think that she had yielded to my judgment. With all her sane woman's self-possession, in this crisis she had leaned on me and taken my interpretation of the facts for gospel. I couldn't ever forget that, not even in the dark days to come.

"You will probably never know how close you came to being spirited away by that man Swasey," I said. And her only reply was: "I'm pretty substantial. It would take the right man to spirit me away."

She was right on her toes by then, and stretched out those fair arms of hers impulsively to the winds, to the desert. The right man!

She gave me a brave, steady look, and said there was one last subject that would have to come up for consideration—finances. Her money had come to an end. I answered in a deep voice that that was all right. I could negotiate the eats for two. I was gruff.

She just gave out a little smothered sound and threw her arms square around me and whispered: "Why, you perfect peach! Did you think I would refuse your help? I haven't a spark of your ridiculous pride."

Her cheek was hard into mine for just that sisterly second. All her releases were like that—out of a clear sky, catapultic—and if at times we seem inordinately intimate you have to remember that the circumstances of our acquaintanceship had all been novel and special. We had seen each other under different lights and in times of stress, and I don't doubt either could have painted a full-length portrait of the other by this time. It may look to you as if May was the aggressor in some of these passages, and yet I swear she never made a move or lisped a syllable that wasn't the quintessence of sweet impulsive young womanhood. As far as lugging in the love stuff goes, she never thought of me in that way—never. Why, at the very last, when I was telling her where and when to board that Australian's stage and giving her the money to do it with—I paid her back in her own coin for once—she said shyly: "If worse comes to worst, I can start an agency out here, and I'll bet I could build up a business too," just the way one partner will make a suggestion to another when both are on the bones.

That doesn't sound like the speech of an enamored girl, does it?

x

OLD King Knute gave a hearty yodel when I told him I was with him. "We'll drop down on a body of ore like a hawk on a chicken," he assured me.

He expected to get orders to move any time now, because if the assessment work wasn't done on this Sprowl estate there was nothing to prevent claim jumpers from jumping some of those million-dollar claims. He gave me a lecture in geology and a dollar to get food and strength, and off I went. I didn't mention my arrangement with

(Continued on Page 76)

Bero
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HATS FOR YOUNG MEN

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THE most particular man will wear a Berg Hat a long time before he stows it away with his fishin' outfit. This is because Berg style is built-in. The Sta-Shape* Brim "retains the style-lines longer" just as a well-tailored suit retains the "drape."

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Notable Brunswick Records

(November Release)

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Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming (Foster) Tenor *Theo. Karle and Criterion Male Trio*

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2134 10-in 85c — *In My Tippy Canoe* (Fisher) Contralto and Tenor *Emily Earle and James Craven*

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It Must Be Someone Like You (Frost-Straight-Bargy) Tenor *Billy Jones*

2136 10-in 85c — *I'm Looking For a Blue Bird* (Merill-Rich) Tenor *Al Bernard and Carl Fenton's Orchestra*

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Note: New Brunswick Records are on advance sale at all Brunswick dealers' on the 16th of each month in the East, and in Denver and the West on the 20th

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B R U

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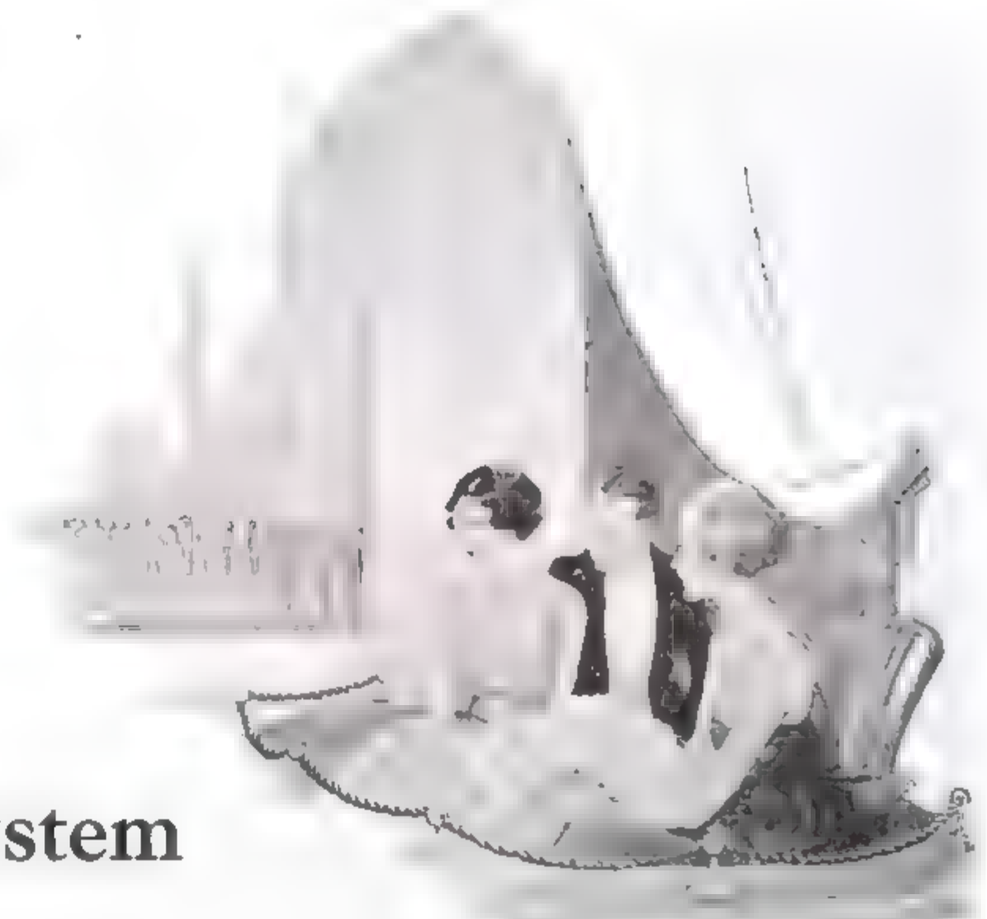
18, *Mother,*

Will she have the broader understanding of musical art which society expects of a cultured person?



The "Learning by Listening" System

Adopted by foremost educators

European educators are prone to comment upon the "woeful neglect of American parents in failing to bring their children to a proper appreciation of good music."

They say the average Italian child of 6 has a broader understanding of musical art than an American High School graduate. And our own educators agree.

But they explain that children of the music-loving nations of Europe *live* with good music, while American children, as a rule, do not.

They point out the truism that "children believe what they hear"—especialy in the home. And they say that living with *poor* music makes a child *believe* it *good*. But that living with and hearing nothing but *good* music invariably leads to "that broader understanding of musical art which is associated with cultured people the world over."

Hence the use of phonographic music, as an educational factor in the home, is now being widely advocated. A system of *learning by listening*.

But true tones and correct interpretations are imperative

At the same time, all urge greatest caution that the phonographic music used for that purpose achieve *true tones* and *correct interpretations*. For they say there is grave danger of spoiling a child's "ear" for music by false tones—that the instrument must provide *true* reproductions, and the records *correct* interpretations.

For that reason we, from a purely commercial standpoint, as makers of Phonographs and Records, publish this article. For greatest musicians, critics and educators, both in Europe and America, have chosen The Brunswick *for their own homes*. A condition which speaks for itself

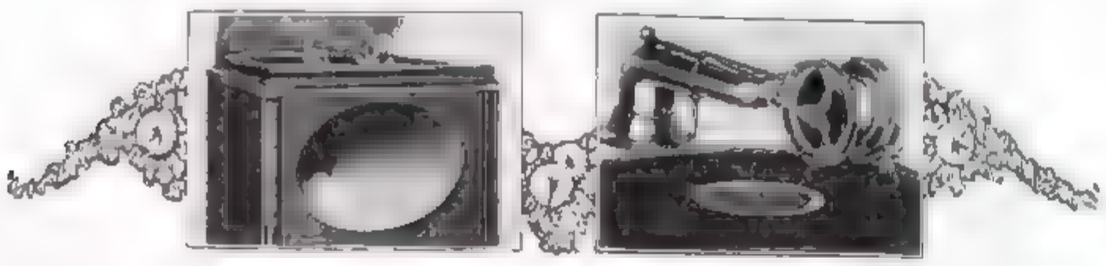
Exclusive methods the reason

Due to *exclusive* methods of Reproduction and of Interpretation, Brunswick achieves perfect rendition of the so-called "difficult" tones—the piano, the harp, the human voice; attaining even soprano High "C" without "metallic" intrusion, "chatter" or vibration. *Methods which apply to no other phonograph or records.*

The Brunswick Method of Reproduction is *exclusively* Brunswick. The Brunswick Method of Interpretation, in producing records, has not been successfully imitated.

For a demonstration, at which you will not be urged to buy, call on your nearest Brunswick dealer. The Brunswick Phonograph plays all makes of records. And Brunswick records can be played on any phonograph. Hear, compare—then judge for yourself.

The Exclusive Brunswick Method of Reproduction



The Oval Tone Amplifier

Made entirely of seasoned wood, like a fine old violin — no metal. Rounded at the "throat" like the human throat, expands into an oval like the mouth, and is responsible for the famous Brunswick Tone. Does away with "metallic" sounds.

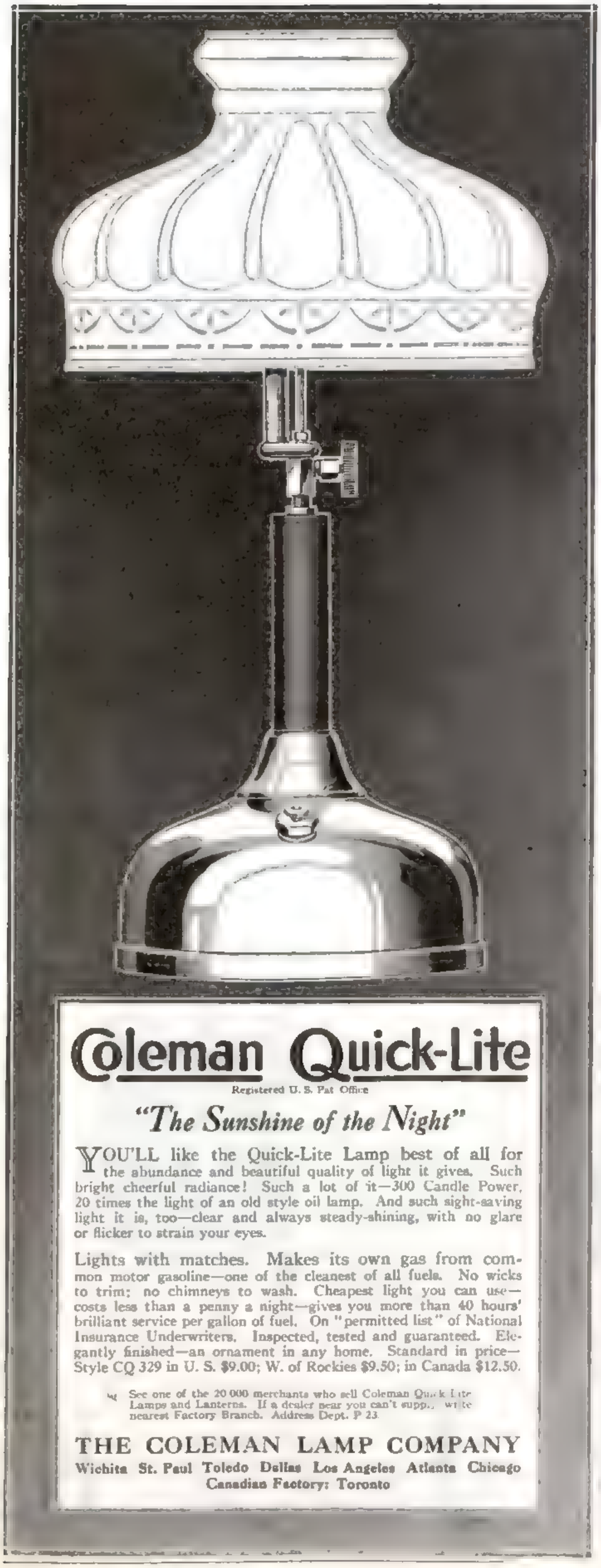
The Ultona

Plays all makes of records at a turn of the hand. Not an "attachment," but a part of The Brunswick. Cushions the path of the needle by proper suspension. Hence, sweeter tones, a surprising modification of all "surface" noises, and longer lasting records.

BRUNSWICK

AND

RECORDS


Coleman Quick-Lite
Registered U. S. Pat. Office
"The Sunshine of the Night"
YOU'LL like the Quick-Lite Lamp best of all for the abundance and beautiful quality of light it gives. Such bright cheerful radiance! Such a lot of it—300 Candle Power, 20 times the light of an old style oil lamp. And such sight-saving light it is, too—clear and always steady-shining, with no glare or flicker to strain your eyes.
Lights with matches. Makes its own gas from common motor gasoline—one of the cleanest of all fuels. No wicks to trim; no chimneys to wash. Cheapest light you can use—costs less than a penny a night—gives you more than 40 hours' brilliant service per gallon of fuel. On "permitted list" of National Insurance Underwriters. Inspected, tested and guaranteed. Elegantly finished—an ornament in any home. Standard in price—Style CQ 329 in U. S. $9.00; W. of Rockies $9.50; in Canada $12.50.
See one of the 20 000 merchants who sell Coleman Quick-Lite Lamps and Lanterns. If a dealer near you can't supply, write nearest Factory Branch. Address Dept. P 23.
THE COLEMAN LAMP COMPANY
Wichita St. Paul Toledo Dallas Los Angeles Atlanta Chicago
Canadian Factory: Toronto

(Continued from Page 73)

Maricopa, of course, and I said nothing of my suspicions of Swasey.

I felt myself filling out like a toy balloon. Had I thought that town was hostile? It fairly snuggled up against me, man. I sauntered into a bar and had an oyster cocktail, and out again with a cigar in my teeth and oceans of confidence in my stride.

And right then, who should I see coming down a little laneway but Sydney Hecker! Poor old Syd! I had completely forgotten him in the rush of new events. He looked pale as ashes too; all cramped over, and I didn't need to be told to know that he had failed to get that indoor job he had been angling for. He hadn't turned up even the ghost of a job as it happened, and he looked apologetic, sheepish.

"How's tricks?" I said.

He moistened his lips and told me he was a sick man, shattered, suffering from some sort of nervous affliction. And to make matters worse, there wasn't a soul anywhere within two thousand miles who would turn a hair or even drop a tear if Syd was to drop down in his tracks and never move again. In point of fact, I could follow that psychology of his in the dark, because I had been a victim of it myself, but I wouldn't let him think so.

"It will all be the same a hundred years from now," I said to comfort him.

"Can't you help me?" he whimpered. "All I ask is three squares and a roof over my head and a chance to earn an honest dollar."

"How about a mattress for the thigh bones?" I jeered.

He pleaded with me not to joke, and, in fact, the total absence of three squares is no joking matter. Syd was beginning to see elements of vitality in the perfunctory business of coming in and drawing up a chair three times a day. There are odd corners here and there about the planet where anything like that takes doing, and he had settled into one of them. But still I could see his morality standing up there stark, like a chimney out of the ruin of a good house.

I certainly felt picaresquish, looming over him there, with prosperity lining those clouds of smoke I sent tumbling in his direction. He never once asked how it had fared with me either. I suppose he took it for granted that I had held up the stage. I narrowed my eyes and chewed the end of that cigar and asked him how he would like to come with me on a little gold-digging party. I felt man-size all through this conversation.

Syd hesitated and said, "Is it legal?" in a husky whisper.

He was goggle-eyed. You see? He was afraid of associating himself with a cutthroat like me, and I actually felt complimented by those fears of his too. I told him contemptuously that it was legal as breathing. Think of it, though! Think of a man on the brink of starvation hanging back from food and raiment out of consideration for the law, taken in the abstract!

"Don't jump at this," I said. "Take plenty of time to consider. But remember that one good investment beats a lifetime of toil."

"I know where you filched that sentiment," Syd said morosely, "and I don't mind telling you that it's vicious through and through."

"Vicious? Yes, that may all be; but still it has a pleasant ring, hey? Put it another way, and say that one stroke of the pick may mean a lifetime of wealth. Put it any way you want to. I'm not sure you can have the job, anyway. I'll have to see my partner first. He is particular who he hooks up with, and you can't blame him in a country like this, where there's a centipede under every other pebble."

Syd said in a dragged-out voice: "I wish you would ask him, please. I suppose beggars can't be choosers."

"Which side of the house do you get that rosy way of looking at things from?" I asked him. "Anyway, come and eat something."

When I left him there pitching into a T-bone at the Jap restaurant I went away all in a glow over those coals of fire I had left heaped upon his head. I told Tawgy that I had found him a good man at a dollar a day and found.

"He's reliable, is he?" Clint inquired.

Syd, I said, was afraid of retribution in so many forms that it wasn't likely he would try to pull anything crude. Tawgy replied that the mere fact that he was a friend of mine was recommendation enough. Lucky thing for him he didn't know about the degeneracy implied in that dimple of mine—what?

I haven't said much as yet about the Canyon of the Fools, but I suppose you can see from the very start of this yarn that that would be the place I would fetch up in ultimately. *La Cañada de los Tontos*. Who were the fools and what was their folly? History doesn't say, but those old passions had burned out long before May and I had eyes on the scenes of their enactment. The canyon remained, though, winding sluggishly among the interlacing spurs of foothills, and having its source at the summit of the great mountain itself. Triangle Mountain, it was called, on our map of that country. At its apex the stone had worn into a mighty descending series of pipes or columns, and was called the Organ. At times, they told us, when the wind was running in the canyon, the Organ seemed to mutter certain deep tones of a natural symphony, a kind of devil's music in the ears of those men toiling there. They were visionaries, those fellows. In each heart was a vision of a glowing marriage with the jade Fortune, dragged on her knees there before that stone altar in the shadow of the Organ. Yes, sir, it only wanted one shattering stroke of the pick to give men back the singing hills of the Psalmist.

And because they anticipated that moment, they dreamed gigantic dreams of millions of dollars, they dreamed of sacks of free gold and deep-seated lodes of copper. These glory holes were lying there in Nature's everlasting strong box. And at bottom they never forgot that they were rivals for the hand of Fortune, either. They harbored suspicion against one another. They were always seeking some verification of the rumors of treachery that were continually running between the gray walls of the canyon. They were poor men, nearly all of them. Chance had brought them here, and by the powers, the seductions of chance held them chained here. They had come, bringing wives, many of them. Some of these wives had died, some had deserted. They usually went away with men whose interest in gold was restricted to the minted sort. Some had stayed, and these had become terrible shrews. But can you wonder at that? The wilderness, which makes seers of men, makes overseers of their wives.

They all had enormous claims, it may be said. Following the custom, they had erected cairns, monuments, to show where these claims began and where they ended. They nailed tomato cans bottom up to poles, and into these cans they thrust scraps of paper, which in the course of years grew crisp and yellow, and these scraps contained detailed descriptions of claims: "Commencing at a young black-oak tree 400 feet northerly of an old cross cut, or drift, in the ravine, thence southeasterly 1500 feet to a black oak on the north side of Turnback Creek, and having this notice in duplicate ——"

That sort of thing. The young black oak would grow up and grow old and weazened and queer the description before those tenacious beings would abandon the hope that had charmed and chained them there. The claims were made big to avoid the chance that some bet might have been overlooked.

These were patents, and it is in the nature of a patent to claim everything in sight. In a fine net all fish are caught, and you can always throw back the little ones.

But, don't you see, the very extensiveness of these claims operated against the claimants. To hold them they were forced to work them, and nine times out of ten they bit off more than they could chew. They put a dozen or a score or a hundred profitless holes in the ground so as to make sure of extracting ore from the one hundred and first hole. Because, thank fortune, there was always the moral certainty that in the next hole, or the next but one surely, they would stumble into gold—a pocket, a seam, a kidney, a glory hole—lying there in such awful profusion that a man might shovel a fortune into sacks between dawn and dark. Yes, sir, shovel it in like so much powdered sugar, as old Dan Sprowl had done on that historic occasion which had brought wealth and the secret germ of fatal ruin with it at one and the same time.

Every night they would sit there with that hot desert wind fanning their ears, and call to mind men, situated like themselves, who had dropped down on a body of ore with one shot—half a million, a million,

(Continued on Page 79)

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

Copyright 1921 by
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

Why, Man—

You'll slip a real wedge into the jimmy pipe game when you turkey-trot with P. A.!

Prince Albert awaits your cheery howdy-do wherever tobacco is sold. Toppy red bags, tidy red tins, handsome pound and half pound tin humidors—and—that clever, practical pound crystal glass humidor with sponge-moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such perfect condition!

Something wonderful the way smoke-sessions open-up—and finish—with Prince Albert! Just a joy'us jamboree from the first card to the show-down-call; just the kind of smokings that poets-put-into-poems; yes, sir, the brand of sport that spells R-e-g-u-l-a-R with a capital R on both ends!

You've got the high-card-hand with Prince Albert for a partner! You bet you'll stand pat-with-your-pipe when you get P. A.'s refreshing flavor purring to your smokesection; when the listen of P. A.'s coolness starts registering; when you realize P. A. can't bite or parch because both are cut out by our exclusive patented process!

Stop walking around your lolling-chair to kid-up your smoke-luck! You butt into the pipe game with a fresh deck and a fresh deal! That's the speed! And, go to it like the night's young—for, with Prince Albert you're playing a winning-smoke-streak that'll make you so jimmy pipe joy'us you'll put in a kick for day-light saving all winter long just to pass yourself some extra P. A. puffing!

Talk about snapping-the-spark to your smoke appetite! GEE—if you'd realize what Prince Albert has on tap you'd never stop going till you clamped your fist on a supply!

P. A. is such a pippin-of-a-pal! ! !

Everymeal-Everyday

Sunshine Biscuits

Sunshine Krispy Crackers with Oysters

With Every Course

How many edibles do you know that can logically be served with *every* course of your dinner?

Sunshine Krispy Crackers are among the very few that can remain on the table throughout the entire meal. You will find that they go quite properly with soup, meat or dessert. They are dainty, square, slightly salted; crisp and tempting enough to be a most welcome adjunct to any meal.

These crackers are but one variety of the many delicious Sunshine Biscuits. Learn how appetizing and delightful Sunshine Biscuits are by ordering a supply from your grocer today.

LOOSE-WILES BISCUIT COMPANY

Bakers of Sunshine Biscuits *Branches in Over 100 Cities*

We have prepared a Fairy Tale Book of Rhymes, handsomely illustrated. To partly cover cost of preparation and mailing, send 5c in coin (no stamps accepted) to this Company, Dept. M, 815 Commerce Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

From the Thousand Window Bakeries

Sunshine Krispy Crackers can be bought in individual packages and in bulk.

In a few Eastern States ask for Sunshine Saltines if Sunshine Krispy Crackers are not available.

(Continued from Page 76)

ten millions. Doesn't it seem as if the imagination warms and expands as that word "million" is repeated?

Other men had done it. There you were! Sometimes in a moment of utter discouragement, sometimes with their last shot, with their last stick of dynamite blown down the breast of a drift, and creeping in found themselves in a glittering chamber of jagged gold.

With the last shot! The stimulation of that thought is immense and undying. I know, because I have felt it myself, by Jupiter! I have felt it galvanize my weary body into renewed life at times when I have been ready to pitch forward on my face with the next step. There is a cord that stretches ever tighter in your heart that vibrates to that suggestion only—the Midas touch.

I remember having an intimation of riches in the very core of my being on that late afternoon when we first drew near the Sprowl estate. The world was darkening. A filmy vapor seemed to steal out of the baked earth, but still the great mountain on our left stood in a sharp and clear light. The Organ itself was half buried in massy silver clouds, bearing a dazzling sheen on their under parts. From somewhere high up at the lower edge of that black belt of pines I caught a fierce silver flash from a roof of corrugated iron.

Yim, the burro, plodded ahead of us in a dry wash, a winding river of sand; and a wise expression was depicted on his benign countenance. He certainly recognized the fatuity of human endeavor, without in any way being able to put a stop to it. A symbol of all the sorrowful oppression in this world, he was so constituted that he would never give voice to it.

In places the spiny flanks of these foothills were torn, as if gored by some wild bull. I saw where huge holes had been bored into them, and these holes stared like eye sockets in a skull.

"That looks like galena ore," Clint whispered to me once.

We left Syd standing by Yim, and walked into one of those lateral tunnels, a rugged, much dynamited arch of stone. As soon as Clint touched a match to a twist of paper he had in his pocket, a tribe of long-legged, translucent spiders began to crawl in every direction. Clint never saw them. He had eyes for nothing but the rock itself, and I could see spurs of malignant silver light struck from that.

Old King Knute's eyes bulged in his head. He picked at the sides of the tunnel with his nails, and suddenly dropped the improvised torch with an oath. He had forgotten its existence until the flame reached his fingers.

I heard his rapturous disembodied voice murmuring "Beautiful! Beautiful!" close in my ear, and I felt perspiration rilling down my back. We groped our way out. Sydney was mooning there, stroking the burro. Yim's ears were pointed forward, his tail hung inert, and he supported without a quiver, without question and without eagerness all those boxes Clint had piled on top of him.

And, do you know, I felt actually sorry for that animal because it couldn't in the slightest degree partake of my transport. It knew nothing of the hope that was a living flame in my bosom, and by that time I really was in a yellow delirium, I assure you. I could only agree with Clint that it was a glorious thing to be a man, subject to such radiant hopes.

My partner stroked the ears of the burro with those ecstatic finger ends of his, and whispered, "We are rich men, Yim," and poked it with a little green stick he was carrying. And Yim wasn't put out of his stride one jot by that intelligence. He applied himself single-mindedly as before to picking up and setting down his hoofs. They fell in the wash one after another in a comic rhythm which suggested mute application to a mysterious task by a serious and noble-minded captive.

Wonderful, wonderful to be swinging along like that, in the full glow of health, fortune all but in your grasp, luck in your very marrow, and the one woman in the world drawing nearer all the time! With every step I felt a delicious flaming impatience in my heels. I called up May's face out of some lustrous nowhere, and I scorned the lassitude of my imagination because it couldn't paint those charming lineaments in all their glorious detail on the inside of my eyelids. I knew well enough that I should give a start of surprise that she should be so beautiful, so unexpected, when we met again. I had a thousand and one questions I wanted to ask her too. I forged on, devising subtle ways for her to put me to the proof, and Maricopa was no more than a midge on the horizon, the cloud no bigger than a man's hand. I felt that I had escaped the clutch of that infernal bargain simply by burying myself here in the desert.

I can catch that scene now by just closing my eyes; those empty reaches, and those remote hills like the heaving of a distant ocean colored by sunset. The atmosphere was lucid, too, and the edge of the water tank above the Pandora claim gave out a lingering shaft of violet light such as might have been struck from the girdle of a diamond of the first water.

"There's the joint," Clint whispered. "That's Polhill's claim. I would give a good deal to know what's at the bottom of it. Does it look to you as if they were working it?"

It didn't. It looked the picture of abandonment, I'm bound to say. Cows were drifting down to drink there. Those red and black hides were sleek and clearly defined against masses of shale and quartz. I could see the sun sparkling on the polished horns of a black bull which was standing still and letting those sulky young steers with their sneering noses idle past him.

These details come before me now because they were etched into my brain by being contemporaneous with my first glimpse of Incarnación in that canyon. She was standing in the doorway to that ruin of a miners' hotel, the Empire. I looked everywhere except into the eyes of that Spanish siren, as we drew near, and I had to look there, too, finally, of course. It seemed to me that I saw welcome, hope, vivid equivocal lights streaming from those brilliant eyes under their beautifully penciled brows. Her hair, flaring out around those olive cheeks, gave her a wolfish, wild, blooded look, too, that was attractive and different, somehow, and I thought right away of that dictum of Meredith's that woman will be the last thing civilized by man.

I believed him, and I understood better, after that mysterious inciting eye clash, what the books mean by calling certain women splendid animals. I don't make any bones of saying that Incarnación Terrazas was a splendid animal. Yes, be her faults and virtues what they may, she certainly was well compacted.

I know I was deeply affected by the striking picture she made standing in that doorway. I was even inclined to overhaul the terms of that contract again. I wasn't so plaguey sure I wanted to abandon it; and when I turned away, that picture wabbled on my retina just as the image of the sun will when you have glared at it too long.

I took in good part that compromising flash from those black eyes, it may be stated, but I didn't return it. Time enough to be getting forward with what was expected of me in that quarter. We didn't exchange a syllable, and yet surely there was a voiceless understanding in the air, a streaming tentacle, a silver bond tenuous as the spider's thread and yet strong as death. The wall back of her was split and faulted, and rising beyond it was the solid blue cheek of the big mountain itself. I suppose the elevation and the high visibility of that strangely figured crown may have tended to raise and exalt the mind, as if a glimpse had been got into a distant kingdom never to be trod by mortals. And, by Jove, for one melting, soaring moment I fancied myself seated on a throne there, impregnable and immortal, with that supple Spanish jade by my side! And May not a biscuit's toss away too. What a rogue I was in those days where women were concerned!

Like individual notes in some sweet symphony, they seemed to gather half their meaning from those that came before and those that followed after.

"Where have I seen that woman in the past?" Syd muttered.

I hazarded a guess that it had been in his dreams of the ideal, but he shook his head solemnly.

"She's too much woman altogether," he asseverated, and later—oh, a good deal later—I remembered that in Sydney's favor.

Yes, he had struck the nail on the head that time, and he was due to. Even a stopped clock is right twice a day.

At the time, though, I scarcely heard him. I walked on in a dream, and didn't come to myself until we were within easy hail of the Sprowl compound. Then, when I felt a nervous grip on my elbow, I wheeled round in a panic. I thought, as much as could be, it was Maricopa insinuating that the time had come for me to go on with my part of that unnatural contract. I certainly felt as if I had sold myself to the devil, and I don't doubt I showed it in my face.

It was only Syd, in point of fact. He said in agonized tones, "Why didn't you tell me that she was to be here?" and pointed through the wires of the compound at May, who was revealed taking a playful lesson from that lean Australian in the art of throwing a lariat.

"Would it have made any difference in your coming or not coming?" I inquired.

He groaned out: "How can you ask? I want nothing better than to flee her now. You have known all along that she was here, haven't you? I believe you have inveigled her down here for purposes of your own. I have felt from the start that there was something fishy in this business."

I put on a knowing leer and simply inquired of him, "How did you Sherlock that?"

I seemed to be always showing my worst side to Sydney, and there was a fatality in that, too, as it turned out.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"Preëminently Satisfactory"

PARKER DUOFOLD Fountain Pen

Price $7.00
(Including Gold Plated Clip)

Brand New!
Red Brown Barrel
Black Nozzle
Black Safety Cap

IS the finest fountain pen and the best writing service in the world worth a small fraction of a cent a week to you?

IF so, you can afford the patrician of all fountain pens—the PARKER DUOFOLD—*warranted for 1300 weeks.*

THIS pen identifies its owner—just as does the Packard, Cadillac or Pierce-Arrow in the automobile field. The man who uses a PARKER DUOFOLD knows he has the finest fountain pen human skill has yet devised.

WRITES on rough paper, smooth paper, any paper—never misses a mark—holds a lot of ink. Like other Parkers it inks the point—not the fingers.

ITS beauty is striking—just the kind of pen you would expect a business man to carry. We want you to see it. If your dealer hasn't this new pen as yet, write us and we'll see that you are able to inspect one. If you will mention your dealer's name, we will send him a selection of them for you.

The Parker Pen Company
Janesville (77) Wis.
New York Chicago
Spokane San Francisco

PARKER
LUCKY CURVE
SAFETY-SEALED
Fountain Pens

MODEL NO. A-60

Barbara Brown

—a Brown bilt Shoe

A NOTED fashion authority says that dainty shoes are as important as charming gowns to enhance a woman's natural grace and beauty.

Barbara Brown — the Brown bilt Shoes for Women—are dainty in design, faultless in fit, modest in price, and superior in quality.

Made of exquisitely finished leathers, in the most fashionable shades, Barbara Brown Shoes are such notable examples of artistic craftsmanship that they command the admiration of all who see them, and excite the envy of those who fail to possess them.

Genuine Goodyear Welt construction gives added wear to Barbara Brown Shoes; their glossified insoles save wear on hosiery, and prevent burning, aching feet.

They retail at $8.00, $10.00 and $12.00 the pair.

Brown bilt

MODEL NO. B-79

Burton Brown

—a Brown bilt Shoe

BURTON BROWN—the Brown bilt Shoes for Men—have won their merited position because the various fashionable models are especially designed to give solid comfort.

While excelling in comfort, Burton Brown Shoes maintain a rarely equaled standard of shoemaking and a distinctiveness of style that will please the most exacting taste.

Burton Brown Shoes are ease-giving, eye-satisfying, money-saving—the kind you can wear with both pride and pleasure. They have genuine Goodyear Welt construction, with oak-tanned soles and Wingfoot rubber heels, and are built for endurance.

Made in low and high cut models, in all sizes and widths, they are sold in good stores everywhere at $8.00, $10.00 and $12.00 the pair.

Buster Brown presents two additional members of the Brown bilt Family

Shoes

COURAGE is necessary in shoemaking. It requires courage to build shoes to a known standard of excellence, rather than to meet a popular price. This shoemaking courage has made literally millions of friends for Buster Brown Shoes.

Today, Buster Brown—the Brown bilt Shoes for Boys and for Girls—are worn by more children than wear any other make of Goodyear Welt shoes—due to the distinctive features of the Brown Shaping Lasts, which keep the growing feet strong and sturdy and prevent future foot troubles.

Good stores everywhere sell Buster Brown Shoes at $4.00, $5.00, $6.00 and up, according to size and model.

Brown bilt Shoes for Men, for Women, for Boys and for Girls, are manufactured exclusively by Brown Shoe Company, St. Louis, U. S. A.

Note the heel-seat on this Brown Shaping Last, which gives proper support for weak ankles

MODEL NO. K-371
BUSTER BROWN
—A BROWN bilt SHOE

A New Way to Apply Warmth

Safe—Constant—Regulated

GLO-PAX now enters the field of household electric appliances as the logical successor of the hot water bottle—and in every way it surpasses its predecessor.

First, because it provides a steady, continuous glowing warmth, regulated by a unique switch to any desired heat degree. And it is instantly available when needed—its soothing, quieting, radiant heat ready, day or night, at the turn of a switch.

Glo-Pax—successor to the hot water bottle—is made of aluminum, is very light and is shaped for comfortable use on any part of the body. The heat comes from a small electric light bulb so placed inside that the glowing warmth radiates evenly to all surfaces. There is nothing to get out of order and it cannot become over-heated and burn the hands or body. The current cost is negligible.

When used without the fleece cover, the perforations in the face of the holder allow the radiant heat of Glo-Pax to penetrate deep below the skin surface, stimulating circulation and relieving congestion. Glo-Pax is equally serviceable for home or hospital use.

Get a Glo-Pax in your house now. You never can tell when you may need it. At drug, electric, hardware, department and cutlery stores everywhere. The price complete with 10 ft. cord, regulating switch and bulb is only $7.50. Lasts a lifetime—nothing to wear out but the cord and bulb, which will last for years and can be replaced for a few cents.

A Christmas thought: Glo-Pax makes an ideal Gift

Dept. A, Glo-Pax Division,
Twinplex Sales Company
(Manufacturers of Twinplex Stropper)
1627 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.
212 Fulton St., New York
591 St. Catherine St., Montreal

Side view. Thin, light, comfortable to use on any part of the body.

Slip Glo-Pax between the cold sheets—'twill quickly warm them. And the safe, steady heat will continue as long as you desire.

Glo-Pax brings quick relief from the throbbing earache and other childhood pains. The glowing warmth is safe, steady and continuous.

Illustrated booklet on Glo Pax and its many uses sent free on request.

Glo-Pax attaching plug fits any floor, wall or lamp socket.

Glo-Pax regulating switch —3 changes, high, medium, low and off—works in the dark. Operates on any lighting circuit.

The Poets' Corner

Indian Summer

I HAVE climbed the Meije in winter and have never thought of home;
I have followed Spring's green footprints up the valley of the Rhone;
I have loved July at Fano and October on the Rhine—
But there's Indian Summer only in the only land that's mine!

Comes the bracing air at dawning, keen forerunner of the frost;
Come the morning intimations that the flower hour is lost;
Then—the blue of skies Aprilian; then—the languor of mid-June;
And there's summer—Indian Summer—all the lazy afternoon.

Apple-warming sunshine mellow, filtered through the singing trees;
Brown of garnered fields turned yellow to the droning of the bees;
August recollections warning of the snow that's none too near;
It's the seasons' coronation, the enthronement of the year.

No man's else but ours that pageant; it is native; it's our own,
Part and parcel of our fathers, flesh of our flesh, bone of bone;
What is best-ahead foregathered, what is best-that's-gone revives—
And there's always Indian Summer in the autumn of our lives!

—*Reginald Wright Kauffman.*

De Little Mawkin' Bird

BULL bats flyin' whar de evenin' sun am low;
Redbird singin' like de mawnin' at de do';
Screech owl holler like a ha'nt had crossed de road;
Black snake slippin' whar he saw a sleepy toad;
But de mawkin' bird is actin' like a frog was in his th'oat;
He settin' mighty quiet an' he singin' nary note.

But w'en de house am quiet an' de chillern all in baid,
An' de moon in silver slippers is a-dancin' overhaid,
W'en I gits muh li'l' banjo and Malindy gits her chair,
With de creakin' o' de rockers helpin' out de music dere—
Memphis Blues, Muh Honey, Sweet Mamma—'tain't no mis'
Dat screech owl gone a-whizzin' like somepin' close behin';
Redbird hid till daylight—but in de cedah tree
Dat mawkin' bird is bustin'—clean bustin' mad at me.

Like he say: "Heah, niggah, dat de bes' 'at yo' can show?
I got a li'l' orchestry will knock de pins from yo'."
An' he tunes his li'l' fiddle with a kindah solemn note,
An' he ruffle up his feathers and stretch his li'l' th'oat,
An' den he pour de music out! I lays muh banjo down;
I lays it mighty sof'like, not makin' of a soun'.
De katydids is chirrupin'; I hits de ellum tree
An' stops dey sassy racket, de mawkin' bird fo' me!

No bigger 'an a minute, his breas' all brown an' w'ite,
Yo' call him kindah common w'en yo' see him in de light;
But wait till dark is on yo' an' ever'thing is still
'Cept ole black houn' a-bayin' beyon' de Hobbses' hill;
An' de win' has cu'yous whispers like ha'nts was at yo' do',
An' cu'yous shadows trailin' all on de cabin flo';
Den yo' heah him singin' so cl'ar an' sweet an' high,
No wonder 'at de Lady Moon go dancin' down de sky;
No wonder 'at she's steppin' high an' feelin' light an' gay,
An' lose dem silver slippers right in de Milky Way!
Fo' de way he spills dat music is a way yo've nevah heard
Unless yo've set an' listened to de li'l' mawkin' bird!

Bull bat can whistle an' de whippo'will can call;
Redbird can court me—'tain't no use a-tall,
Dere's a fellah got me goin', oh, muh honey! an' it's him,
Settin' all so quiet on dedopmost cedah limb!
De screech owl can holler at de ha'nt across de road,
An' wrastle, Mister Black Snake, with yo' same ole sleepy load;
I'se a-waitin' fo' de sundown an' de serenade to start,
With de mawkin' bird a-singin' fit to bust his li'l' heart!

—*Mary Lanier Magruder.*

My Loves

I LOVE. But my dearest loves are not
Aware of me.
I love a tree
Swaying against a sunset pale as faded roses,
With branches quivering
Like pointed fingers,
Sunburnt and strong,
To where a long
Cloud lingers
And daylight closes.

I love a star that opens wholly
At dusk, like a young lily lifting
In some still, shadowed pool
Tinged with the cool
Green sense of dawn, and drifting
Upon white silences.

I love the hour
When love commences,
And the strange power
Of little things.

I love blue shadows laid
Like curling plumes on snow;
And icicles—clear shafts of jade—
And dreams that a thrush flings
Against cold stars.

I love wild streams that flow
Eternally in quiet places,
Tumbling, like silk spilt out and laces
Torn and shimmering. And I love low,
Trembling branches, eager and young,
That touch my cheek
And only speak
In whispers. I love songs sung
And half forgotten—melodies that break
Unending through us, and that make
The tunes our hearts beat time to.

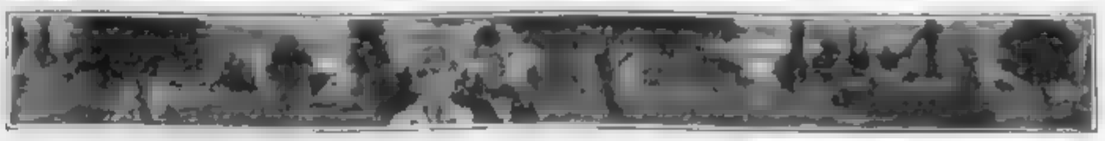
I love each day
More than the last,
What is I love, and what is past—
What will be—even death—
The swirling, unrestrained breath
Of God, that sweeps a world and me
To a hidden destiny.

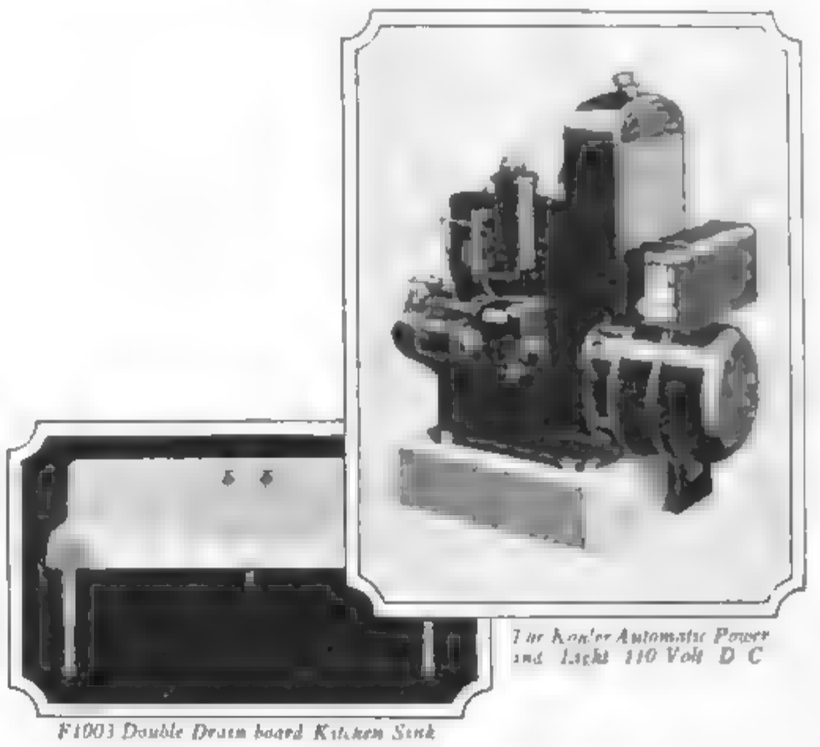
—*Mary Dixon Thayer.*

Treasures

DOWN on the beach when the tide is out
Beautiful things lie all about—
Rubies and diamonds and shells and pearls,
Starfish, oysters and mermaids' curls;
Slabs of black marble cut in the sand,
Veined and smooth and polished by hand;
And whipped-up foam that I think must be
What mermen use for cream in tea.
These and a million treasures I know
Strew the beach when the tide is low—
But very few people seem to care
For such gems scattered everywhere.
Lots of these jewels I hide away
In an old box I found one day.
And if a beggar asks me for bread
I will give him diamonds instead.

—*Mary Dixon Thayer.*





The Kohler Automatic Power and Light 110 Volt D C

F1003 Double Drain board Kitchen Sink

KOHLER

"he who toils here hath set his mark"

Forty-eight years ago, shortly after the Civil War, the elder Kohler established his first workshop.

It was dedicated to the ideal of honest workmanship and fine manufacture.

Today, on the ground that was once the field of fertile farms stands the town of Kohler, a monument to this high purpose and a community devoted to its perpetuation.

Here, in a planned village, are fine, broad, tree-lined streets; vine-clad homes, all owned by men in the Kohler organization; schools, an open-air theatre, community club-house—all dedicated to the high ideals of American life and nurturing the Kohler spirit of craftsmanship.

And here are great factory buildings covering many acres, with the most modern equipment, much of it specially designed for use in the making of Kohler products.

Kohler Enameled Plumbing Ware, preferred for beauty, durability and utility by countless thousands of people, is made completely within these modern plants manned by workmen skilled and earnest. Each glistening-white bathtub, lavatory and kitchen sink is permanently identified by the Kohler trade-mark delicately fused into the fine enamel as a lasting symbol of our responsibility and pride.

These same standards of fine manufacture are now employed, through enlarged facilities, in the making of another product of utility which carries with it the Kohler tradition of workmanship.

This product is the Kohler Automatic Power and Light Plant.

The Kohler Automatic produces ample electricity for lights and for electric household and farm power appliances; and it provides a dependable source of power for operating electric running water systems, thereby allowing the use of modern plumbing fixtures everywhere.

There is no other plant of similarly combined features or identical advantages. The Kohler Automatic alone produces up to 1500 watts of standard (110-volt D. C.) electricity, automatically, and *without storage batteries.*

Its cost has been brought so low that every home without the advantages which the Kohler Automatic makes possible, can enjoy the benefits of its dependable, economical service. Write for illustrated booklet on the Kohler Automatic or Kohler Enameled Plumbing Ware.

KOHLER OF KOHLER

Kohler Co., *Founded 1873,* Kohler, Wis. *Shipping Point,* Sheboygan, Wis.

AND SEVENTEEN AMERICAN BRANCHES

MANUFACTURERS OF ENAMELED PLUMBING WARE AND KOHLER AUTOMATIC POWER AND LIGHT 110 VOLT D. C.

His Store Sold $650,000 Worth of Merchandise Last Year in a Town of 5140 People

FRED P. MANN
President of
The North Dakota
Retail Merchants'
Association

"Our success," writes Fred P. Mann, merchant of Devils Lake, North Dakota, "is due largely to foreseeing the isolation of the farm had ended with the coming of the automobile. We believed the farmer and his family thereafter would know and buy the best.

"When we built our new store twelve years ago we hired a city architect and told him to make it the largest, brightest and handsomest country-town store in the state.

"We built it for farmers, and 85 per cent of our trade is with farmers. Many of them drive regularly twenty and thirty miles to trade with us, and several hundred of our best customers live over fifty miles away.

"The goods that have cemented our customers to us are those lines farm families know so well through national advertising. *The Country Gentleman* furthers this demand, for it is in a great many farm homes in this community."

THE CHANGE which Mr. Mann describes was discerned also by The Country Gentleman about the same time. Like Mr. Mann, it kept pace with this new development of farm life. That is why its circulation has grown from 25,000 to over 800,000 in ten years. That is what enabled it to carry last year an investment in automobile advertising that was 272 per cent of its nearest farm competitor.

The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

The Saturday Evening Post *The Ladies' Home Journal* *The Country Gentleman*

THE KING

(Continued from Page 17)

to see Madame Capet. She is a very lovely impatient old lady and—oh, I had almost forgotten to tell you that she is an American lady! That is why my father and myself speak passable English. You will be interested, I know, to meet her; and she is most eager to meet you, which is a compliment she bestows on very few people, monsieur."

Stephen bowed and expressed his appreciation of the honor as well as he could; but his inward exuberance was so clamorous that it was with difficulty he was able to refrain from shouting "Alleluia!" Nor, it will be understood, was his exuberance connected with the grandmother or anything the grandmother had seen fit to say. It was Marie Thérèse who, with one pregnant sentence, had lifted up his heart—"I marry the Duke de Chamfort only in the case that my father is made King of France." Well, by the nine gods, in that event the Third Republic had a long existence ahead of it if Stephen had any say in the matter. *Vive la republique! Vive Fallières! A bas les aristos!*

However, he followed Marie Thérèse up the stairs in silence, putting the brakes on his joy. She led him to a small boudoir, the most attractive room he had thus far seen in the house. Its two tall windows faced south on the Rue de l'Université, and the afternoon sun, filtering in through the lace curtains, made a delicate pattern of light and shade on the dark-gray carpet. Beside the windows, and facing him as he entered, there sat an old lady in an invalid's chair.

She was in black, with white muslin secured at her throat by a large cameo brooch. On her head was a lace cap with a neat velvet bow in front and a pair of velvet ribbons dangling in the back. Sitting erect in her chair, she looked a little like Whistler's portrait of his mother.

Stephen went to her and kissed her thin hand—he would, in his present mood, have kissed the hand of any female in the family.

"You have learned at least one French custom, Mr. Holmes," she said dryly. "I hope you won't learn them all. It's an old country and you're a young man. You'd do better to remain in America."

"Do not be so cross with him, grandmother," urged Marie Thérèse with enough of a smile to breed dimples.

"I'm not cross," she said crossly. "I'm warning the boy—that's all. What's the good in being old if you can't give advice? Besides, he won't pay any attention to it. No one ever does—and quite rightly too. I never did myself."

"You seem to have done very well, nevertheless," observed Stephen.

"Thank you, no. I'm doing very badly at present. We're in a mess—all of us—and we have to call in an outsider to help us get out of it. Those are the brutal facts of the case, and we might as well state them at the beginning and then forget them. Mr. Holmes, what part of America do you come from?"

"I'm from Boston," he replied.

"Yes, I supposed so as soon as I saw you. Harvard and Beacon Street. You've got it stamped all over you. Let me hear you pronounce Park Street."

"Pahk Street," said Stephen, as nearly as orthography can reproduce it.

"That's right. Are you any relation to Hollis Holmes?"

"Why, yes," said Stephen politely, but a little surprised. "He's my father."

Her sinewy old hands gripped the arms of her chair and grew white as the blood left them. But when she spoke she betrayed no trace of emotion, except that she was even more brusque than usual.

"Is that so?" she snapped. "He's your father, is he? Well, you may as well know that he's my son. I only hope he's behaving himself."

VII

ONE of the bombs destined for the republic might have burst in the room and caused little more bewilderment. Marie Therese could only murmur in a dazed way, "*Qu'est-ce qu'elle dit? Mais qu'est-ce qu'elle dit?* Tell me what it is she says!" And she hurried across the room to kneel by the old lady, in terror lest both of them had lost their reason. Stephen simply said "What?" and again "What?" and again "What?" And then he added slowly, "You mean that you're my grandmother—the one that—that eloped?"

"Yes, the one that eloped," affirmed Madame Capet, who alone seemed to have kept her powers of coherent speech. "You've heard about me, have you—the grandmother that eloped? I confess I'm surprised. I had no idea that any Holmes would tell his young such a scandalous tale."

"They didn't," Stephen blurted. "I heard it from my old nurse."

"You don't mean to tell me that Bridget's still alive! She must be as old as I am—let me think. Marie Thérèse, stop gibbering and tell me how old I am."

"Eighty-four, grandmother."

"Eighty-four? I think you exaggerate, but never mind. So Bridget's still alive! She used to be my maid. The only sympathetic human being in the house. However, I had a dog and a parrot, and between them they made another human being. The dog could do everything but talk and the parrot could do nothing but talk—supplemented each other, you see. Did you ever know your grandfather?"

"He died when I was six," replied Stephen. "I remember him only vaguely."

"I remember him very distinctly. I married him when I was seventeen and I left him when I was twenty-one. He had some excellent qualities, but if I'd lived in his house any longer those qualities would have killed me. So I left—and there wasn't any Ibsen to back me up in those days, either. Nowadays I suppose that what I did would be less conspicuous. Come, come, Marie Thérèse, don't try to look shocked! You've heard all about it before."

"I'm not trying to look shocked, grandmother. I'm too confused to try to look anything. It is so strange—the coincidence ——"

"Coincidences are always strange. You mean you're surprised to find that—what's your first name? Stephen?—that Stephen's your second cousin. Well, don't let that stand in your way. My dear, don't let anything stand in your way. Be a materialist—that's the only philosophy that leads to anything, and even that doesn't lead to much. When I was young I was an unconscious materialist, but as I ripened in years and in wisdom I became a deliberate one—I took everything I could get from life. You might as well retire to a convent if you don't."

"She doesn't mean half that she is saying," Marie Thérèse explained for Stephen's benefit. "She talks that way only to impress us—only to impress her grandchildren."

"Nonsense!" said Madame Capet. "You're romantic, that's all—you're like your father. You're like all the Bourbon kings, and look what's happened to them!"

At this point Stephen ventured to question her historical accuracy.

"I had never thought," he said, "that Louis XVI was romantic. I knew he was religious, but in temporal affairs I understood he had his feet pretty firmly planted on the earth—an opportunist, in fact."

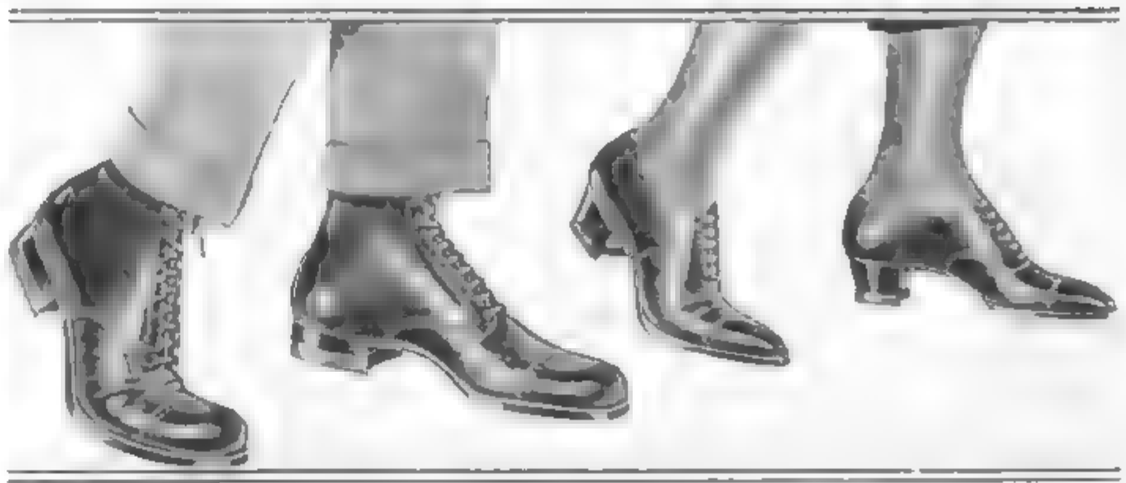
"Very true, but Marie Antoinette was romantic, and she ruled Louis and France—until the materialists chopped off her head."

"In the cause of liberty," put in Stephen a little pompously, for "liberty" is a word to which he had been brought up to take off his hat.

"More likely in order to reduce the high cost of living. More bread and less taxes! If that isn't materialism I ask you what is? That's why they're running France to-day—their materialism succeeded."

Stephen, conscious that there was nothing to be gained by arguing with so unreasonable an old woman, contented himself with saying, "I should think you'd be glad to let your friends, the democratic materialists, remain in power in that case."

"I should be delighted," she said, "if it weren't for the fact that if my son became king I'd be the dowager queen. Being a dowager queen is an enviable job, for a monarchy caters to anyone who belongs to the upper crust of the social pie; but if you're part of the soggy under crust, or even of the honest sustaining middle part—the apples or the cranberries or what not—why, then, you'd much better live in a democracy. And now, Stephen, if you'll come down to business, just what are you going to do to prevent my son from making a fool of himself and going to jail or



Foot Troubles

originate in the arch. So I built stylish shoes that relieve arch strain

—W. Grant Williams

Demonstration FREE! Ask for it!

For 35 years I have known that foot troubles originate in the arch. So I have been striving to make shoes that combine modish beauty with true foot comfort, which means safety of the arch.

Now I invite you to a demonstration of The GRANT FLEXATED SHOES, for men and women. They are the evolution of more than 4,000 pairs of test shoes, built to prove out an entirely new idea in shoe building and shoe fitting.

Correct Fitting Methods

I want you to be fitted with a pair of these shoes—without obligation to buy. Mail the attached coupon for a free demonstration at your local dealer's.

When these shoes are fitted to your feet by this new-day method—from the heel to the ball of the foot—I want you to note how easy and comfortable they feel. How they support the weight of your body. The sense of freedom they give to your feet.

A New Way to Build Shoes

FLEXATED SHOES are built on an entirely new principle—an epochal discovery.

Every part of the shoe—even the eyelets and lacings—help support the fragile foot arch, that wonderful structure of tiny bones which has to carry the burden of your weight.

The FLEXATED SHOE has no stiff arch props. It is a *flexible arch* shoe that gives a firm gentle support to the arch.

No "Breaking In" Necessary

Let us fit you with a pair of FLEXATED SHOES that need no breaking in. They fit so perfectly that they will feel like a pair of friendly old shoes the minute you put them on. Wear them out of the store and walk miles and miles. Your comfortable feet will tell the story.

You will say that they are the most perfect fitting shoes you ever put on.

Yet FLEXATED SHOES are the last word in stylish footgear. Built on the most up-to-date lasts and patterns, a touch of Fifth Avenue in every line.

All I ask is that you try on a pair. Mail the coupon today for free demonstration.

THE EXCELSIOR SHOE COMPANY
Portsmouth, Ohio

The Grant FLEXATED SHOE

For MEN For WOMEN

FREE! Demonstration of the Flexated Shoe for Men and Women

The facts about this shoe are so surprising that few people believe them, so we have arranged for Free Demonstrations through dealers everywhere. Simply mail the coupon and we will see that you get a demonstration that will satisfy you that we have understood the facts.

THE EXCELSIOR SHOE COMPANY,
Dept. 11, Portsmouth, Ohio.

Please furnish me with a Free Demonstration of the Grant Flexated Shoe—no obligation to buy.

Name _____

Address _____

City and State _____

My Shoe Dealer is _____

The size of my shoe is _____

and the last _____

(Give size and last; for example, "9½—A.")

Hanes 5 Big Features

1 HANES STAUNCH ELASTIC SHOULDERS made with service-doubling lap seam. They fit right and have lots of give for every motion.

2 HANES TAILORED COLLARETTE won't gap or roll. Fits snugly around your neck always, and keeps the wind out.

3 HANES ELASTIC CUFFS are made far stronger and better than the usual cuff. They fit the wrist firmly, they won't flare or rip from the sleeve.

4 HANES CLOSED CROTCH is cut and stitched a special way that really keeps it closed.

5 HANES ELASTIC ANKLES hold their shape through repeated washing. They don't bunch over the tops of your shoes. They fit always.

All Hanes Union Suits made with reinforced buttonholes.

HANES UNDERWEAR

crowds warmth and comfort into cold winter mornings!

When that sleep-shattering alarm bangs howdy-do on a snow-set morning you can count on Hanes Winter Underwear to put warmth in your bones.

Hanes is without question the biggest bunch of underwear comfort and value for the price any man ever heard tell of! Hanes prices have undergone tremendous reductions. They are right down to bedrock. Now is the time to buy.

Feel the staunch body of that flawless elastic knit. Take a pull at the flat unbreakable seams. See how the unbreakable stitches grip the fabric strong and true. And go over that list of Hanes features shown in this advertisement. They're the things that stretch your money into a long run of wear and satisfaction.

What's more, Hanes Guarantee is your assurance that Hanes Underwear is going to live up to the claims made for it. Read the guarantee! *Know what you buy!*

See your dealer and ask for Hanes Underwear. It's made in heavyweight union suits, and shirts and drawers. There's a medium-weight union suit that's a wonder for warm-blooded men and indoor workers.

Hanes Union Suits for Boys—Youngsters are taken care of by a regular bellringer of a heavy, fleecy Hanes Union Suit with the quality and style of the men's garment. Made in sizes from 2 to 16 years—in two weights, medium and extra heavy. Two to four year sizes have the drop seat.

If your dealer can't supply you with Hanes, write us immediately.

TRADE MARK HANES ELASTIC KNIT UNDERWEAR

Hanes Guarantee!

We guarantee Hanes Underwear absolutely—every thread, stitch and button. We guarantee to return your money or give you a new garment if any seam breaks.

P. H. HANES KNITTING COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N. C.

Next Summer—You'll want to wear Hanes Nainsook Union Suits!

perhaps to heaven—for his pains? This bomb plot is all poppy-cock—that's all it is—poppy-cock! But how are we going to stop it?"

"Stephen has a plan," said Marie Thérèse, and quite unconsciously she had called him by his Christian name for the first time.

"The inventive genius of the Yankee," observed Madame Capet. "Well, let's see if it holds water or if it's a sieve."

So Stephen expounded his plan, the old lady nodding her head at intervals to express her satisfaction; and she must have been satisfied, for she did not interrupt him once.

When he had finished and fell silent, awaiting her verdict, she said: "There's only one thing lacking. You'll spoil their fireworks this one time, but that won't deter them from beginning all over again. They're as enthusiastic and as tireless as beavers, and next time they'll simply take more precautions. No, somehow or other you must put the fear of God into them, and to such an extent that they'll abandon their silly conspiracy for good and all."

Stephen blinked in perplexity.

"That's a pretty stiff proposition," he said. "Of course we might kidnap Monsieur Capet."

"You mean your Uncle Louis?"

"Well, I suppose so—but is he my uncle?"

"Why not? He's my son, and your father's my son. You'll have to take my word for it, but it's the truth; and it's the truth, too, that Louis XVII, the dauphin, escaped from the Temple and was smuggled out of France to America by certain royalists who would willingly have given their lives for that ten-year-old child. That ten-year-old child grew up in America, married an American, became a New England farmer and—well, I ran away with his only son. Oh, yes, we got married as soon as your grandfather divorced me, which I assure you was very soon. There, you now know things that very few people know, and you needn't write them up for the newspapers. And so you want to kidnap your Uncle Louis?"

"No, not especially. It was just a suggestion."

"It's no good. Much better if he could be persuaded to leave France of his own free will and take Marie Thérèse and me with him. Thanks to you and a run of luck so preposterous that I'm convinced of the existence of an omnipotent devil, he now has the greater part of two hundred thousand francs. Why shouldn't he move to America and start a barber shop or something with that? Then you could marry Marie Thérèse, and all would be for the best in this best of worlds."

"Grandmother!" cried Marie Thérèse, aghast—or at least in a tone that conveyed the impression that she was aghast.

"Well," remarked the old lady calmly, "we'll consider that unsaid if it's going to cause a panic!"

"Nevertheless," said Stephen, "it remains in the records, and in this matter I'm entirely of your opinion, Madame Capet."

"Come, come, I'm your grandmother! Call me by that title."

"Grandmother," said Stephen with a smile and a bow.

"That's better. Well, do you think you can arrange it?"

"I think it's possible—I don't know. I have a friend—Roger Merwin—whom I should like to use as an accomplice. He's a very useful man on a job like this, and this is a job that demands two men at least. Do you object if I enlist him? He's a gentleman—one of the kind, though, that wishes he weren't."

"One of the Brookline Merwins?"

"Yes, one of them."

"We'll leave it entirely to you," said Madame Capet with an air of finality. "Get anyone you want to help you except an *agent de police*, although, as a matter of fact, if you could get a discreet policeman—well, there's no such thing."

Stephen made no comment on this statement for a space, but seemed to be weighing it in his mind.

"Perhaps our friend who toes out would be of assistance," suggested Marie Thérèse. "He seems like a very amiable person, and I have seen a great deal of him. He follows me everywhere. The spy they have set on father is not nearly so *chic*. My man always wears patent-leather boots, and occasionally even spats. I am sure he must spend a great deal of money on his clothes, whereas father's spy is really pitifully shabby, and has the figure of an undertaker who is not successful."

"Have you ever spoken to this shadow of yours?" asked Stephen abruptly.

"But no, of course I have not. Often I have laughed behind his back, but I have never encouraged him openly."

"H'm!" said Stephen musingly. "It might be worth while trying. Well, we'll see. Meanwhile, when can I meet you again? It must be before Tuesday."

"There is a final meeting here on Sunday, you remember," said Marie Thérèse. "Shall you be present?"

"No," answered Stephen—"no, on Sunday I shall be sick in bed. I will send my excuses and my apologies. But I want to know everything that is decided at that meeting—every smallest detail. So if I could see you here on Monday, say ——"

"Impossible," interrupted Madame Capet. "My son will probably be here, and we could not accomplish anything. You had better meet Marie Thérèse somewhere on Monday morning. Yes, by all means do that—it will be far safer. Meet her at the entrance to the Montparnasse Cemetery at ten o'clock. That's a busy hour there and you won't be noticed."

That point having been settled, Stephen kissed both of his relations on the forehead and left them.

"You're a nice boy. I'm reasonably pleased with you," said his grandmother.

As for Marie Thérèse, she said simply, "Good-by, Stephen. I shall pray that you succeed." And he was greatly elated when, after a longish interval, the realization penetrated his brain that a prayer for his success meant also a prayer for the failure of the Duke de Chamfort's matrimonial ambitions.

So he left them and went out into the dusk. Once again he encountered the man who toed out; but this time he went deliberately out of his way to encounter him. As before, he crossed over to the street lamp, and near by, in the embrasure of the doorway, stood the patient spy. Stephen stopped and accosted him.

"I beg your pardon, monsieur," he said in French. "Can you indicate to me the Place de Clichy?"

The fat gentleman scrutinized him in silence for a while. Then he emitted a sort of scornful, suspicious grunt, and said, "I speak the English perfectly, Mistair Holmes."

"Huh?" exclaimed Stephen, a little staggered. "How do you happen to know my name?"

"You are from Boston; you are the son of Hollis Holmes, a millionaire; you are here on vacation; you have gone to Monte Carlo, where you have lost, and you have cabled for money; you reside at the Hôtel Continental; you have made dangerous acquaintanceships. I know everything."

"Yes," agreed Stephen, "I'm persuaded that you do."

"Why do you go so often to that house opposite in the Rue de l'Université?"

"Well," said Stephen, "it seems to me that if you know everything you ought to know that. I go there to take dancing lessons."

"Some day you will dance with the feet in the air. I know everything."

"That's probably why you're such a gloomy pessimist, Monsieur—Monsieur what? You see, I don't know everything."

"I am for your knowledge Monsieur Pitou. It is as good a name as another."

Stephen slipped his arm insidiously through that of Monsieur Pitou.

"Come, Monsieur Pitou," he urged—"come with me to the Meurice bar and we will drink American cocktails with my friend Roger, and I will talk to you about my dancing lessons."

Monsieur Pitou hung back, but was manifestly sorely tempted.

"I should not," he demurred.

"Come," repeated Stephen.

"You will talk—you will tell me that which I desire to know?"

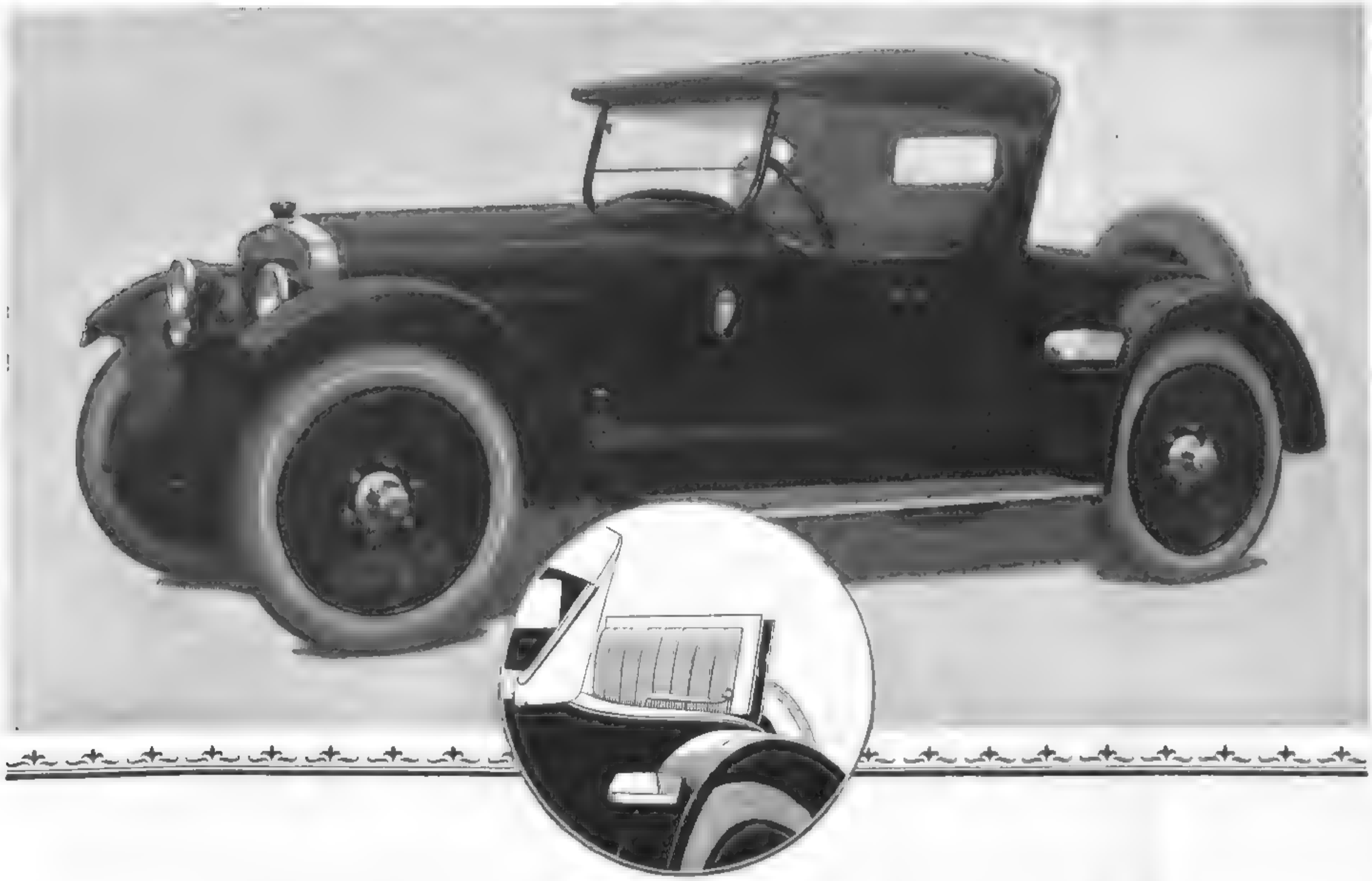
"I'll tell you all, dearie," said Stephen solemnly.

The Frenchman took a long breath.

"Good!" he said. "Then I go!"

An hour later—such is the potency of the cocktail—Monsieur Pitou sat between Stephen and Roger in one of the alcoves of the bar, his round face wreathed in smiles. An hour and a half later he was embracing them and calling them saviors of France. Six hours later he was soothing his irritated and suspicious wife by waving before

(Continued on Page 89)



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The Mo-lyb-den-um Car

THAT car that quickly and easily passed you on the boulevard—

That went comfortably over that rough piece of road without slowing up—when you had quickly to apply your brakes—

That seemed to fly through space on wings as it whizzed by you on the hill—

That made the turn with such ease, without slowing down—

That was a Wills Sainte Claire, carrying an owner enthusiastic regarding its new sense of comfort and security, its Mo-*lyb*-den-um construction, its graceful design and remarkable acceleration.

You are invited to give the Wills Sainte Claire most critical examination and road test. It very promptly demonstrates its superiority.

The 8 cylinder Wills Sainte Claire is built in four models—5 Passenger Touring Car, 4 Passenger Roadster, 4 Passenger Coupé, and the Sedan, with 2 auxiliary seats

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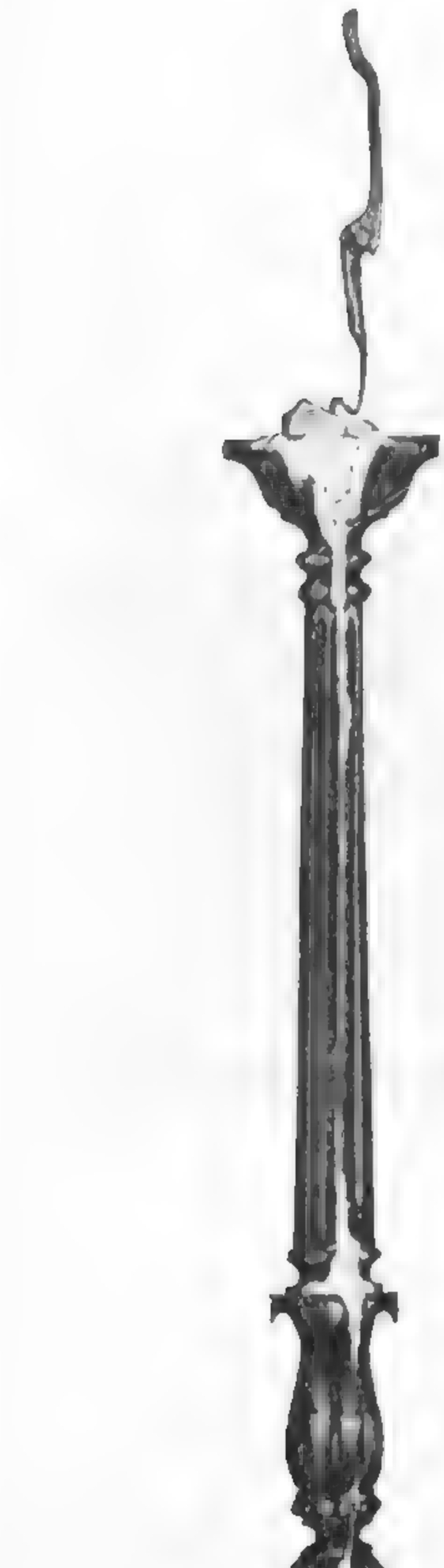

WHEN THE LIGHT HAS GONE

It is a world-old instinct that makes men care for the dust of their fellow men — that made the Pharaohs build pyramids — that makes us all guard our own with the best that seems fitting to us and to them.

There is an increasing use of metal for caskets and grave vaults. This is but the natural demand of the protective instinct in us which seeks the utmost in preservation.

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Write to us for full information.

THE AMERICAN ROLLING MILL CO.
Dept. A, Middletown, Ohio

ARMCO TRADE MARK **INGOT IRON**
Resists Rust

(Continued from Page 86)

her incredulous eyes five bank notes of a thousand francs each.

"And five more to come, my cabbage of cabbages!" he cried. "Five more to come when the little affair shall be completed!"

"Old species of debauchee," she said with the skepticism of the sleepy, "thou art drunk, and the money is doubtless counterfeit!"

VIII

WHEN, on Monday morning, Stephen met Marie Thérèse at the Montparnasse Cemetery he learned many things. He learned that the Duke de Chamfort would drive his own limousine to the little house on the river near the bridge at St.-Cloud; he learned exactly how he should identify that little house; he learned that Professor Machoir had been appointed to accompany the duke and to guard the bombs; that the hour of departure from St.-Cloud had been fixed for 11:30; that they would return through the Bois de Boulogne, little frequented at that hour; and, perhaps most important of all, he learned that Marie Thérèse had not the slightest desire to become a royal princess if doing so involved marrying the Duke de Chamfort. She told him this when they had walked up the Boulevard du Montparnasse and down the Avenue de l'Observatoire and were standing at the entrance to the Luxembourg Gardens.

I suppose that more declarations of love have been made in the Luxembourg Gardens than in any other spot of equal area. It would be fascinating to have access to records showing exactly how many men and maids have succumbed to the insidious fragrance of romance that hovers like a mist over the walks and under the trees and among the flowers. Children come there in all innocence to roll their hoops and spin their tops, little knowing that even they are being exposed to the germs of that fatal malady that their elders call love. White-haired old men sit hunched up on the benches living on their memories, with nothing to live for but their memories; and I venture to say that should you ask them what they are thinking of they will answer that it is of something they have lost rather than something they have won—of a magnificent illusion rather than a mediocre reality—of what might have been rather than what is or was. You see, they are sentimental old men, otherwise they wouldn't come to the gardens to brood on a bench and to trace initials in the gravel with their canes.

Stephen and Marie Thérèse traversed the gardens very slowly, and by the time they had reached the monument of Leconte de Lisle they had succumbed. They kissed each other in front of the Fontaine de Medicis, with no witness save the statue of Polyphemus, and that had but one eye. We need follow them no farther, but it should be stated that when he left her at the house in the Rue de l'Université she knew that he had reserved accommodations for four people on the Lusitania, sailing from Cherbourg on the afternoon of the following Wednesday, and so she was very happy.

Stephen, too, was very happy—disgustingly triumphant, his friend Roger said—but so much hard work lay ahead of him that he scarcely had time to reflect on how happy he was.

Accompanied by Roger, he went first to a garage and hired two touring cars for Tuesday night. No, he had no use for chauffeurs—he and his friend were skilled drivers and would operate them themselves. There was displayed some reluctance at this, which Roger dispelled by explaining with a leer that they were planning a gay little party to Versailles—four men and four little women—and he nudged the proprietor of the garage in the ribs.

"Ah," said the proprietor, "in that case"—and flourished his hands in genial acquiescence.

"That's the way to get along with the French," Roger confided to Stephen later. "Tell 'em you're going to do something they'd like to do themselves and they'll let you do it."

Then they went to Roger's bankers and Roger drew out a staggering amount of money. With part of this they took up the reservations on the Lusitania and secured a compartment on the boat train. Then they hailed a taxi and drove through the Bois to St.-Cloud to study the ground. This they did so conscientiously that the taxi driver was confirmed in his belief that all Americans are mad. But mad or not, they returned to Paris with a knowledge of the complicated routes that was worthy of a cartographer.

On the eventful Tuesday, Monsieur Pitou dined with them. He carried in one hand a black leather bag.

"Let it be somewhere that is quiet," he said. "It is, as you know, not convenient that I be seen in your friendly comradeship." So they agreed on an inconspicuous little table-d'hôte restaurant frequented mainly by followers of the fine arts.

"We, too, are artists," asserted Monsieur Pitou as he tackled his veal chop garnished with spinach. "Do we not mold destinies?"

"Have you the handcuffs?" asked Stephen, who, temporarily at least, had no wish to soar with Monsieur Pitou into rhetorical skies.

"But yes—the three pairs."

"And the cord?"

"All in my valise. I neglect nothing."

When they had finished dinner they proceeded to the garage.

"It's too early yet," said Stephen, "but it might be a good idea to try out the cars and get the hang of them. We don't want any accidents to-night."

They drove cautiously through the narrow by-streets to the Place de la Concorde and thence up the Champs-Elysées. It was a clear, crisp night—a night of a million stars. Monsieur Pitou, sitting beside Stephen in the leading car, became lyrical and declaimed sobbing verses from Musset's *Nuit de Novembre*. He had, he explained, once thought of going upon the stage, where a brilliant career undoubtedly awaited him.

"To-night," he said—"to-night you shall observe how I can play a rôle. I shall be a veritable Coquelin. It is in my blood—I feel it here!" And he thumped his fat stomach with his fat palm.

They circled leisurely through the Bois, following the Route of the Lakes. At the cascade Stephen stopped, and Roger pulled his car up beside him.

"All right?" inquired Stephen.

"Like a watch!"

"Well, we'd better go along out then. It's about ten o'clock."

They left the Bois at the Porte de St.-Cloud and drove along the road that edges the Seine. It was no month for pleasure boating, and the river was deserted except for two hulking sand-laden barges that were making their clumsy way behind a tug to Paris. An occasional cyclist, his multicolored paper lantern swinging at his handlebars, flickered by like a giant erratic firefly; and twice Stephen had to swing sharply to the middle of the road to avoid running down couples who, believing doubtless that the road and the world were theirs, displayed no lights.

"'*Les gens sans bruit sont dangereux*,'" quoted Monsieur Pitou. "How you say that in the English? The people without noise are dangerous? But on so beautiful a night one cannot blame the lover, *hein?*"

"No," agreed Stephen briefly, wishing, however, that his companion would not permit his thoughts to wander so far from the matter in hand.

When he came to the bridge that leads across the river to St.-Cloud, Stephen turned up a narrow byway to the left, backed his car around on the spongy brown turf that bordered the road and waited for Roger. Roger repeated the maneuvers, placing his car in line with Stephen's and ahead of it. Then they extinguished all lights, consulted their watches and waited—waited for a large black limousine with an interior drive, to be distinguished from others of its make only by the fact that it had gray wheels and that it would contain two men.

"It'll be hard to spot in the night," said Roger, "and he may come by some other and less convenient road."

"Even if he does," answered Stephen, "we'll be able to see his lights from here when he stops at the bomb factory. Look, do you see that red-tiled roof down there on the left across the road? Well, that's his destination."

"Yes," said Roger, "you can see the roof, but you can't see the roadway to the house or the door to the house. Those trees are in the way. And if he doesn't use his lights we shan't see him, either. I'd better walk down and station myself among those trees right on the spot—ring seat—what?"

"Remember, you've got to get your car started ahead of his."

"Oh, I can sprint back like a field mouse while he's loading up with explosives."

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"All right, go to it!"

Roger plunged away into the darkness in the direction of the house with the red-tile roof. Once more Stephen looked at his watch. It was eleven o'clock.

"Better begin tying me up," he said to Monsieur Pitou.

"Assuredly, assuredly!" said the Frenchman with a start, for he had been lying flat on his back composing poetry under the stars.

Now, however, he rose with remarkable agility, and producing his black bag opened it and drew forth a length of stout cord and a pair of handcuffs.

"Do you prefer to sit in front beside me, or in the tonneau?" he inquired.

"In the tonneau, by all means. Then I can see everything that goes on."

"Exactly so," assented Monsieur Pitou.

Stephen climbed into the tonneau and Monsieur Pitou looped the cord loosely around his two ankles, fastening the ends to the iron braces that supported the folding canvas top. Then he snapped the handcuffs on Stephen's wrists.

"Put my revolver under the carpet between my feet. I can reach it there all right even with these things on, and I might have to take a shot. You never can tell."

Monsieur Pitou obeyed.

"There," said Stephen; "do I look like a captive?"

The Frenchman regarded him critically, his head a little to one side, his eyes squinted up, as he might have regarded a painting.

"Very good," he pronounced; "all except the posture of the head. The head should be sunk on the breast in profound despair. Bravo! That is better. You too are, I see, the great actor. We shall be superb, my friend—superb!"

And at that moment, far down the road, they heard the purring of a smooth motor. Pitou took half a dozen rapid steps down to the side of the main road and endeavored to conceal his globular figure behind the trunk of a second-growth pine. Stephen sat up alertly in the tonneau. Presently a pair of side lamps appeared, teetering from side to side like the lights of a ship in a choppy sea. The purring of the motor increased to a whine, and then with a crescendo roar a heavy black limousine lunged by them. They heard the brakes creak as it slowed down to turn in to the house with the red-tile roof. Monsieur Pitou came panting back from his post of observation.

"It is our victims," he announced in a whisper, "and they do precisely as we plan that they do. It is very courteous on their part."

"Two of them?" queried Stephen anxiously.

"Two beautiful ones," answered Pitou, rubbing his hands.

"Fine! Crank up both the cars then."

"What a night—what a night for love!" sighed Pitou when he had executed the order. "We should have brought with us some charming girls—girls with souls, I would say, suitable to be played on by the beauty of the eternal stars. Instead, what do we do? We deal only with coarse men and revolvers and bombs! We taint the pure air maybe with the stink of powder! It is so sad!"

"It is very sad, but here comes Roger, so you'd better climb up into your seat and be ready to start in a hurry."

Roger was breathless.

"I'm in rotten training—what?" he said in disgust. "Tobacco and alcohol! Curse of mankind! They're fast workers, those fellows in the limousine. Saw 'em put in two crates, each about the size of a case of champagne. If they're bombs they're big enough to blow the devil out of hell. If you have to shoot, steer wide of the floor of their tonneau or you'll cause a premature explosion that'll upset China. Well, I'm off!"

He switched on his side and tail lamps, piloted his car down to the highway and turned to the right toward the Bois and Paris.

Promptly at half past eleven the black limousine went by on its return trip; and this time it traveled so cautiously and slowly that Stephen could identify the figure of the man at the wheel. It was Chamfort beyond a doubt. Behind him on the back seat was another man, supposedly Professor Machoir, the guardian of the bombs.

"Go ahead!" commanded Stephen. "Follow at about two hundred yards, and—well, if you lose sight of them you're out of luck, that's all. No lights, remember, until Roger stops them!"

Monsieur Pitou, now that the crucial stage of the affair was upon him, displayed a calm serenity no less gratifying because it was surprising. He seemed to have cast off his lyrical mood, and his mind descended from the white fire of the empyrean to fix itself upon the red glow of the tail lamp ahead of him. He kept his two-hundred-yard interval admirably, slackening or increasing his speed with an accuracy that was a pleasure to observe; and not once did the usually loquacious fellow address a word to his passenger, for all of which the latter was deeply thankful.

They drove back along the margin of the melancholy Seine, which flowed beside them noiselessly and almost unrippled, save when it splashed silver against the dark hulls of tethered barges. Across the river a train whistled shrilly and wove in and out of view like a shuttle trailing a thread of gold.

There was a brief delay at the *octroi* of the Porte de St.-Cloud while an inspector cast a perfunctory glance into the interior of each of the automobiles—a glance so perfunctory that he evidently either failed to note the two crates in the limousine or else was too careless to investigate them. Stephen saw to it that the cords at his ankles and the handcuffs at his wrists were well concealed by the motor robe which lay across him. Once past the *octroi* and within the gates of the Bois, there were but two possible roads—one straight ahead and one sharply to the right. The latter was the shorter but less traveled route to Paris by way of the Porte de Passy, and a very important part of the success of Stephen's plan hinged on his assumption that the Duke de Chamfort would choose this road. Even now Stephen could see the twin lights of Roger's car slipping along it some four hundred yards ahead, and if the duke did not follow Roger—well, things would become more complicated.

But the duke fortunately did follow Roger, and Stephen followed the duke. For the space of almost a kilometer there was no intersecting road, and it was on this stretch that Stephen had planned to conduct his operations.

The three cars, as I have indicated, were posting along at moderate speed, and at intervals of a couple of hundred yards. Presently Roger was seen to slow down and come to an abrupt standstill, and as he did so his machine appeared to skid so violently that it drew up square across the road, broadside to the traffic.

"Good boy, Roger!" muttered Stephen. "It begins well, at any rate."

The driver of the limousine, disconcerted by the obstacle in his path, sounded his horn angrily, but was manifestly loath to stop or even to decrease his speed. Roger had descended from his seat to examine something that was evidently amiss in the vicinity of the front wheels; and since he made no effort to move the car from its obstructive position, it soon became obvious that Chamfort must either stop or take to the ditch. A healthy respect for the explosives in the rear forbade the latter alternative, and the limousine, with a squealing of brake bands, halted within the radius of Roger's lamps.

Chamfort, jumping down from the driver's seat, hurried over to remonstrate with the offender.

"What is the matter with you?" he demanded in angry French; but Roger merely shrugged uncomprehending shoulders, and replied in equally angry English, "Don't yell so, because I don't understand a word you're saying! I think my steering knuckle's broken."

At that moment Monsieur Pitou, who had timed his arrival to a correct fraction of a minute, drew up alongside the limousine, and with his revolver and his right hand in his overcoat pocket advanced to interrogate the gentleman who was sitting precariously over the bombs.

"A thousand devils!" cried Monsieur Pitou, and at that, the prearranged signal, he and Roger each covered his man, as people say, with a gun. Amid blasphemy four arms were thrust darkly up toward the stars.

"Step out," said Monsieur Pitou to his victim, "and take pains that you do not knock against those crates."

That Professor Machoir's courage was greater in the salon than in the thick of conflict was evidenced by the alacrity with which he obeyed this order. Roger had but

(Continued on Page 93)

Win your battles *the* day before they happen

IT was the night before the finals. The runner-up did nothing but talk to his friends about his chances the next day. He slept very little that night. The champion took his mind off the next day's work by playing cards for an hour or two, and then retired without a worry.

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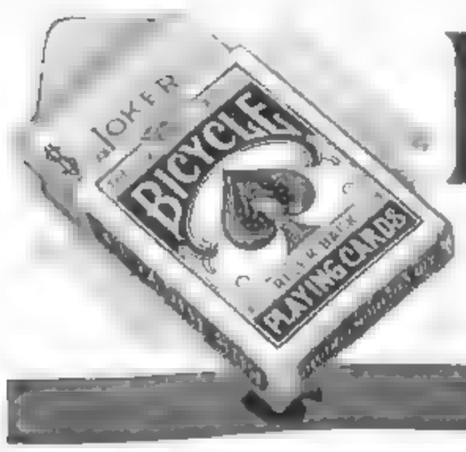

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Auction Pitch at a Glance

PLAYERS—4 to 7. Best 4 or 5 hand.

RANK OF CARDS—A (high) to 2 (low)

DEAL—Using full pack, deal six cards to each player, three at a time

OBJECT OF GAME—To hold in hand highest and lowest trumps in play; to take, in tricks, Jack out trumps and cards which count for game. (See Scoring.)

THE PLAY—Eldest hand names the trump, or he may sell the privilege to highest bidder and add points bid to his score. No player is permitted to bid enough to put eldest hand out. (In some localities player may bid to full strength of his cards, but eldest hand can score only to within 1 point of game.) Bidding passes to left; each player is allowed only one bid; and each must bid higher than the preceding players or pass. Eldest hand may refuse bids and pitch the trump himself; in this case he must make as many points as the highest bid, or be "set back." Eldest hand may name the trump without waiting for bids, but if he fails to make 4 points, he is "set back." If no bid is made, eldest hand must pitch the trump. No penalty for bid out of turn.

BIDDING TO THE BOARD—The modern style is to bid to the board, no player getting the points offered. Eldest hand bids first; no second bids are allowed. Any player can bid as high as four, but no one can claim the privilege of pitching the trump for as many as bid by another.

LEADING—Highest bidder (or eldest hand, if he has refused to sell) leads and indicates trump by his first card. Even if led in error, the first card irrevocably indicates trumps. Each player must play a trump on first lead if possible and highest trump takes trick. Winner of trick, leads for next one. When hands are played out, cards are bunched and new deal follows. After first trick, any suit may be led. Player holding suit of card led, must either follow suit or trump; player not holding suit of card led may either trump or discard.

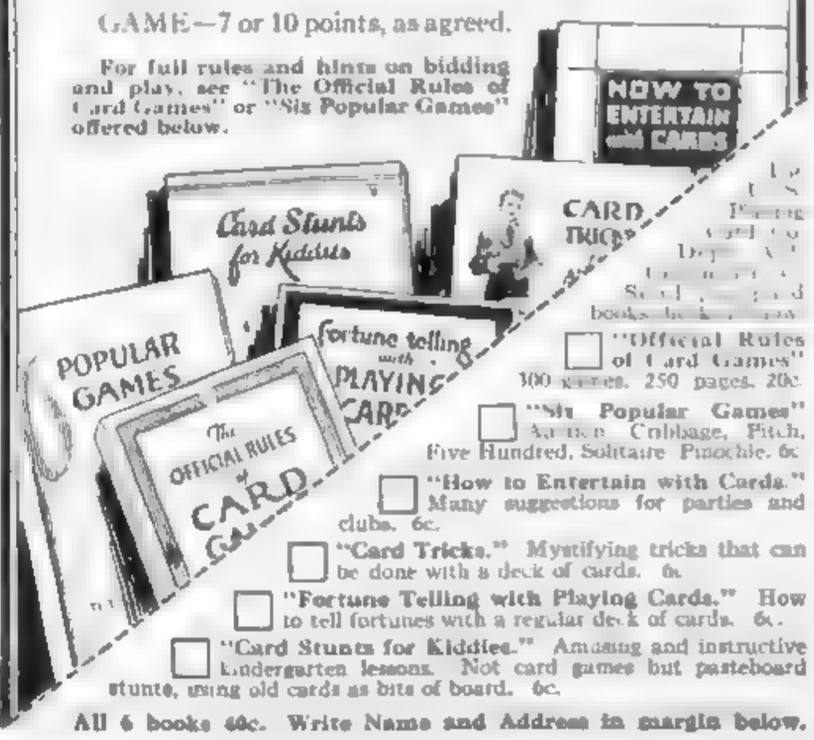
SCORING—Scoring points are high, low, jack and game. If eldest hand wins, he scores the amount bid. In case two or more players count out on the same deal, and one of them is maker of trump, he goes out first. If neither is maker of trumps, points score in the following order: *High*—highest card in play counts 1 point for player to whom it was dealt. *Low*—lowest card in play, counts 1 point for player to whom it was dealt. *Jack*—Jack of trumps counts 1 point for player who takes it in trick. *Game*—counts 1 point for player who takes in cards which figure highest, counting tens at 10; Aces, 4; Kings, 3; Queens, 2; Jacks, 1. In case of tie, no game point is scored.

SET BACK—If bidder fails to make the number of points he bid, he is set back and the amount of bid is subtracted from his score. If he is set back more points than he has credit he is said to be "in the hole" and a ring is drawn around the minus amount.

REVOKE PENALTIES—In case of revoke by any player, except maker of trumps, the latter cannot be set back, even if he fails to make amount bid, and each player but one revoking, scores whatever he makes. Revoking player is set back amount of bid. If no bid was made, he is set back 2 points. If maker of trumps revokes, he is set back amount of bid, and each other player scores whatever he himself makes. Maker of trump cannot score on a deal in which he has revoked.

GAME—7 or 10 points, as agreed.

For full rules and hints on bidding and play, see "The Official Rules of Card Games" or "Six Popular Games" offered below.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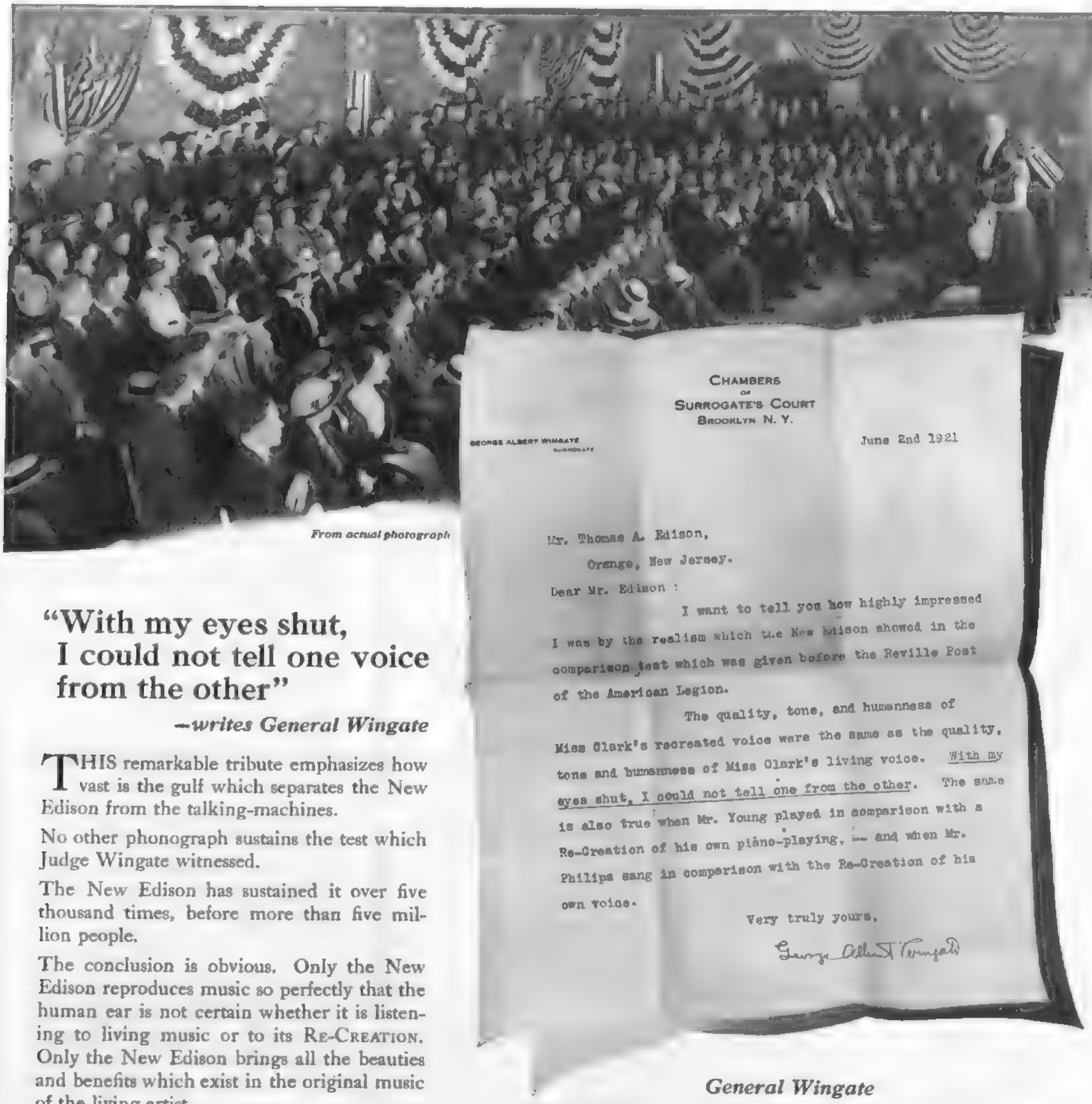
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Miss Clark's recreated voice were the same as the quality,
tone and humanness of Miss Clark's living voice. With my
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is also true when Mr. Young played in comparison with a
Re-Creation of his own piano-playing, -- and when Mr.
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Very truly yours,
George Albert Wingate

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General Wingate

GENERAL WINGATE commanded the 52nd Field Artillery during the Great War. He is Chairman of the Metropolitan Welfare Committee of the American Legion. As Judge Wingate, he is now Surrogate of Brooklyn.

The test which General Wingate heard was made May 25th, 1921, in the 2nd Field Artillery Armory, Brooklyn—before Reville Post No. 127, American Legion, and its friends. The photograph shows part of the audience—at the moment when Miss Helen Clark and Mr. Joseph Phillips were singing a duet in comparison with the RE-CREATION of their duet by the New Edison.

The NEW EDISON

(Continued from Page 90)

slightly more difficulty in coercing the Duke de Chamfort, who confined his protests solely to words, and who, with a revolver against the small of his back and his arms as vertical as a semaphore when all is clear, made a forced progress back to Stephen's car and joined Professor Machoir.

"It is infamous!" cried Chamfort. "Brigands! Assassins!" But it was significant that he did not clamor for the police.

Monsieur Pitou in the meantime went unhurriedly through the pockets of the two captives, searching for weapons and documents. From the duke he obtained nothing but forty-two francs fifty-five centimes and a scented note which proved to be from a lady who signed herself Musette and who, she averred, kissed the duke a thousand times on the mouth. This Monsieur Pitou returned to its owner as being extraneous to the case.

From Professor Machoir he obtained only twenty-seven francs, three dunning letters from enraged creditors and a pamphlet entitled Principles of Domestic Economy.

These likewise were returned.

And then Chamfort recognized Stephen in the tonneau.

"So it is you!" he exclaimed. "It is you who are the traitor!"

For answer Stephen mutely raised his manacled wrists.

"I feared that they would get you, too, my friend," he said sadly. "They captured me scarcely a block from my hotel. I was on foot, and before I knew it they had bundled me into this car and strapped me down. They've even got a rope of some sort round my ankles. Then they brought me out here and laid the trap for you. You can imagine my anxiety!"

"Ah," said the duke, "so it is thus!"

"Yes, it is thus. I'm afraid the game is up. That fellow Pitou is a spy attached to the secret service."

"A hundred thousand devils!" exclaimed the duke.

"Well, two at least—and one of them, I'm ashamed to say, is an American. They must have put him on for my benefit."

"And now what?" queried Chamfort.

"And now," interrupted Pitou, "you can lower your hands—and you, too, professor. The descent of the blood should by now have left them white as the hands of Musette herself. Get into the automobile. Hurry yourselves now! *Allez! Heup!*"

He urged them on as a cab driver might urge his reluctant horse. Professor Machoir he disposed in the front seat beside him, and he hustled the duke into the tonneau next to Stephen. Then, opening his black bag once more, he handcuffed the two gentlemen and fastened their ankles, like Stephen's, to the framework of the car. To Roger were intrusted the crates containing the bombs.

"Now," said Monsieur Pitou when these arrangements were completed—"now I drive the limousine into the woods, turn out its lights and kiss it good night. A thousand times on the mouth—eh, Monsieur le Duc?"

"*Ta gueule!*" replied the duke, which is a coarse word, but, as Pitou pointed out, a very democratic one.

During the drive to Paris Monsieur Pitou was the only occupant of his car who felt at liberty to display cheerfulness; for Stephen, though inwardly exultant, was forced to assume an attitude of profound melancholy such as befitted a prisoner.

"Where are you taking us to?" the professor ventured to ask in a dismal whisper.

"We are about to make a call on the King of France," answered the agent gravely. "His Majesty is waiting for you and your friend the duke, and for the little American, I have no doubt. He—the little American—is the best man of you all. He it was alone who evidenced any resistance. They fight well, these Americans. It is for that reason that I engage an American to assist me—that gentleman in the other car with your precious bombs. He is my honored collaborator. Alas, at my age one is too fat to fight with prospects of success, and moreover I have always been a follower of the more peaceful pursuits of life. I enjoy the good dinner, the bottle of ruddy wine, the delicate contour of a woman's cheek, the tenderness of her eyes. I, monsieur, am by nature a man of peace, not of war. The sight of blood sickens me and I become faint at the scent of powder. You, professor, are doubtless like that also, is it not so?"

"Yes, yes!" agreed the professor quickly. "You have made a grave error in arresting us, monsieur. Do you know who I am?"

"Assuredly! You are Prof. Etienne Machoir, and you are a great imbecile."

They crossed the Pont de l'Alma in silence and drove down the Quai past the Chamber of Deputies. Monsieur Pitou indicated the gloomy Greek temple-like structure with a jerk of his thumb.

"It is almost a pity we cannot permit you to blow up that monstrosity," he said. "I have always disliked it—it is a morgue."

Then they swung into the Rue de l'Université and stopped at Monsieur Capet's door.

"They arrest him, too, then?" whispered Chamfort to Stephen.

"I don't know—I fear so."

"Get out and go in," commanded Pitou sharply.

"Our legs are tied," Stephen retorted.

"Ah, in truth! I had forgotten. However, I shall await the arrival of my assistant before untying. Good! He is here!"

Roger and Monsieur Pitou unknotted the cords that bound the three prisoners, but they did not remove the handcuffs. Then Pitou rang the bell and stood expectant, revolver in hand, patent-leather boot ready to thrust into the aperture when the door should be opened.

There was no delay, for the old manservant had apparently been instructed to be on the alert to receive Chamfort and the bombs. The instant that the latch was drawn back Pitou and Roger shoved the heavy door open, and thrusting the servant roughly aside dragged their prisoners in after them.

The old servant cried out in alarm, but it was too late—the game was up.

"Now," said Pitou, breathing heavily, "it remains but to locate His Majesty. Form, prisoners, three abreast and precede us up the stairs."

It was a strange procession that entered the large salon, where sat the King of France, the dowager queen and the princess royal. Poor King! Stephen felt in his heart a great pity for him, as one pities a child on whom one inflicts pain for its eventual good.

When Monsieur Capet saw his three disciples in handcuffs, and guarded by the revolvers of Pitou and Roger, his face turned as white as his white mustache, and he bowed his head to conceal his despair.

"It is the end!" they heard him say.

Then he stood up, and with all the dignity of his ancestor, Louis XVI, preparing to go to the guillotine, said, "Gentlemen, I divine your business here. I am ready."

"One moment, monsieur," objected Pitou politely. "There are several things we must first discuss. I suggest that all of us be seated."

Capet indicated chairs with a wave of his arm.

"Is it necessary," he asked, "that my mother and daughter should remain?"

"It is better that they should, since what I have to propose concerns them. I regret to say that mademoiselle, at least, is incriminated in this tragic affair."

Monsieur Capet bowed silently.

"And now, monsieur," resumed Pitou quietly, "I state my proposition. You have been engaged for several months, perhaps more, in a conspiracy to overthrow the republic, and to-night you and three of your followers have been apprehended in circumstances suspicious enough to warrant a prosecution by the government. There is evidence amply sufficient to convict you, and you yourself know the penalty that is imposed upon a person or persons convicted of plotting against the republic.

"The bombs which we have below in the automobile indicate that you planned no peaceful revolution, which renders your case the more serious and—you will pardon me—your conduct the more reprehensible."

"Any methods are noble in a noble cause," asserted Monsieur Capet proudly.

"Granted, but we disagree as to the nobility of your cause. The present government naturally disagrees, even as the victim disagrees with the would-be assassin. However, I continue. Your house has been watched; you have been followed; your daughter has been followed; the names of all who attended your meetings are known to the police. The government, I repeat, has a flawless case—and this I emphasize, monsieur, because it is important that you should acknowledge it, if not openly, at least to yourself."

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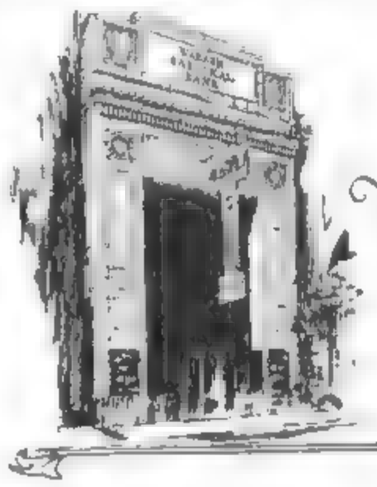

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"I neither agree nor disagree," said Monsieur Capet.

"Very good. I continue then. The government has a flawless case, but it is willing to display leniency. In this respect a republic is perhaps more—how shall I say it?—more idealistic than a monarchy. The republic does not wish to execute even those who wish it evil. And, monsieur, the republic is not desirous of executing you or your followers if it can avoid it. Do I make myself clear?"

"Not yet," said Capet.

"Very good. I continue. The solution of this affair that would be most pleasing to the government is that you should leave France never to return, for with your departure the conspiracy goes—pouf!—out of existence, vanishes into the air. The most enthusiastic royalist cannot plot for his king when there exists no king to plot for. Therefore if the government could be convinced that you would never again set foot on French soil, why then, monsieur, the government would be willing to permit you to depart in freedom. The bombs would be thrown into the river and your followers would be allowed to take up less less serious pursuits. Horse racing, for example, or the science of domestic economy. Monsieur, this is a very generous offer on the part of the government, and I beg that you give it your most earnest consideration."

The fat little man ceased, drew a long breath and crossed his fat little legs. There followed a prolonged silence, broken at length by the squeaking of Madame Capet's invalid's chair as she propelled it across the floor toward her son.

"The man talks sense," she announced so that all might hear. "He looks like a fool, but he talks sense." Then turning to Monsieur Pitou, she said: "How long do you give us to think this over? Five seconds ought to be sufficient, in my opinion, but the Capets were always stubborn, as perhaps you know if you've read your history books."

Monsieur Pitou consulted his watch.

"The boat train for Cherbourg leaves at eight o'clock this morning," he said. "It meets the Lusitania. You have the choice of the Lusitania or prison."

The old lady pounded the arm of her chair.

"Help me get upstairs, Marie Thérèse," she said. "We must commence our packing."

"But, grandmother"—— began Marie Thérèse.

"Don't distress yourself about your father, my dear. He has decided to go with us. The sea voyage will do him good—clear his brain perhaps."

The old lady thus robbed the scene of its dramatic possibilities; and Monsieur Capet stood up and said simply, "I acquiesce."

Then Stephen stepped forward.

"Do I understand that I am at liberty also?"

"Yes," answered Pitou with a twinkle in his bright little eyes—"yes, we care to have nothing more to do with you. You are insignificant."

"In that case," said Stephen, "I also will take the boat train this morning. Will you be good enough to remove the handcuffs?"

IX

MONSIEUR PITOU, playing his rôle to its logical conclusion, remained on duty all night while the Capets hastily packed their belongings; and he accompanied them on the train to Cherbourg, sitting in the compartment with his hand continually and very ostensibly on his revolver. But from time to time he could not resist winking at Stephen, and once he even ventured to wink at Madame Capet.

"My man," said she, "it is manifest that you are afflicted with a nervous disorder of the eyes. There is an excellent oculist in the Rue de la Pompe. I recommend that you consult him."

"Madame," he argued, "when one has one's other senses as highly developed as are mine one does not need good eyes. My sense of humor, for example ——"

"It is out of place," she said, and returned to her Rabelaisian paper-covered novel.

Monsieur Capet sat moodily and silently in his corner by the window, his dreams shattered, his spirit broken. It depressed even the ebullient Pitou to look at him, so Pitou did not look at him often.

"I do not blame him for being sad," whispered the Frenchman to Stephen. "All of this beautiful France he believed was his. Those brown fields that sweep up to the hills—they were his, and he will not be here to see them turn to green and gold in the spring; that line of leafless poplars bordering the stream—they were his, and he will not be here to see them flutter their silver leaves in the June wind. See, those oxen straining at the yoke were his, and those noble stallions and those white chickens searching impatiently for worms or bits of corn; and that little white-walled village up there on the hill with the square-towered church, that was his, too—all of them his, but he never shall see them again. Ah, I can understand that a man should love France so dearly that he craves to possess it; but there are others who love it as well, and France is for all of us."

At that he blew his nose unashamedly and spoke no more until they reached Cherbourg. Once he had them safely aboard the ship he took leave of the Capets with all the flourishes of a courtier, hat in his hand, hand on his heart, fat body bent double at the waist, patent-leather shoes toeing outward to the last.

"You're a nice little man," said Madame Capet, "but you ought to get a different job. I have an idea we're under deep obligations to you."

"I know we are," said Marie Thérèse, and gave him her hand and her smile.

"I am superlatively rewarded," said Monsieur Pitou.

Stephen took him to the smoking saloon and bought him a drink.

"You're certain you won't get into any trouble with your chief for last night's work?" he asked.

Pitou shrugged his shoulders.

"What they do not know," he said, "they can but imagine, and they cannot discharge me on imagined evidence. Moreover, I truly believe that the government, had they been consulted, would have approved of our solution. Exile is their favorite punishment for those who offend politically."

When he left the ship Monsieur Pitou was richer by a second sheaf of thousand-franc notes.

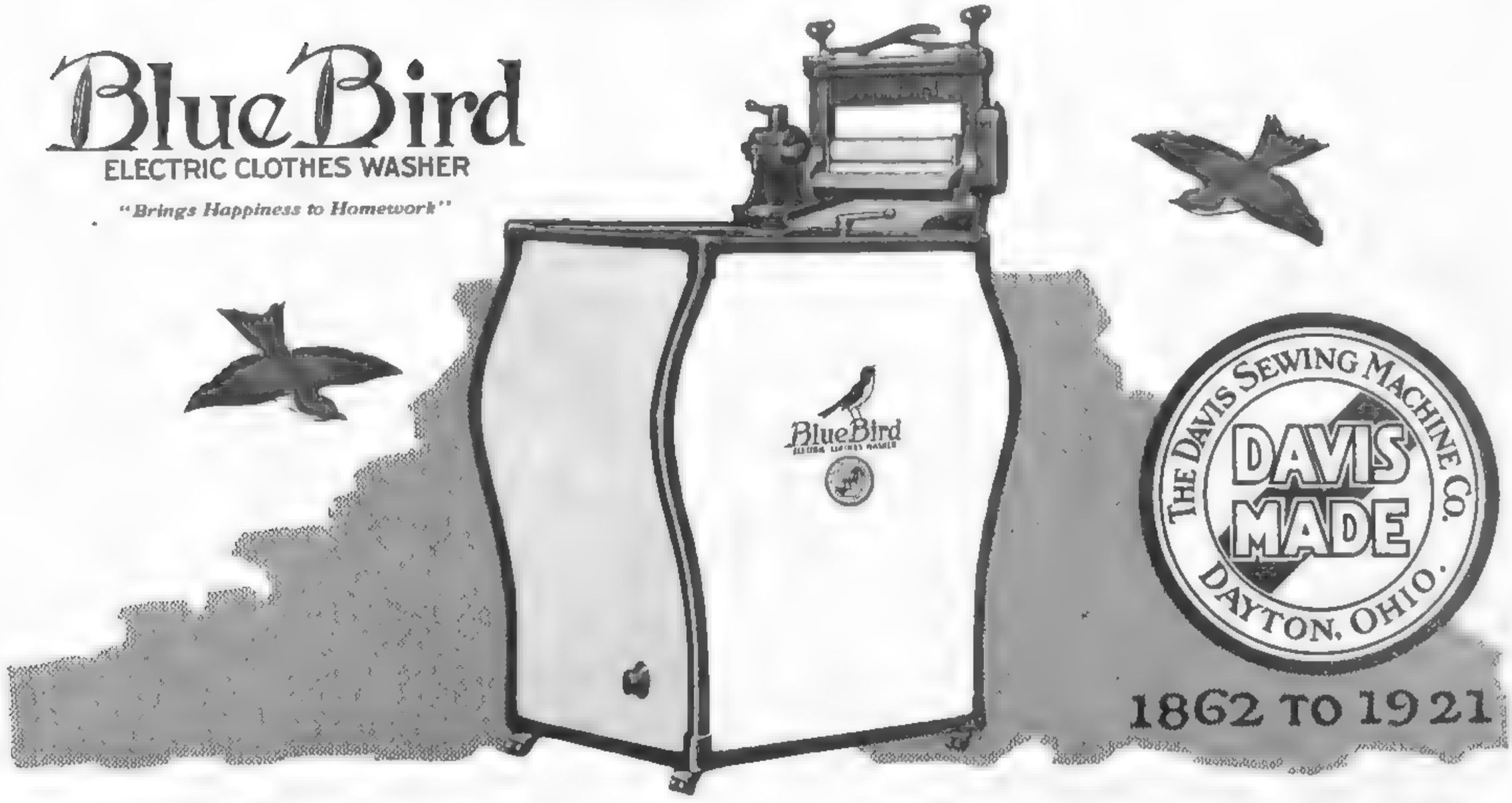
"My wife will buy everything in the shops," he prophesied as he clambered down the steps to the waiting tender. "If I were a wise man I should not show them to her. I wonder if I am a wise man. Adieu, monsieur, and a pleasant voyage."

There came a hoarse tooting of whistles, the ship quivered, swayed a little, hesitated and forged ahead. The gulls that had been circling about her wheeled away in alarm, and flapped and squawked and soared and dived. Slowly the prow veered around to the west and she headed for the wide spaces of the sea.

An elderly gentleman in a dark-blue frock coat, baggy gray trousers, cracked patent-leather shoes and white gaiters stood leaning against the rail, his eyes fixed on the bleak coast of France. Presently, when the last faint gray outline had merged into the November mist, those standing near him were surprised to see him stretch out his arms toward the drab horizon in a gesture of renunciation—there were some who said of prayer. His lips moved and he murmured something half aloud, but there was no one quite near enough to hear what he said. Then, they all agreed, he crossed himself and turned away with the tears or was it the mist?—on his face.

"He must be acting for a movie," said a shrill-voiced little American girl, and giggled so violently that she choked on a caramel.

THE END



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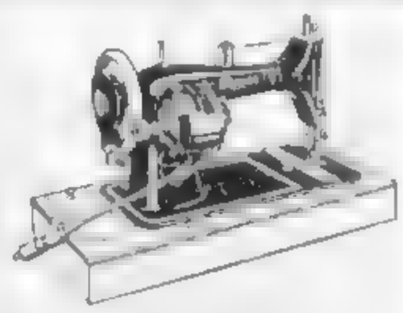

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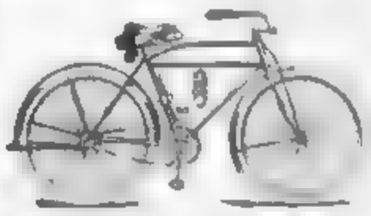

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THE BUTTERMILK MAID

(Continued from Page 7)

whether to begin it "Dear E. V.," "Dear" or "Dear Sir" before she managed the following:

"My friend," she wrote, and liked the beginning because it had a foreign sound: "It was awfully nice of you to think such nice things of me. Of course I'm not all the nice things you say, but I appreciate the way you feel. Since I came to the farm I know what it's like to be in the storeroom. You see, I'm used to having people talk pretty to me, whether they mean it or not, and I've been so thirsty for a kind word that my lip's cracked.

"Don't think that because I'm from the stage I'm easy. All the convents in Pennsylvania couldn't have raised me as careful as mamma did. But I'm crazy about your letters and just can't wait till the next one. Believe me, they're the medicine I need."

"Nothing could be fairer than that," she murmured as she folded the answer, unsigned, and slipped it into its envelope. She hurried guiltily by way of an obscure lane to the local post office. Lance Claverhouse, riding gloomily on his black charger, passed her on the main road, but he merely regarded her with eyes like burning coals and, after the customary doff, passed on.

It was Thursday when Dag proposed that they should dine at the country club.

"The regular Thursday club dinner," he explained, "and a jug band up from Norfolk. Better change your mind."

For two succeeding weeks she had sworn never, never, never again to participate in those Thursday affairs, which she described as frozen-face parties. But now it was a different matter altogether.

"Oh, well," she conceded, yawning to conceal enthusiasm, "the coon band is pretty good."

"Let's go," decided Dag.

By the late afternoon mail, while she was in her bedroom laying out her silvery dancing frock with an eye to desperate deeds, Sarah brought in another of those brownish yellow envelopes with the basket weave. It was brief but febrile this time:

> Yesterday I saw you among the flowers. You were set like a cameo, against the Dorothy Perkins roses. That rose shall be my flower forevermore! I have devoured your letter. O Adored, do not think that I love so lightly. I regard you with delicacy and reverence. You are enshrined, my saint!

That was all. But it sent Dolly off for the country club galvanized with the spirit of adventure. What cared she now for the leagued hostility of feminine eyes? Her purpose was fixed, and as she rode beside her oblivious husband she had the satisfaction of knowing that in all her theatrical experience she had never been better robed and powdered for the part she had to play.

In the big high-ceilinged room the local gentry, white trousered and dinner jacketed, appeared like officers of the same corps as they stood in knots smoking and awaiting the call for food. The elder ladies gossiped together, and Dolly was relieved to see how scarce they were. Several of the young matrons, chattering with Southern affability, occupied the long settee. As she entered they nodded stiffly or not at all. But from the knot of bored husbands there was a general move Dollyward. Lance Claverhouse, dark and handsome, moved on the outskirts and smiled at her with his brooding eyes. Little Foxhall Hanover, forgetting his accustomed pomposity, bobbed forward.

"Mrs. Bainbridge," he greeted, holding out a chubby hand, "you are a new torch, bearing light to our revels!"

Dolly was about to mention something about fire extinguishers when her attention was diverted by a disconcerting apparition in the form of Mr. Francis R. Bosworth. He was wearing a Dorothy Perkins rose in the buttonhole of his corded silk lapel! What could so punctilious a gentleman, arrayed for the evening, be doing with so humble a flower—except one thing?

"Good news!" he called out in the British accent he had acquired during collegiate days in England. "I thought old Dag would have his way."

"His way?" asked Dolly, at a loss for words. She was studying this blond, healthy specimen for a trace of Ulalume or The Raven or The Fall of the House of Usher.

"Swore he'd drag you to our cave sooner or later. Persuasive chap, old Dag. Did you hear how he sold me a bit of real estate by letting me beat him at golf? Deep!"

"Yes, *alas*," responded Dolly, stressing the final word in the hope that it would arouse some echo of the tender poem with the "Alas, alas, alas" motif. But Bosworth continued to beam with his clear Saxon eyes.

"I say, this is jolly," he insisted. Then after glancing round with a sort of heavy slyness, "I'm sitting next to you at dinner."

"How won-derful!" gushed Dolly, putting her soul in her eyes.

"I'm not supposed to be there," he confided, "but I slunk into the dining room and changed the cards."

"Oh." Nothing could have suited Dolly better. Then she voiced the afterthought, "Whose card did you change?"

"Lance Claverhouse's," he chuckled.

A thrill shot down the alluring length of Dolly's spine. She glanced nervously over to where the dark cavalier, hero of duels, drooped above Mrs. Fincastle's chair. Claverhouse, she knew, was no man to trifle with. Before morning two brave men might be grappling murderously, herself the cause. It was a delicious sensation.

But when the dining-room doors swung open and Claverhouse, with the grace of the Old Dominion, had offered his arm to Mrs. Fincastle, there was no commotion whatsoever over the changed dinner cards. Obviously Lance hadn't noticed. Dolly felt relieved and a trifle disappointed.

Disappointing, too, was her dinner talk with the all too obviously handsome man beside her. She tried to flirt and found it pretty hard sledding. Bosworth was either too simple or too subtle to react correctly—he left her in doubt. She tried the lure of the stage on him. He replied that he thought they were overdoing this musical stuff. Skimmed milk.

"They called me The Buttermilk Maid," she informed him, not without rancor.

"Oh, well, you!" he chortled. "No skimmed milk about you. Peaches and cream rather."

"That's better," admitted Dolly half aloud.

This having no effect she looked pointedly at the little pink rose in his buttonhole.

"Dorothy Perkins!" she sighed.

It took him fully a minute to gather the force of her sigh. Then he fumbled awkwardly with the flower.

"Wouldn't it look jolly in that golden hair of yours!" he exclaimed.

He had the stem half pulled from his buttonhole when something across the table caused him to tuck the posy back into its moorings. Mrs. Bosworth had fixed two large, jealous, yellowish eyes on her husband's gallantry.

Then he plunged blindly into the subject of golf. Did she play? She didn't. She knew nothing about golf, save that it bored her. Undiscouraged, he swung abruptly into the personal style of conversation which college lads call he-and-she. He told her all about herself, rather baldly. She was the prettiest girl that ever came to Albemarle in the memory of man. No wonder all the ladies were jealous.

This was pleasing enough, but where was the haunting rapture of the E. V. letters, adoring her as another Beatrice, unattainable, high-crowned in paradise? That Francis R. Bosworth was now heatedly flirting was plain to see, but he was going at it like a tired business man.

Again she studied his Dorothy Perkins rose. He fidgeted.

"I'll send you orchids in the morning—telegraph them from Richmond. This funny little flower—well, it's a delicate point between me and Sally." Sally, she gathered, was his watchful wife. "You see, we had a bit of a jar to-day."

Dolly was about to ask what a bit of a jar had to do with Dorothy Perkins roses—a subject dear to her since this afternoon's E. V. letter—when a negro orchestra in the room beyond began that pandemonium of cowbells, catcalls, whistles, saxophones and bass drums which the long-haired boys and the short-haired girls of our generation have learned to call music.

"Dance?" invited Bosworth.

She was delighted. She was beginning to like the country club; she felt that she

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might learn to endure Albemarle society if they would only come together oftener like this, with a coon band to warm their hearts and thaw the frozen faces.

As she arose she looked around for Dag. He was still sitting at table, a satisfied smile on his healthy young face as he chewed a big cigar and discussed fertilizers with gentleman farmers of the neighborhood.

Bosworth danced very well—not so well as Dolly, because few could—but all through their modernist contortions she was wondering about the man, whose rose just tickled her eyebrows as she danced. E. V. had continually warned her that she must make no move to establish his identity lest the gauzy web be rent, the romance broken. Yet what did Bluebeard's first wife, and his second and his third, when cautioned against the one forbidden door? They took the key, naturally, and fiddled with the lock.

Was Bosworth concealing his true self under a mask of heavy materialism? Dolly was beginning to doubt it when the big man whirled her through a door and out on the cool shadowy veranda. She made no resistance, but permitted him to carry her away. Her last sight of the brilliant room left her with an impression of old Mrs. Fincastle, dowager of her little empire, holding court against the wall and expressing disapproval with her deep-set black eyes.

The escaped couple leaned against the veranda rail and watched a hot red moon rising indolently above the oaken forest below.

"By Jove, you dance like a fairy!" Bosworth began telling her almost at once.

She withdrew a step as he crowded closer.

"Thanks," she replied, and would have laughed had she not been awaiting her chance.

"If I'd only seen you on the stage before I was married—say, ten years ago ——"

"I was twelve then," she informed him, but that was scarcely adequate, so she added, "I always did adore middle-aged men."

Bosworth laughed a somewhat vacant haw-haw.

"What was it you were going to tell me about—your wife and that rose?" she asked.

"Oh, yes. That rose." He plucked it from his buttonhole and held it up, just out of her reach. "Rather a cheap little flower for evening wear, don't you think? You can blame that on Sally."

"Sally?"

"She has her moods. We had a bit of a jar this afternoon, as I was saying, so we shook up a cocktail and made friends again. Just as we were leaving for the party she picked this foolish thing from the hedge. Asked me to wear it."

"Then you'd better be a good boy and put it back on your coat," said Dolly.

"Rather not! What do you say? Shall I put it in your hair?"

"Why don't you?" Her face was upturned, her eyes mocking.

"What's offered?" His voice had thickened.

"Something you're crazy 'bout."

"What?" He advanced another step.

"Edgar Allan Poe," she responded sweetly.

"Who the devil's he?" Bosworth rasped out, whereupon she repeated a rime which, by dint of a trained theatrical memory, she had stuffed into her little head that week:

The ring is on my hand,
The wreath is on my brow;
Satins and jewels grand
Are all at my command
And I am happy now.

He gazed stolidly for an instant after she had finished, but the look in his eyes affected her so disagreeably that she asked with a tittering laugh, "Don't you like it?"

"What are you trying to do?" he mumbled. Then, suddenly energized, "I never cared much about speaking pieces. But there's one thing I'm mad about ——"

Lacking words with which to finish his avowal he snatched out at her, drew her to him, and with admirable skill planted a kiss square upon her little mouth.

"Let me go—you miserable old Johnny!" she raged, striking out with both hands.

In that silly situation as they stood glaring, both enraged, both embarrassed, E. V.'s latest profession of love rang in her ears: "I regard you with delicacy and reverence. You are enshrined, my saint!"

"Mrs. Bainbridge! Please! Let a fellow explain," Bosworth was gibbering inanely in her wake as she strode into the light of the big room.

Having been bred for public appearances, it was instinctive with Dolly to put on a gay air as she ran the gantlet between Mrs. Fincastle's elderly court and Mrs. Bosworth's ladies in waiting, a double row of disapproving eyes.

She found Dag, who never took the trouble to dance, smoking contentedly on the north veranda, overlooking the links. He brought down the legs of his chair and came over to her, concern written on his tanned face.

"Can't we go home now, Dag?" she asked.

"Certainly, honey! Only waiting for you. Thought you were having a right good evening."

"I'm tired," she told him, and went for her wraps.

When she came out of the cloakroom she could see the lights of Dag's car coming round the curved driveway. But Dag had disappeared again—possibly for another cigar in another corner. There were times when he drove her to a frenzy, and tonight, ridden as she was by a naughty conscience, she could have done murder in the name of matrimonial neglect.

She went out and stood on the bricked curb, and when she had just about decided to take the car alone and wait for Dag at the house and demand an immediate separation her ears caught the sound of footsteps coming along the bricks behind her. She turned impatiently and found herself looking into the somberly beautiful features of Lance Claverhouse.

A smile broke the grayness of her mood.

"Not going home so soon?" asked Claverhouse, and she was charmed by the sweetness of his voice.

Then the thought warmed her; from the first she had wanted him to be E. V. Circumstantial evidence had thrust Frank Bosworth upon her, and an evening's experiment had proved her mistake.

"Why shouldn't I?" she retorted teasingly. "When you haven't taken the trouble to ask me for a dance?"

"Oh—dance." His pallid, poetic face leaned toward her out of shadows, reminding her of a lithograph she had once seen. Love and Death, perhaps. "I'm afraid, Mrs. Bainbridge," he was explaining, "that you'd find me a poor partner. I acknowledge my deficiency—but these noises they call music nowadays ——"

"Aren't they terrible!" agreed Dolly, and hoped her manner did not seem harsh to the sensitive spirit.

"I sometimes think that beauty is gone from the world," said the poet duelist suddenly. "We're mad for action. We're turning the nine muses into acrobats."

"Isn't that so!" replied Dolly, whose father had been an acrobat in his youth. Then, on the wings of impulse, because she could see Dag coming toward her out of the card room, she put a pertinent question.

"Are you fond of Poe?"

"Poe!" The strangest look came into his face, and his voice was like a song as he swung into the quotation:

I replied—"This is nothing but dreaming:
Let us on by this tremulous light!
Let us bathe in this crystalline light!
Its Sibylic splendor is beaming
With Hope and in Beauty to-night."

"Hello, Lance!" challenged Dag, coming out on the veranda. Dolly could have slain him for the second time that evening. "You're quite a stranger out our way."

"I've admired your—garden every morning as I passed," replied the poetic one.

"Why not stop and look in?" urged Dag.

"Thank you!" The pallid brow was like marble above those glowing coals that were his eyes.

"You must come!" said Dolly, half in a whisper.

"I shall. To-morrow."

Lance Claverhouse stood bareheaded, his raven locks glistening under the moon, as the Bainbridges rolled away.

Dolly was very sweet and gentle with Dag that night. Her adventures with the unknown gave her some such pleasant thrill of fright as children enjoy while playing bad man in dark closets. In this particular game poor blind Dag was a comfort. She could run to him and cling whenever the bogy gave chase.

IV

LANCE CLAVERHOUSE became a frequent caller at the big stone house among the oaks. His visits were not altogether satisfactory and Dolly began to

(Continued on Page 100)

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(Continued from Page 98)

think of him as a dual personality. In one aspect he was the dignified, slightly dumb person who sat on the veranda and endured Dag's hearty entertainment; in the other aspect he was a literary wraith who wrote dingently, via Richmond, and signed the mystic E. V. to avowals that waxed in ardor with the summer's heat.

The physical Claverhouse, who saved himself from boredom by smoking Dag's cigars and sipping his old vatted bourbon, would listen with assumed sympathy while Dag held forth upon the subject of open championships at White Sulphur Springs. The fiery eyes were forever seeking out Dolly, but of all this Dag was oblivious as he played the host with more than Southern hospitality. Claverhouse's visits always pleased him because, as he explained to Dolly, Lance was a good listener.

"He's dull as ditchwater," he told her once at bedtime, "but he's a good sort if you rub him the right way. And say! I'd hate to be on his blacklist. He's got the shootin' habit bad."

At this Dolly was thrilled, albeit nervous.

There were a few occasions when Lance saw her alone—afternoons when Dag golfed or farmed—but the Bainbridge complacency was never stirred to jealousy. He was only sorry, upon his return, that he had missed his good listener. For these infrequent tête-à-têtes Dolly and Lance would sit on the bench under the rose bower, whose petals had long since fallen to decay.

Once or twice they communed in this wise. Lance, whose tastes ran to the Victorian decadents, would recite page after page of Swinburne or Wilde. It was all the same to Dolly, whose literary acquaintanceship was limited to Poe and Riley. She often wished that he would stop quoting and say a little for himself. Was the genteel bad man shy? Shyness lends charm, in the opinion of many women. Therefore she redoubled her efforts to gain knowledge of E. V.

"Do you like those things that E. V. writes?" she asked once, quite without subtlety.

"E. V.?" His marble brows were furrowed.

"He's my favorite writer," she replied, but embarrassment betrayed her into a giggle. That was too bad.

"Ah, you're making fun of me!" he mourned, eyes smoldering upon her.

"Honest, I'm not!" she floundered.

Then came sly inspiration. Now, if ever, was her chance to study the handwriting of Lance Claverhouse.

"Do you ever write poetry? Or maybe some of those things you've been reciting are by you?"

"No," he gloomed. "But I sometimes woo the muse. I never hawk my verse about for the common herd."

"You'll show it to me!" she urged, making her eyes irresistible.

"Would you care ——"

"So much! You know I would!" She couldn't have said the line better had she rehearsed it for months.

Later in the week he brought her one of his compositions, concealed in a volume of Swinburne. Dag was pleasantly hovering about, so it was not until next morning that she opened the book and took out the folded sheet, quite sure now that she would settle once and for all the question of E. V.'s peculiar handwriting.

"Can you beat it!" fumed Dolly, after reading the morbid sonnet.

It had been neatly typewritten and was unsigned!

That same afternoon Lance failed to appear, but Dolly was the recipient of a spiritual visitation more significant, more disconcerting than his earthly presence could ever have been. Upon the familiar garden seat below the bloomless rose bower lay a brownish-yellow envelope addressed to her in microscopic handwriting. It lay full in view where any passer-by—most particularly her husband—might have seen it, opened it, read it, thrown her secret to the world. The sight gave her a shock.

She snatched it guiltily and read:

I must see you alone—away from all this. Don't refuse me. I can bear just so much, no more. I shall be by the old springhouse above Rock Bridge at the hour of four. E. V.

That was all, and plain enough. So E. V. was coming out into the open! The letter had an imperative, injured tone she had never read into the others. She was sorry if E. V. had taken to heart anything she had said; she had always been kind in her responses to him, but her later correspondence, she felt, had been a little tame. She had talked reason, which is enough to blemish any love letter. She had mentioned her duty to her husband and begged E. V. not to get so excited.

But now, she felt, the hour of solution had arrived. She would face him and she would know. Suppose he shouldn't turn out to be Lance, after all! Suppose some terrible person with a thick waistline and little gray burnsides—deformities she could never condone—should pop out to meet her!

Such misgivings, however, had little effect on her actions. She hastened to smooth her hair, touch her lips ever so lightly with carmine, put on a rose-ringed hat she especially liked, and trip down a hidden way toward the low whitewashed springhouse which was to be her rendezvous.

At a leafy bend in the road, approaching Stone Bridge, she was halted by the sound of a horse crashing over fallen timber. A man was singing in a rough pleasant barytone:

"Settin' en jail,
Back to de wall,
Wuz a cross-eyed gal,
De cause of it all."

Then round the bend swung the musical horseman. She leaned weakly against a tree trunk. Dag, red and sweaty in the heavy afternoon, was riding leisurely toward her.

"Well, Dot!" he bawled. "When'd you go in for exercise?"

"I—I was sort of lonesome," she pouted, beginning her lie with plain truth. "Pole Awtha said you would be somewhere around Rock Bridge, so I thought I'd ——"

"Come out and meet daddy?"

He leaned down from the saddle and with a strength unexpected in so slight a man gripped her under the arms and pulled her off her feet.

"Dag!" she protested feebly.

"Oh, come on!" he coaxed. "I've been trying for months to get you on a horse. Up you come!"

So back to the old stone house they rode, Dolly sitting on his lap, side saddle, in a pose more picturesque than elegant or comfortable.

She was sulky that night; sulky as only a woman can be whose nerves are all needles and pins. E. V.'s rash letter, boldly dropped on the garden seat, haunted her with a fear of discovery. He was going too far. The unknown was intruding on her everyday life; it gave her a feeling of guilt and unease. Therefore she took it out on Dag, who had stumbled in clumsily and broken her tryst.

Two days passed without Lance Claverhouse's usual call. It was plain enough to see that her failure to appear at the springhouse had discouraged his ardors. Dolly didn't like the look of things. All day long she was fighting phantoms. She reminded herself of a fictional character—he had some Jewish name like Nickelburg or Frankenstein—who created a monster that went at it in a workmanlike way to destroy its maker. Or, in her own phraseology, she had started something she couldn't finish.

At the end of the second day Lance's continued absence looked more and more suspicious. After dinner, the weather being drizzly and chill, she sulked in the drawing-room, quite ignoring Dag's heroic efforts to amuse. She had snubbed him twice in the midst of a long-winded anecdote which ran on and on like a serial story. Dag was just beginning to show that temper which lurks behind the sanguine smiles of good-natured men when a ring at the doorbell brought forth black Sarah.

A ring at the door! To Dolly's morbid ears it came like the midnight knockings in Macbeth. Was it Lance? If so, why had he come so late? Could it be ——

They could hear the guttural parley of negroes outside. Dag growled and strode impatiently into the hall. His look frightened her.

"What's all this racket?" she heard him say, and then a little more mildly, "Hello, Tinney! House afire or something?"

"Dunno, Mist' Dag," replied a boyish treble. "Mebbe so it is afiah. Didn't see no fiah."

In the voice and the name Dolly recognized Tinney, a mentally deficient colored boy who was employed in the neighborhood to do odd jobs in the oddest possible way.

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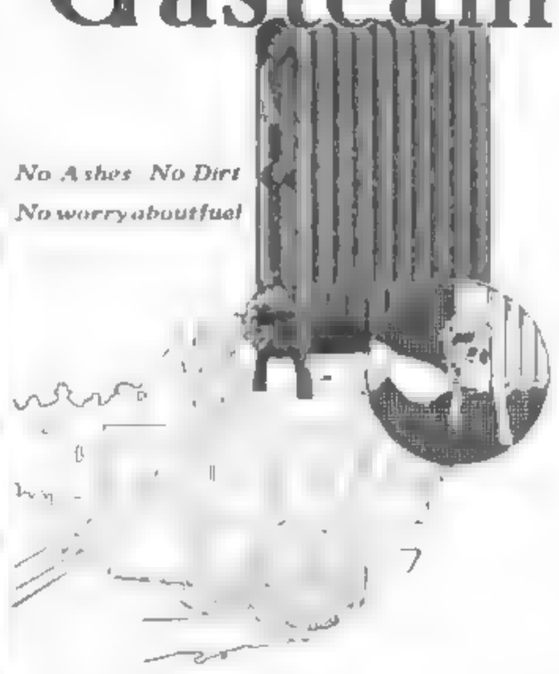

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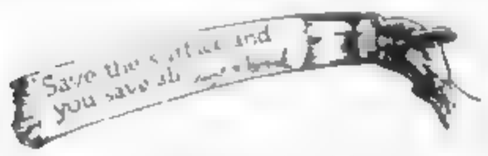
But whether you sell or not, give the old bus a new dress next Saturday. It's more fun than work, takes little time and costs hardly anything. Da-cote comes in black and white and ten popular colors. Write for color card and nearest dealer's name.



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"He say he got a letter fo' Miss Dolly," explained Sarah's dignified tone.

Dolly tingled like a human pincushion.

"Must be in an awful rush," grunted Dag.

"Yessuh! Gelman say awful rush."

An instant later Dag was stalking back into the drawing-room, a yellow-brown envelope dangling in his fingers. Tinney, a dusty little negro with the straps of somebody's cast-off knickerbockers dangling loosely above his bare ankles, slunk in like a disobedient puppy.

"What's this?" asked Dag cruelly, holding up the letter, too obviously from E. V.

"A letter—I don't know—why should I ——"

Crushed by the situation, she had become as idiotic as Tinney. Dag turned the envelope over in his hand; his face held the same frightening look.

"Nice time of night," he said, "for a note."

"Gelman said rush," supplied the dutiful Tinney.

"What gentleman?" asked Dag in an icy tone.

"He ain't nobody, Mist' Dag. Lawd sakes, he don' 'mount to nothin'. He pay me fo' bits say he wasn't nobody."

"Didn't you know him?"

"Huccum I know gelman in de dark?"

"Of course you wouldn't, would you, Tinney?" observed Dag with a sort of savage gentleness. "Anything about him you noticed?"

"How you speck I could see his haid when he done kep' his hat on?"

"What sort of hat?"

"Aw, Mist' Dag, yo' seen plenty hats."

"Was it a light hat?"

"Yessuh!" Tinney looked inspired.

"Was it a dark hat?"

"Yessuh!" His inspiration grew.

"Get out!" commanded Bainbridge.

"Yessuh."

Tinney stood his ground, but very dexterously snatched out of mid-air the quarter which Dag flipped toward him. Then he darted away with a Puck-like laugh.

Bainbridge closed the drawing-room door very gently, and Dolly knew that her hour of reckoning had come as deliberately he ripped away a corner of the tawny envelope. In the same leisurely way he took the letter out and carried it over to the lamp. As his eyes danced across the sheet his wife sat palsied, unable to scream or to cry or to faint. At last he had finished.

"How dare the miserable cur write like that to you?" he asked, and by his tone she knew that his wrath was not for her.

He tossed the open letter in her lap. Before her eyes swam the handwriting she had come to know so well. At last the characters formed themselves into words and she managed to read:

My Soul: The hour of action has struck. If you love me, as you have led me to believe you do, the time has come to put it to the test. Choose now between him and me. Will you go now, leave him forever? You must not disappoint me again, as you did yesterday. This must be an irrevocable decision. Do not fear your husband—leave that to me. But you must decide. Will you come? E. V.

Dolly had scarcely finished when she was aware of a staccato popping sound upon the paper.

It was caused by her tears.

"Dag!" she cried out in sudden agony. "It's all my fault—all mine! I shouldn't have let him. Oh, why, oh, why ——"

"Who is this man?" he asked, looking almost tall in his rigidity.

"I do-o-o-on't know!" she wailed. "I never saw him—I don't think I ever did."

How, in that frantic instant, she wished that he would take her in his arms and let her sob it out on his shoulder. But he seemed determined to make it hard for her. He folded his arms.

"You don't know," he reflected.

"How could I tell? He just wrote the letters."

"Well, I know," he informed her in a voice like steel.

She forgot her grief to open her eyes wide.

"Dag! Who?"

"I don't think that concerns you," he said—a demonstration that man can be as unreasonable as woman, in a pinch.

"Dolly," he resumed after a space, "I'm not holding you responsible for this. You might have told me and made it easier. Possibly you had your reasons."

"I was so—so lonesome!" she burst out, and fell to sobbing against a pillow.

"I'm sorry for that." She thought his voice softened a shade, but it hardened again to the announcement. "He'll have to account to me."

"Dag! You wouldn't ——" She sat up again.

"You haven't lived in the South long. You're not supposed to know the custom among gentlemen in cases like this."

"You're going to kill him?" The words stuck in her throat.

"It's a case of him or me," he announced, slightly shrugging his shoulders.

Then it was that her dramatic power asserted itself. She crouched on the rug at his feet, embraced his knees.

"Dag! I can't let you. My dear! You won't fight him! Say you won't!"

"Why, please?" he asked, standing like iron.

"I couldn't lose you, Dug. It would kill me too. I can't think of it! And, darling—if it's Lance Claverhouse, can't you see—he's—so—much—bigger than you!"

"A better target, then," he informed her recklessly.

"Please say you won't! Please, please!"

"I won't shoot him, if that suits you better," he decided. "I'll fight him with my bare hands."

"Dag! Wait till morning. Maybe I can explain then. You'll feel better in the morning."

Already he was struggling toward the door, dragging her along until she was forced to release her clasp.

"In the morning I may not know where to find him," was his sinister comment.

An instant later she could hear him in the hall, harshly commanding someone to saddle Cæsar and bring him to the door.

Then blankness came to Dolly Bainbridge. And when again she was conscious of her surroundings it was to hear iron hoofbeats dying away on the graveled driveway.

In that terrible hour Dolly should have torn her hair and beat her guilty brow. Instead she sat perfectly still like a scared mouse. The appearance of old Sarah, coming in to say good night before her retirement to the quarters, frightened her like a black and evil spirit. Then all the hags of remorse rode through her brain, tormenting her.

She was sending the man she loved to his doom. She had nicely arranged that doom. Her vanity, silly vanity, had wrought murder. Pouting like a spoilt child, she had reached out for those overwrought flowery letters as a means for mischievous entertainment. Well, they had entertained her, for the matter of that. If only Dag had understood in time, had realized her daily need for praise and excitement!

But she had conspired the tragedy and put the dirk in her hero's hand. The big clock ticked dolefully in the hall. Gradually her imagination began to take fire with pictures of her husband somewhere out there in the night grappling in a chivalrously unequal struggle—with whom? As sure as a hound upon the scent he had sped away toward his quarry; yet he hadn't said it would be Lance Claverhouse. Suppose he made a mistake and killed the wrong man!

That terror was only transitory. More than anything else she had dreaded the consequences to her chivalrous, much-enduring husband. He purposed to tear Lance apart with his bare hands. What chance had little Dag? What chance against the powerful pessimist, hero of half a dozen physical encounters?

The theatricalism of it all charmed her to a sort of hopeless ecstasy. Once, during her career as an infant prodigy, she had played the golden-haired part in one of those now obsolete performances commonly called tank drama. It had been entitled The Cowboy's Revenge and, as she recalled it now, the wronged husband—a smallish man like Dag—had gone forth in the fourth act to do battle with Sancho Lopez, a tallish man like Lance. Obedient to the melodramatic unities, the wronged wife had stolen to the scene of battle and, at a most useful moment, slipped a bowie knife into the hands of her prostrate but active husband.

Why hadn't she thought of that? Burdened by her own incapacity she sank again on the couch and lay back, eyes staring blankly. The clock in the hall chimed two, and yet it seemed a year of nights since poor Dag had gone away to his self-imposed execution. Rain began to fall, a silvery clatter on the hoary stones of this gray house, too ancient for a New World The storm grew wilder. Thunder rolled.

Then suddenly above the clamor came a sound that brought her roughly upright,

Out of a Treadmill Into a Better Job

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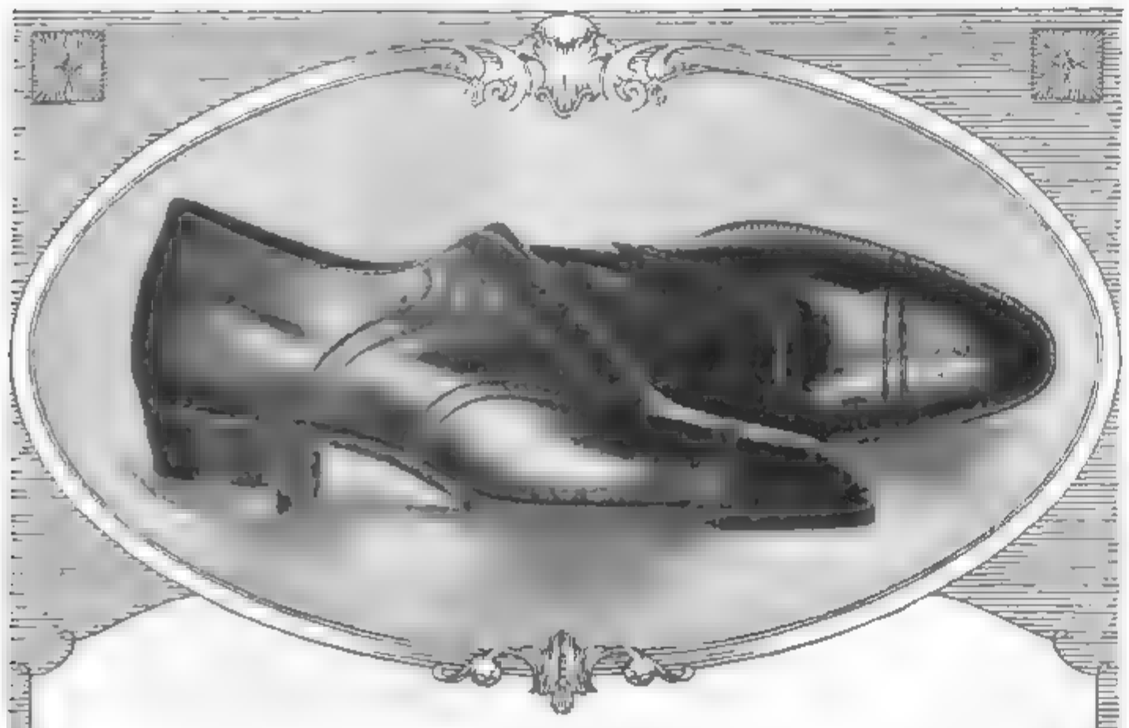

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like a sleeper rudely awakened. Hoofbeats! Klop-klop-klop, she could hear them splashing through the pools, gaining in sound. Then, with their sudden cessation, the lusty thud of boots was heard on the veranda.

Her first thought was, "They're bringing him home." Envisioning blood, she closed her eyes and waited, unable to go forth and face her dead.

"Great Scott, honey—still up?"

Framed in the drawing-room door she saw Dag, drenched to the skin but otherwise undefaced. The murderous light which had gleamed in his gray eyes had warmed to a look of inner satisfaction. He leaned slightly against the door frame, and although his body expressed fatigue he looked suddenly powerful, as though he had eaten the food of the gods and gained stature in an hour.

"Dag!" she whispered. "Are you hurt?"

Because he made no reply but maintained his peculiar attitude of repose, she sprang toward him and on the impulse wound her arms around his neck.

"What have you done, Dag? Can't you tell me? What have you done?"

Looking up into his face she could see his smile of perfect assurance.

"You didn't meet him."

"Oh, yes."

"Dag! How queer you act! Did you—did you kill him?"

"Not exactly," he replied, and his eyes flashed cold just for an instant. "I put him out of the way. Dot, I'm hungry as a wolf. What have you got on the sideboard? Might bring me a decanter too. I'm starved."

She brought him food and drink—how, she never remembered. Settled comfortably on the couch, he laid a thin slice of sugar-cured ham in the cleft of a beaten biscuit, gnawed, gulped diluted bourbon, gazed at her now and then with the air of a man who has ventured much and won.

"You didn't kill him, Dag?" she insisted finally.

"I said I didn't."

"Wouldn't he fight you?"

"Oh, yes. He fought me all right."

He chewed appreciatively.

"Very hard?"

"He was muscular," explained the hero husband.

"Please don't torture me any more," she pleaded piteously. "Can't you see—you've got to tell me, Dag—because I'm to blame."

He took his time to study her, and the easy good nature had come back into his face when he said, "Dot, it's hard to tell a woman about such things. I hunted him up, that's all, and asked for an explanation. He's an abler man than I am in lots of ways. He must have been or he wouldn't have ——"

"Dag!"

"But I fixed him so that he'll never trouble this district again. There's something in being on the right side, I reckon."

He said this last so plaintively that Dolly with a little cry took both his wet arms and put them around her neck. Then she cried again, cried copiously even as the rain renews itself from skies that have wept for weeks.

"Whatever you did," she wailed, "I'll stand by you."

"Don't worry, little girl. We won't hear any more of this," he informed her, his voice softening.

She kept right on crying, heartily, deliciously.

"Don't, precious!" he implored in a tone that had grown broken and tender. "You've had a rotten time."

"I deserve a rotten time—I'm such a little rotter!" came another wail. "I couldn't ap-preciate what you've given me. I had to spill the beans. What's Lance Claverhouse to me?—and his old poetry bored me stiff. But I just had to—I had to have a l-l-little fun!"

It all came down in a freshet which deposited more moisture on his already sopping coat.

"Well, you had it, didn't you, honey?" he asked, unable to restrain that wickedness.

"Dag!" She sat up and brushed the yellow hair out of her eyes. "If you only knew the fun it was—while it lasted!"

"You remember what I've said," he reminded her as he put her little hands together and pressed them between his palms. "I'd do anything for you."

"You'd even go out and kill giants for me, the way David slew Jonathan," she exclaimed, again betraying her genius for misplaced references.

He laughed and folded her tight against his shoulder.

"Now, Dots," he said, "this business about E. V.—or whatever the fellow chose to call himself—is off the slate. I don't blame you. Not a bit. It was my fool mistake, pulling you out of the real life and planting you like a vegetable on the farm. Tell you what let's do. To-morrow we'll pack and go to Atlantic City. How's that?"

"No." She pouted and twined a lock of his damp hair round her finger.

"Then we'll move on to New York when the weather's cool—loaf around as long as we please, see everything in the theaters—you can go back in the profession if you want to ——"

"No." The pout grew heavier.

"Then we'll keep right on going. London—Paris—Geneva ——"

"No."

"What's the matter, Dots? What do you want to do?"

"Want to stay right here on this funny old farm."

"My grandmothers! Why?"

She cuddled up a little closer and gave herself time to think before explaining, "It's so exciting here, old Daggers!"

That was a happy hour for the Bainbridges.

Next morning Dag Bainbridge, refreshed by a little sleep, attired himself like a bridegroom about to devote his day to golf—if such a thing were conceivable. The tassels of Scotch garters showed under the rolls of his woolly stockings and the brilliance of his sporting necktie vied with the brilliance of his eyes.

As he shot away toward the country club in his lean gray roadster Dolly at the window was so satisfied with his appearance that she whispered confidentially to her inner spirit, "Gee, I'm glad I didn't marry an actor!"

But Dag's businesslike air belied his playful clothes as he entered the white clubhouse on the hill. As chairman of the greens committee he had a little office of his own, and he was making straight for the locked door when an elderly gentleman of Albemarle stopped him with intent to gossip.

"A week of rain wouldn't do any harm," suggested the old gentleman of Albemarle. "Fairways all drying up."

"Looks bad," agreed Dag, but retained the smile that had been with him since the small hours of the morning.

"Membership getting mighty thin too," mourned the old gentleman. "Morleys gone East, Dabneys gone West."

"Pretty thin," admitted Dag, still grinning.

"And then the way Lance Claverhouse picked up and left us ——"

Bainbridge's contented smile faded to a look of blank amazement.

"Say that again," he implored.

"Didn't you hear about Lance? Called away suddenly day before yesterday. His Uncle Ben—one of the Northern Claverhouses—died in Chicago. Lance inherits the business—life insurance. Imagine Lance writing life-insurance policies!"

"I can't," confessed Dag, but the corners of his smile were tickling the lobes of his ears as he dodged into his office and locked the door.

Once in privacy Dag's behavior became more and more eccentric. There were a few sticks of wood lying, for decorative purposes, across the andirons of a small fireplace across from his roll-top desk. Why should he start the fire on so sultry a day? But that was exactly what he did. And when the kindling crackled to his satisfaction he turned a key in his roll-top desk, pulled out an inner drawer and selected a double handful of stationery, which quite evidently he intended for the flames.

The new fuel which he strewed upon the fire flared up briskly because it was easily combustible, being paper. The work of obliteration was going nicely when Dag stooped to the carpet to pick up a few envelopes and sheets of the same material as those now rapidly going up in smoke. An almost sentimental look came into his eyes as he studied the stationery and remembered the trouble it had cost him to find that unique paper, which was yellowish brown and of an intricate basket weave.

Then he tossed the last envelope on the fire before he turned to close his desk, and with it the incident of the E. V. correspondence.

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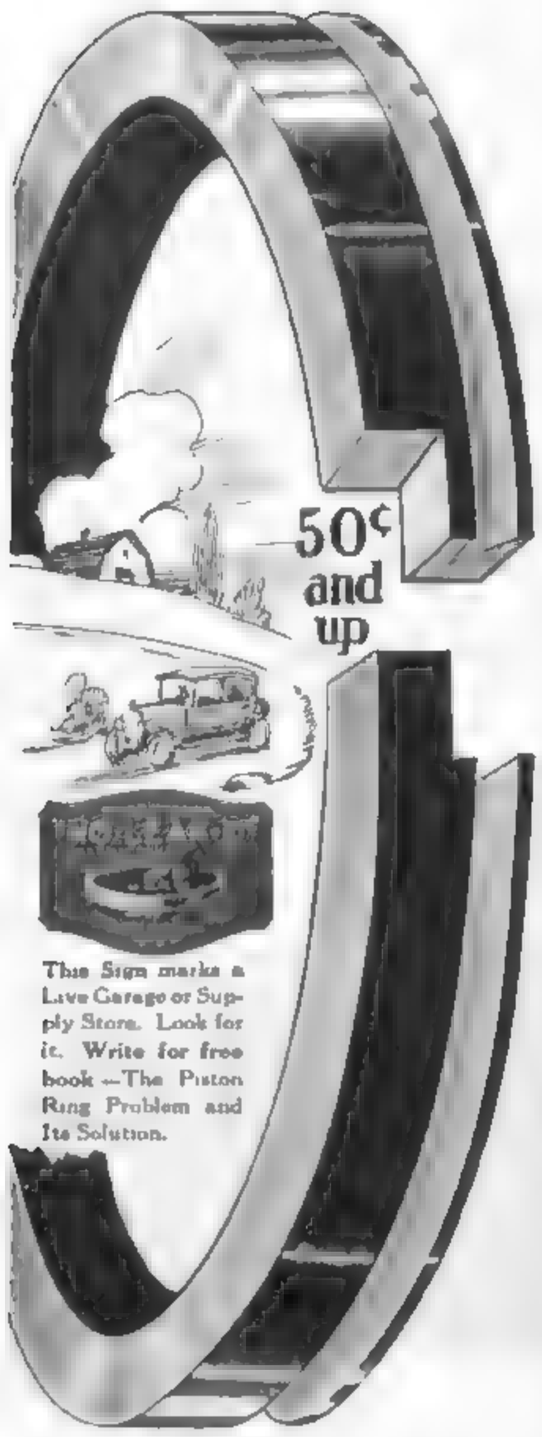

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UNCLE LING AND PINK MATTER

(Continued from Page 4)

wanting what is not his own; often it is droll, as children declaring they will no longer play their game by rules because rules hamper them—as a young Chinese who has become an Intelligent might say, 'It is unfair that I, too, did not receive four aces in this deal.' Though the sun shines down the slope of history they will not glance back, these forward-looking Intelligents. 'Read us and be free to have your own way,' they cry. 'Read us and be free!' They remind me of the poet, Tu Fu, who had so high an opinion of his own poetry that he prescribed it as a cure for malarial fever.

"And always they write from a foundation built slowly by one-man-striving-for himself. This foundation they would kick from under them, not knowing it to be inevitably and always there; not knowing it reappears magically the moment they conceive it to have been destroyed. Ah, that one proved truth out of all the world puzzle—that simple truth of inevitable one-striving. They will not see it. Because they are forward-lookers, as they say. And at such differing angles do they look forward. There are many choice opportunities for brawls in this interesting world, but how shall you fetch about a finer brawl than by entreating six socialists to contrast their opinions? So you shall have all socialism ably indicted, for each Intelligent of the six will prove the other five to be talking nonsense. It is one time when the backward-looker may concede them all to be wise.

"This day I read one Intelligent who says the workman is a slave because he does not own the machine he works on and the materials he makes articles of. But other workmen made the machine, so it could not be his, and other workmen made the materials and had money for it to buy rice and watch chains and snappy togs for fancy dressers—not so? But this Intelligent says he must own his job and direct it. He proclaims, 'Those who participate in industry must direct the industry in which they participate.' See, now? This at-times worker here, so richly decked and gauded, must own the pot he cleanses and direct the industry in which he participates. When his slaver shall say for dinner 'Roast beef rare,' he shall say a tart comeback with 'Roast pork, well done,' and do the same well in that furnace he will own. When his slaver shall say 'Pie-of-apple' he shall hotly reply, 'Pudding-of-plums fruit.' So he will not longer be a slave but direct the industry in which he consents to participate. How simple can be an Intelligent when he speaks from a platform built by one-striving! How loath to examine his footing, a platform built by all-men-striving-each-for-himself—and such a rich platform, so that we can produce lots of Intelligents who are of slight utility in other pursuits."

The Same Old Shoemaker

"For these socialistics are a sickness of wealth. In days when your country was new and poor there were no Intelligents. Each man then did own his machine and his job; his gun to slay noxious animals, his plow to turn the earth, his ax to hew the forests. There was not an Intelligent to tell the worker to take his job, because he had it already. Then come rich days with better machines—each made by a man striving for himself—and the workers got five pieces of money where they got one when they owned their machines and their jobs; so then the Intelligent was heard. He says this new wealth shall be taken from them that have it and given to all them that haven't got it. These are already richer, but why not be still richer than this? Those rich that have more do not deserve it, says the Intelligent, because others deserve to have the most. Whichever has got it shouldn't have it.

"But how shall they do these subtractions when each man wants not enough, but all he can get? That is why so many kinds of socialists are, because no one has yet found out. So one socialistic party says we shall all be one big union. It sounds like a professor talking, not so? Consider it done, all in one big union. And what? Shoemaker is same old shoemaker. He is not an Intelligent. He says, 'I want all I can get for making one pair of shoes.' Carpenter is same old carpenter. He says, 'I want all I can get for building one house.' Farmer says, 'I want all I can get for some fine carrots.' So far all nice; but comes a little joker, the same little joker that the Hundred Scholars knew and the Nine Classics expound, the same joker that has gadflied man since the great egg broke to let out Poon Koo Wong, who created the sun and the moon and breathed upon a piece of gold to make man and a piece of wood to make woman—back of which occurrence there was not time.

"And this stern joker is that the shoemaker who wants all he can get for his shoes yet wishes to pay the carpenter as little as possible for his house and the farmer as little as possible for his carrots; and the carpenter and the farmer are all the time wishing to pay as little as need be for the shoes of the shoemaker. Which is the law eternal, with two sides that precisely balance. I do not commend it. Who am I to say that Poon Koo Wong might not have breathed a more reasonable spirit into the lump of gold that became man? But the fact is there, that he did not."

Uncle Ling Cheers Up

"And so, regard the one big union that these children of socialists have in their platform—the shoemakers, carpenters, farmers, all toilers whatsoever, striving and striking each against all the others to make his own pursuit more gainful, each seeking to receive all he may and to pay the others as little as he may. Is not that a cask of turbulence bound with hoops of the spring wind? True, one small union may strive a little; a union of plumbers may ordain that a plumber who is, in your patois, muscle-bound above the ears, shall receive an equal wage with one who is fairly supple in that region; but will his union secure him cheaper tools when the toolmakers' union strives against him? That one big union would endure until the workers learned, one day later, that they were still striving each against the others in the same old way. This way has not yet been talked out of being by an Intelligent. I leave much unsaid."

This time the old gentleman seemed to mean it. He tapped the tiny bowl of his pipe free of ashes, refilled it and smoked as one really determined to leave much unsaid. Wang Lee had remained decorously silent throughout the greater portion of the harangue, though twice he had winked at me in a manner as Occidental as his criticized neckwear, as one who would intimate that he and I were qualified to make allowance for the infirmities of age. Having now put his kitchen to rights he reached into a capacious crock and was presently conferring upon the lecturer a beaker of his latest rice wine. This is a poignant and heady brew, dynamic to a flagrantly illegal extent, though with a deceptive manner, being suave to the palate and professing none but innocent intentions. The old gentleman sipped cautiously at first, then drank with assurance, beaming warmly upon the donor.

"It is gentle as the perfume of spring," he murmured, "though it whispers of nonconformance to present edicts. So we are bad citizens, but still human in the one-man-striving way. I am reminded of Hoong-ti, who ascended the throne 246 B.C. Annoyed by the Intelligents who at that time made mention of the past to blame the present, he was advised by his prime minister to burn all ancient books and to put to death, along with their relatives, all those who praised the past. I dare say the thing had been overdone. At any rate so perished, as Hoong-ti thought, the Nine Classics, including the Book of History, the Spring and Autumn Annals and the Book of Changes. But Kaoti, a book lover, devised a way to save some illegal copies.

"Yet again, in B.C. 13, a new Son of Heaven determined to blot out history by destroying all literature, and a penalty of branding and four years' labor on the great wall was enacted against those who did not surrender their volumes for destruction. Many good works perished and the Confucian Canon would have been lost forever but for the devotion of scholars who concealed the precious tablets. It is said that so many of the literati perished for this disobedience that melons actually grew in winter on the spot beneath which they

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were buried. These again were lawbreakers such as you, my son, who seek to preserve certain delectable secrets of chemistry no longer lawful to demonstrate. Should their fate be yours I trust you will meet it becomingly. I draw no morals. One quits that after seventy. Man is a weakling who stumbles a blind way through an endless forest. I say only that this elixir slips its hand into the hand of the aged as might a little child, tender, confiding, wheedling. It moves me to benevolence. Should I come upon a little child now, I should not utter any wise saying to it but counsel it only to be joyous. Should I now perceive a basket of kittens, I suspect I should fondle their soft structures and utter droll bits of speech to them." Uncle Ling drained his glass. "It blandishes," he said.

"Sure, I could be persecuted according to law for it," confirmed Wang Lee proudly.

"Its effect upon an enfeebled old man justifies the hazard," replied his uncle. "It leaves me expanding with virtue and amiability. I am reminded of one told of in the old books, an unmarried man of the lower people called Shun of Yu. His father was obstinately unprincipled, his stepmother was insincere, his half-brother, Seang, was arrogant. Yet Shun of Yu won renown and prizes by being able to live in harmony with them. It was a notable feat, but at this moment I feel competent to surpass him."

Wang Lee, amateur distiller, visibly ruffled under this praise and beguiled by the geniality of his late critic, again became Wang Lee, amateur sociologist.

"I read in paper," he remarked brightly, "they are free to make some more such back in Russia." The old gentleman still beamed, and Wang Lee ventured further. "I think back in Russia they have liberty like our club says. I think they enjoy liberty very nice."

Uncle Ling ceased to beam, his eyes became mere points of light behind the thick glasses. Yet he began with a false ease of manner.

"Is he not well informed, this Intelligent? You see that he reads in the papers other items besides what a dollar is to-day worth in China. He reads of the liberty in Russia. That is interesting. It recalls to me a fable. About one thousand seven hundred years since, a politician named Su Tai was one day advising the King of Chao to put an end to his ceaseless hostilities against the Yen State. 'This morning,' said he, 'when crossing the river I saw a mussel open its shell to bask in the sun. At once the bird called an oyster catcher thrust in his bill to eat the mussel, but the latter closed his shell and held the bird fast. "If it doesn't rain to-day or to-morrow," said the oyster catcher, "there will be a dead mussel." "And if you do not get out of this by to-day or to-morrow," replied the mussel, "there will be a dead oyster catcher." Meanwhile up came a fisherman and carried off both of them.'"

Sink or Swim

"There see you free Russians." He pointed a suddenly stern finger at Wang Lee. "While they bickered over the pitiful remnants of what you Intelligents call capital, saying that all should have it, yet each trying for as much as he might grab, and waiting for a magic rain of ease that can never come while man is what Poon Koo Wong made him, along comes famine to carry them off. Have you not read this, then?"

"I think liberty all the same," insisted Wang Lee. "I think they all enjoy it very nice."

"You think as the parrot thinks when he utters human speech," snapped the old gentleman. "Listen. Maybe you shall not be wiser, but listen. See that Russian steamer of state with captain and officers to sail her and men in the ship's belly to keep the fire burning. But these men enjoy very nice a Young China Socialistic and Recreation Club. They say they shall own their job and sail the ship better than the captain. They say all shall be captains and stay upstairs and no more of them slaves down in the basement, where work is hard. They shall be brothers and all have what each produces, so they produce a big noise and they have a big noise to divide equally among the brothers. The ship is not sailed so well without a captain and presently it comes to be a wreck, so that no captain could sail it. But there is still much Young China Socialistic and Recreation fever, so they say: 'For some reason we cannot sail the ship good when all men are brothers and captains, therefore what is the next number on the program? Therefore the next number is to tear the ship to rubbish. In that way liberty and equality will be perfected. For when we are all in the water, shall we not all be equal captains, one having the same as others, as much water to swim in and as much arms and legs to make swimming gestures?' So, true it proves.

"They are all swimming in the water, having equal privileges, with no slaves, no masters and no capital. The worker owns his job, which is to swim. But then it becomes amazing to observe that even in water which is equal water for all there is still a perverse unequalness, because one swimmer does his job better than some others, having a better girth of lungs or deeper fat on his muscles. And there proves no way to reduce this final unequality. Each owns his job—to swim—but no two swim alike; so presently from this ideal state where is no wrong of privilege, many swimmers are lost and some emerge from the water to where they need no longer swim. And what do they climb out on but the hulk of the steamer they have wrecked? They look to see if repairs can be made. And then what see you?"

Uncle Ling demanded this fiercely from a nephew who shuffled, he having meant merely to chat about freedom in Russia, and how pleasing freedom is, and so forth, and maybe another glass of wine.

The Will of Poon Koo Wong

"Then you see," continued the pitiless lecturer, "the same old steamer being repaired, with a captain and officers to sail it if it will sail, and the same old workers in the belly of the ship to make the fires burn. For they have found that drops of water may be everywhere alike, but that men are not, and that each man will have for his labor precisely all he can get, which is capitalism. They have found that ten men are not something different from one man. And so capitalism is again in Russia with slaves and masters. The slave had thought to own his job, but found that his job was strangely more than the work he did. There was a part he could not take, and again the masters must do that part or the slave would have no job at all—not even the part he could do. And that talk of brotherhood! Communism they called it, which is to say that if one man has but one arm all others shall be separated from an arm so that none shall enjoy a wrong advantage. Which thing cannot exist, because the other men will not submit to this pruning. Poon Koo Wong forbade it in their blood.

"Not even the peasants of Russia would submit. Having taken the land from weaker ones to have in common as brothers, they soon cried that they must have it each for himself alone; nor would they raise grain for any but their own profit. Where their Intelligents had said 'There shall be no private gain and no private property,' the simple peasant, because Poon Koo Wong, the first creator, had from all time and for all time fixed it so in his heart, said there should most certainly be private gain and private property, to each man according to his skill and enterprise; so that the law of being was not, after all, set aside by those who write and talk for their jobs. These had said they would foil this law by abolishing money, and they abolished it to all but a vanishing point—one may do so many things all but. Yet the law of being was never foiled. One planted and traded and profited for himself first, as it was in the old days; with money made meaningless by reason of its abundance, one bartered produce for produce, as it was in China before our first money was stamped upon pieces of linen.

"There is your liberty in Russia. Still slaves and masters, the worker owning but that part of his job he does. The priests of the false god of communism now flout him and tear down his image. They have bitterly come to know that man is born to strive and that some will strive harder than others. Only a pitiful echo comes of the old cry of 'All of each one's for everyone,' an echo that says: 'We wrecked the ship and took to the water where all men are equal, but the test was not fair. It will not be fair until the whole world wrecks its ship and takes to the water. When the whole world swims, then will be true equality.'

"So complains the whipped child—if only he were big enough to whip those who

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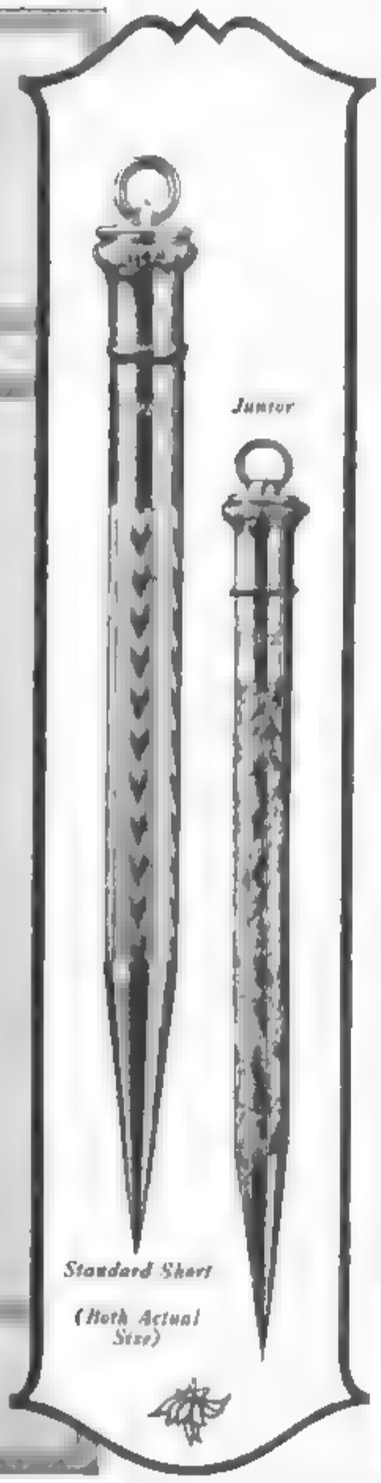

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whip him. But if all were children there would still be whipping, not so? I believe this reasoning will not prevail. It may sway the Young China Socialistic and Recreation Club; and it prevails with the Intelligents who stand safely on their own steamer deck and enjoy anguished hearts for the multitude, urging that the ship be wrecked back to equality among men, but I doubt these will convince the world that all would be equal swimmers. I suspect the world has grasped that socialists become capitalists the moment they become dictators; that the platform of striving is magically re-created the moment it seems to have been destroyed. I suspect that this profound student"—Uncle Ling waved toward the nephew—"will not let the wheels of his splendid but amazingly cheap new vehicle from Detroit, Michigan, take the driver's seat and twist the steering gear along his journey's way. And if the wheels should overcome him by violence and seize the steering device, I suspect the vehicle would soon become débris and remain such until the wheels resumed their function. Nothing would have been done but some damage, as nothing has been changed in Russia.

"Here I am reminded of the tale of the stone monkey and Buddha. He was a bad stone monkey, born of an unworthy stone egg. He was selected to be king of the monkeys, but this eminence did not content him. I dare say he belonged to a Young China Socialistic and Recreation Club, though the tale is silent on this. At any rate he was an Intelligent, and he made a series of disturbances in the world until God sent some generals to quell him. But these he put to flight and was soon at his old tricks, stealing the Peaches of Immortality from the Royal Mother of the West and also some of the Elixir of Life—possibly from a vase like yonder one—which he heartily consumed. So at last God deputed Buddha to master this radical. Buddha rebuked him but was told by the impudent beast that God must be deposed and that he, the monkey of evil parentage, must reign instead."

Buddha and the Monkey

"Buddha giggled heartily at this. A monkey to reign in the place of God, who has ruled seventeen hundred fifty æons of one hundred twenty-nine thousand six hundred years' duration each! But he asked of the aspirant, 'What abilities have you?' 'Plenty,' said the monkey. 'I can change myself into seventy-two different shapes and I can turn a somersault to a distance of eighteen thousand li, which is seven thousand miles.'

"'Well,' answered Buddha, 'I will wager with you. If you can jump out of my hand I will ask God to depart to the west and let you reign in heaven, but if you fail you will go down again to earth and be a plain devil again for some æons.'

"Now the monkey thought this was easy, so he diminished himself in size until he could stand on the hand of Buddha, which was stretched forth to him like a lotus leaf. 'I'm off!' he cried, as a few years since they cried it in Russia. But Buddha's gaze was ever upon him as he turned in his vast somersault. Pretty soon that foolish monkey reached a very far place marked by five red pillars, and he thought he had gone far enough from the hand of Buddha. So he plucked out a hair and changing it to a pencil he wrote on the middle one of the five red pillars in large letters: 'The Great Holy One of all the Heavens reached this far point.' The next moment he whirled himself far back to Buddha's hand and claimed his reward.

"'Ah,' said Buddha, 'I knew you couldn't do it.'

"'But,' said the monkey, 'I have been to the very confines of the universe and in proof I have left a writing on a red pillar standing there, a proof which I challenge you to go and see; but you will have to travel far and long.'

"'There is no need,' said Buddha. 'Bend down your head and look here.' So the monkey bent down his head, and there on Buddha's middle finger he read the inscription: 'The Great Holy One of all the Heavens reached this far point.'

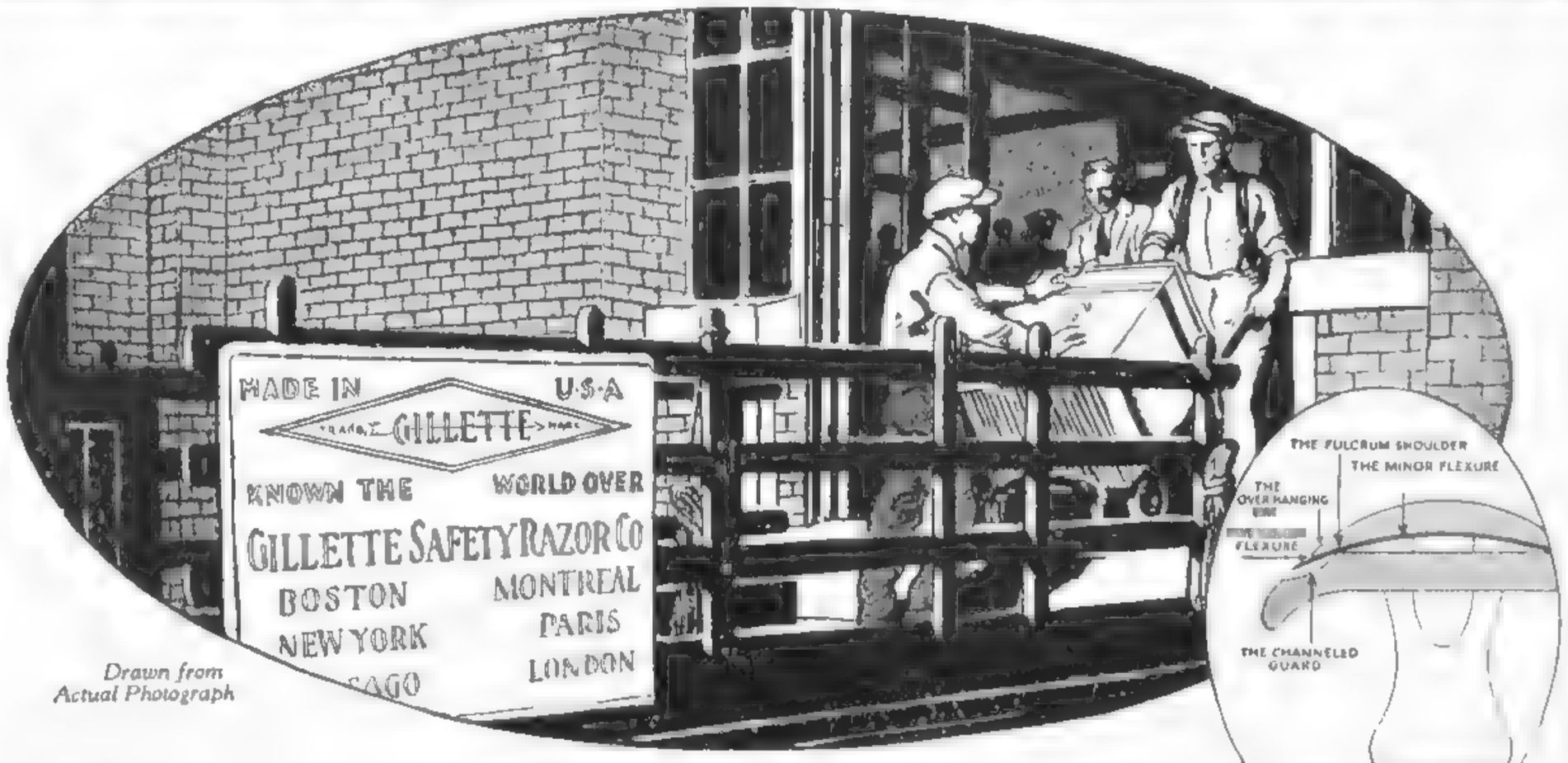
"That is Russia, not so? Had she not the sensation of far, swift, glorious flight? And did she not make her writing on a pillar in a distant country? But behold, she had written merely on the middle finger of the unbreakable law that governs the grouping of men. That is her tragedy; not the pain and blood and tears, not theft and butchery and disease and famine; all these were little to pay for a tenth of what she expected to receive. But to have paid them and to find that she has jumped not an inch beyond the margin of that old hand of individual striving—that is her tragedy.

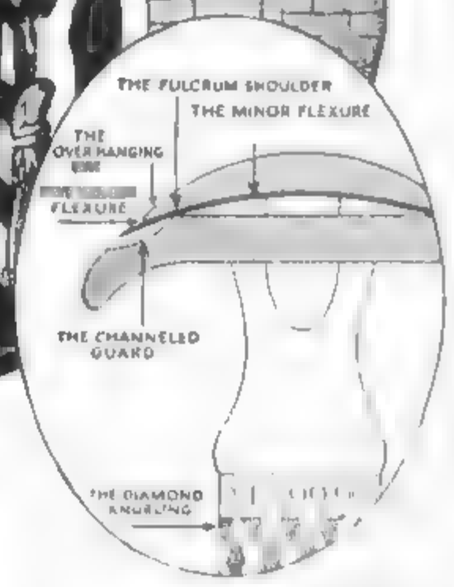
"How painful, now, her groping back to the one way of each-man-striving, her grudging concession that the captain may be paid beyond the less-skilled worker, her reluctant admission that a man shall own his own, which is the oldest law of all. And how pitiful are these aching-hearted Intelligents who week by week write among us that the worker shall dictate, as if one dictator is better than another. How pitiful are those who gather to say that injustice—for by this they mean the differences in merit among men—shall no longer prevail. How ill-timed would be their talk in that same Russia to-day. But the Intelligents prefer to speak from here."

Why Not Bunch Week?

"And they will go on speaking, but I suspect that the evangelist now present will continue to own only that part of his job which he is moderately competent to perform. I think he and his fellow club members will take it out in talking, as do so many of you American natives. You enjoy yourselves very nice and would not care to be swimming in water where all men are equal to swim. It is very nice to imagine one has got ten thousand dollars from a capitalist without striving for it, but if everyone got ten thousand dollars from a capitalist the same easy way, then no one would sell his shoes or his gold watch chains for ten thousand dollars, but would demand twenty thousand for same, as now in Russia. So, easy as you make it to get money, still you make it no easier to get a pair of shoes. So what every socialist thinks, he thinks he would enjoy himself very nice to have ten thousand dollars from a capitalist for himself, but not if every other socialist had same, because he might as well then have but one dollar. But he enjoys himself very nice talking about it and indulging in the delights of composition to tell it in magazines. But if the ship was wrecked they could not tell these words; they would be too busy swimming. They have quit telling it in Russia, where they now ride a tiger and cannot dismount. Even here not one in hundreds believes inside himself enough to wreck the ship he stands on. Not one in hundreds would believe as did Wang Chi, the five-bottle scholar, who, on the lake one fair night, accompanied by his favorite lute girl, became mad to embrace the moon's reflection in the water, and did so. His obsequies were enjoyed by a vast assemblage. But this one, and his fellow Intelligents, something tells me they will not perish from belief in what they say they believe.

"Poon Koo Wong, creator of all, decreed unlikeness. Not two hairs on a dog should be alike, nor two leaves on a mulberry tree, nor two grains of sand, and not two men. And by this wise device and by this alone have men become men where once they were beasts. That is why the dreaming communist can never jump beyond the hand of his maker. This is important to contemplate. It is written in big letters over all life. Many know it already, but not the Intelligents. They concede it is not possible for one man to reach down and lift himself by grasping the straps of his own sandals. But they continue to reason that ten men or ten million acting in unison could perform this difficult feat. Why should they not take a week to solving the problem correctly? Here in your wonderful country you seem to do great things in one week. In my travels I observe this with considerable interest. On banners I observe, 'No Accident Week,' in one city; in another, 'Learn to Swim Week' or 'Be Kind to Animals Week' or 'Eat a Great Many Prunes Week.' It seems quick, but you are a quick people; so not to extend the system seems negligent. If you can profit by a 'Speak Kind to Your Wife Week' or 'Don't Kick Your Dog Week' or 'Take Some Pale Pills Week,' why should there not be, for the profit of Intelligents, a 'Look at Man How He Behaves in a Bunch Week'? There could even be two such weeks, for such of your Intelligents as proved feeble of comprehension. Then we could read less nonsense in the public prints and hear less from the talkative young who were born to bring dismay to their aged uncles. I leave much unsaid."





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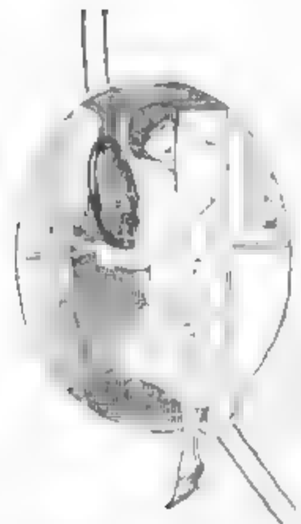

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MARY GETS MARRIED

(Continued from Page 13)

been ruined by the jungle. She has well-formed ankles, and her ears are quite pretty, and her eyelashes are longer than Geraldine's."

"Hardly things," replied Aunt Flora, who had never boasted these assets, "to attract gentlemen of a sensible age."

"I don't know about that," said William argumentatively.

When Mary and her two cavaliers came in from the garden they found Aunt Flora prepared to pour out tea; so Cairns and Purkis soon went away, and William went away too.

"Mary," said Aunt Flora, who was astonished but coy, "a certain gentleman has been admiring your ankles, my dear, and your ears and your eyelashes. Well, my dear, it was your old friend Doctor Howard, and what can have induced him to look at them?"

"I can't think, aunt," replied Mary with a candid look.

Mary was now going up to her room, for so far she had not even had time to look into a glass since her arrival; but Mrs. Dudley entered again.

"The vicar left early," said she in rather distressed tones, "so I hurried back to find out what you are up to, Mary. Egbert is sure you mean something. 'She is up to some tricks,' he said to me. So I came back to find out what you intend to do."

"Nothing," said Mary, "except I thought I would get married now."

"Married!" cried Aunt Flora.

"Married!" whispered Mrs. Dudley.

"Yes," said Mary. "Why not?"

"Do you mean," said Aunt Flora, "that a gentleman has asked you?"

"No," said Mary. "But I have come home to look round."

"To look round!" repeated Mrs. Dudley, exchanging a glance with Aunt Flora.

"My poor girl," said Aunt Flora, speaking with great, if chastened, satisfaction, "you cannot get married. How can you get married? For one thing you are very strong-minded, and that will not do; and for another you are forty and that will not do; for another," said she, allowing herself a certain amount of candor in female company, "many gentlemen have never shot so much as a sitting pheasant, and how will they bear a woman who shoots lions and elephants and talks about it?"

"I will not talk about it," said Mary.

"You had better not," said Aunt Flora primly.

"Husbands are not so easily got," said Mrs. Dudley. "I married Egbert when I was nineteen and, good man as he is, it has taken me all my time."

"It has taken Geraldine all her time," said Aunt Flora, "and I married at seventeen, and it took me all my time too."

"Your chances have gone, Mary," added Mary's sister with a pleased look.

At this moment Egbert came in again.

"I came to fetch my wife," said he impatiently, while Mrs. Dudley became more gratified than ever, and Aunt Flora gave Mary a glance as who should say, "There! That is what they are like!"

"I met Howard down the road," Egbert continued. "He stayed a long while here." Egbert surveyed Mary. "And," he resumed, "he tells me Cairns and Purkis have been here already too."

Egbert's eyes wandered—reluctantly, of course—to Mary's legs.

"Well, love," said Mrs. Dudley, "we will go. Come along," and she led him to the door.

"I think I ought to stay for the night if Mary has come home in this mood," said Aunt Flora.

"What mood?" said Egbert, returning from the door and trying to get a side view of Mary's eyelashes.

"Tut, tut!" answered Aunt Flora, finding her garden hat.

So they went home. Then Mary was free to go to her room and look in the glass, thinking, "How nice it would be if no one had any relations!"

Mary had brought home not one but half a dozen Paris frocks; and jumpers and tricky little hats and suits and stockings so thin ——

William cleansed the brook, Cairns supplied the water lilies and Purkis prepared an ample defense for the death of the little pig, ready for that undawning day when the bereft owner should fall upon a helpless woman with a cheating claim.

Egbert was in two infuriating difficulties—one of brother-in-law and the other that of husband to the best wife who ever knitted her own stockings.

"What is happening to men?" said Aunt Flora wrathfully, blowing dust from tables and vases and mantelshelves and piano tops. "Don't they know true values any longer? They used to in my young days," she added mistakenly. "For years she has flouted them and gone about boasting of her hippopotamuses," said Aunt Flora, in ruins among the false prophets, "and now look at them!"

It was dreadful to sit and hear Mary telling the credulous fellows, in a sort of littlish voice it seemed she could assume at will, how frightened she'd been when she'd shot her lions; and how she longed to hide behind a man; and how she screamed when she saw her first elephant; and how her rifle made her little arms ache; and how one day when hunting she sat and cried because there was no cream in her tea; and when her companions said "You mustn't cry," she said, "Oh, but I'm only a woman! And tea means so much to me!" It was simply pitiful to hear these strong men's pleased and patronizing cries of approbation at her so natural and gratifying weakness; when any woman present would have known what a liar she was, and how she'd trampled through the jungle in her stout boots without an ache or a pain, not caring for lions, tigers, cobras or crocodiles—not she!

"I never, never, never saw a woman so determined to be married," said Aunt Flora.

And one evening after dinner—this was in the drawing-room, where the now habitual party had gathered, just dropping in as if they had lost their way to somewhere else—Mary said she would show them how she cooked on a camp fire. They seemed to think it a wonderful performance, too, when, having sent for a smoky little oil stove and eggs and a frying pan and things, she began to make an omelet. And they gathered round, all wanting to break an egg each.

"Five eggs!" said Geraldine to Aunt Flora in the background. "Don't they know she could manage with less?"

And she let them break the eggs, and there being one over, she let William break two. And they all gathered round the frying pan, admiring Mary for the cook she was—just as if there weren't millions of better women all over the world making millions of better omelets—and they all so enjoyed helping, just as if they hadn't kitchens of their own with kind cooks in them, who would willingly have allowed master his little diversion.

"Really," said Aunt Flora, relaxing body, mind and morals on the sofa in her anger, "it makes one regret one's self-control, does it not, Geraldine? Years of self-control, abnegation and nice behavior—and then to see a woman who hasn't any of 'em getting the same reward as us! Getting more," said Aunt Flora, "for she's had her lions as well, and done as she's liked till she's forty. This is too much for me."

"And I married at nineteen and have spent all my life on one thing!" added Geraldine, thus referring to Egbert, for it was maddening to see him bending over that frying pan with such a foolish smile on his face. And at home he always said, "A woman should keep the domestic details of life to herself, my dear."

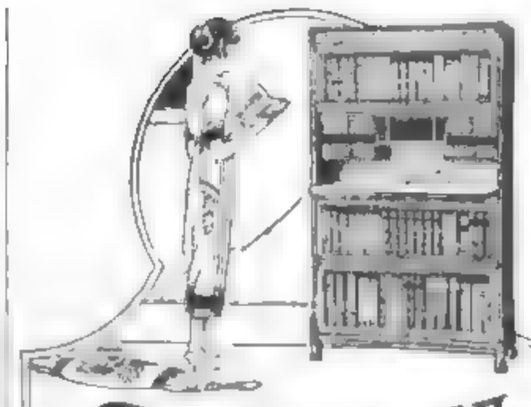
"Men do not seem at all grateful for sacrifices," said Geraldine, groping toward the truth.

Just as the omelet was struggling through its vicissitudes to a golden success in walked a little, sturdy, red-faced man—bursting past the maid who tried to announce him—and he broke through the group round the oil stove and seized upon Mary.

They wrung each other's hands for a long while.

"This is Mr. Edmund Fox, the explorer," said Mary with pride, after a while, as she turned to her seething friends.

"I have only just got through my business in town," explained Mr. Fox to Mary when he had given Egbert, William, Cairns and Purkis a nod apiece, and bowed to Aunt Flora and Geraldine, who were now unbearably angry at the thought of their sacrificed lives lying upon a cold altar. "And I rushed after you," said he ardently,



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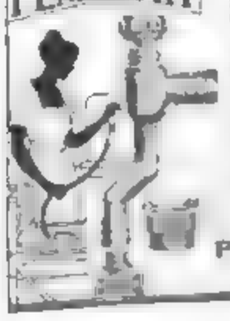

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with eyes for no one but Mary. "And what is this?" he added, looking briefly but fiercely at the omelet.

"I am showing them some camp cooking," said Mary.

"Well, if that's camp cooking I've done it every day of my life, and no one has looked at me," wept Aunt Flora to Geraldine.

"And oh," said Mary, "do you remember ——"

"Do you remember ——" cried Mr. Fox, leading Mary to the small sofa, whereon they sat side by side.

So it was left to Egbert, William, Cairns and Purkis to finish the silly omelet, for Mary and Mr. Fox, crying alternately "And oh, do you remember?" regaled the silent company with the reminiscences they exchanged.

Aunt Flora grew taller in her chair and Geraldine regretted the wasted years still more bitterly as it appeared that Mary, on one glorious expedition, was hunting and camping alone with this excitable man, except for a few native beaters, who of course don't count.

"That day, after elephant," the explorer was saying ardently to Mary, "when all day long we'd been on the track of two big bulls! And you tramped on, game as a man! And towards evening we came up with 'em in a clearing. Two great tuskers! Biggest I've ever seen!"

The explorer and Mary sat looking reminiscently into each other's eyes. A dreadful singeing smell heralded the ruin of the omelet.

"And I said, 'Look out!' And just as I said it one of the brutes saw us; but by Jove, you were ready like you always were!" said Edmund Fox, looking ardently at Mary, "and I said to you 'Hold your fire!' and you said to me, 'Damn you, he's mine!' And by Jove, the next minute he was!"

"She swore at a man!" thought Aunt Flora, mourning all the good opportunities she had lost. "I would like to do it too," said she to herself.

"And the sunsets!" crooned Mary. "Do you remember getting back to camp dead tired, and simply falling into hot baths, and then sitting outside the tents smelling the good grub cooking, and longing for it, and how slow even the best boys seemed, while we watched those great red sunsets?"

Cairns and Purkis went home about 10:30 together; and Geraldine told Egbert to escort her home about that time, too, dropping Aunt Flora on the way—"though I think I ought to stay," said Aunt Flora malevolently.

But urged by her relations the defrauded old lady left, envying Mary terribly, as also did Geraldine, for Edmund Fox looked so utterly reprehensible.

It was a poor walk home that Egbert had between the two of them.

At 10:45 William, who did not feel welcome any longer, went away, too, in a dreadful turmoil, leaving Mary and the hunter sitting together on the small sofa.

And Fox said to Mary, gently, yet with the fierceness of tropical suns in his burnt blue eyes and the softness of a great admiration on his burnt red face, "My dear friend, is that really the sort of crowd you choose to live among?"

And Mary, in her littlish voice that he had never heard before, answered "Yes."

She was pulling uncertainly at the fringes on her Paris frock.

"Come along up to dear old London to-morrow," said Edmund Fox, "and we'll lunch and drive down to Ranelagh or somewhere. And you've got to go to your gunmaker, haven't you? I'd like to think about a new gun too."

This was the reason why everybody, calling upon Mary next morning, heard that she had gone up to town for the day with Mr. Edmund Fox, who was stopping a while at the Royal Porchester Hotel. All concerned realized the sinister aspect of this situation. And while Cairns fumed in the manager's room in the bank, and Purkis fumed in his office at clerks and clients alike, and William devilishly dispensed to his poorer patients the pink mixture when he knew their trust was inextricably mixed in the yellow, Aunt Flora went to Geraldine's and between them they beat Egbert, morally speaking, to a jelly, so that he escaped to play golf with all his inherited rules about nice women upset.

William sweated and fretted until in the cool of the evening he saw Mary walking by on her way from the station, with Edmund Fox by her side. Behind them came a porter with parcels on a truck.

William went upstairs and tired himself. He tired his head with brushes and brilliantine and his body in his nicest shirt and a dinner jacket. He tried to polish his poor unaccustomed finger nails, and he took a silk handkerchief and put on patent-leather shoes. All this meant a great deal to the crusted William, but he emerged from the trial feeling very light and sinister until his evening stroll brought him within sight of Mary's house, when a sense of his terrible helplessness overwhelmed him. He stood looking at Mary's house, and as he looked Cairns and Purkis came out arm in arm.

"Hello, Howard!" said Cairns. "You going to see Miss Brownlow? Purkis and I have just left."

William looked at them with hatred.

"Old Cairns and I don't mind telling you," said Purkis—"we said when we saw you coming along that we'd tell you, because we know we all want the same thing, and Cairns and I have lost it. If it's any use to you to hear ——"

"I met Purkis going there," said Cairns, "and we had an argument, and then decided to go together and ask her to choose between us. We went, and she came out from dinner and spoke to us in the morning room."

"She looked a dream," said Purkis.

"It's neither of us," said Cairns.

William felt very warmly towards these two good friends of his, and he made sounds indicating as much.

"She's in there having dinner with that explorer chap," added Purkis. Then they passed on arm in arm.

William stumbled on, breathless with feelings he had never known before, and Baxter let him in, noting with a confidential eye his condition.

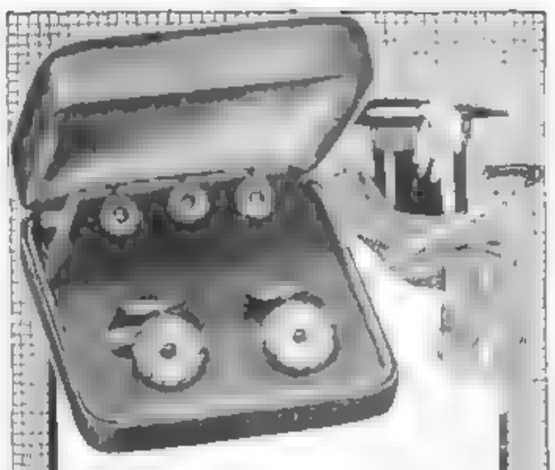
"I will go straight into the dining room," said William.

"But Miss Mary ——" began Baxter.

William went straight into the dining room. In a mellow light, looking extremely happy for an obstreperous spinster who deserved to go unappreciated, Mary sat at the head of the table. Edmund Fox was on her right hand. Dessert was on the shining table. He was cracking walnuts for her in his brown fingers.

"William!" said Mary like a little wind.

The explorer nodded and said nothing. All sound died. Then William, coming forward, said in a voice which he would not have recognized as his own had he not been willing it to articulate the words, "Mary, can I speak to you in the morning room?"



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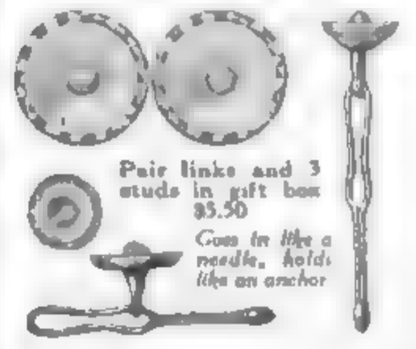

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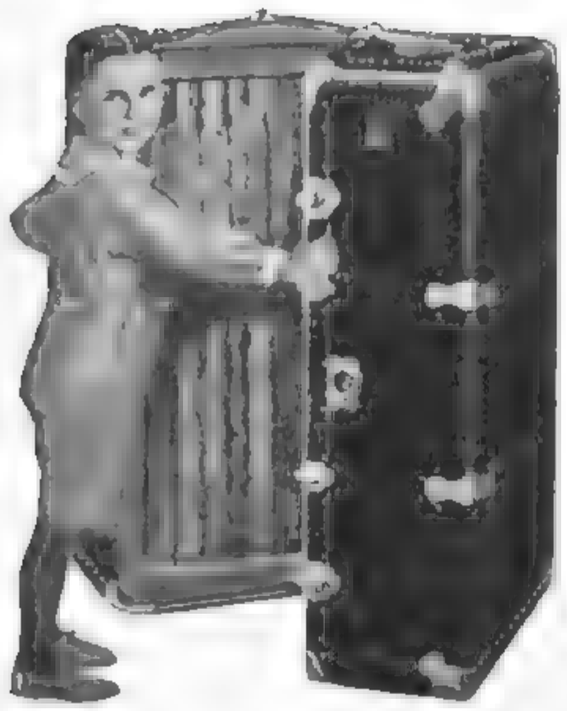

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At the mention of the morning room Mary rose. But she only stood still, looking at William. The explorer got up too.

"Damn the morning room!" said he. He flung down his napkin like a gage.

"Very well," said William, "here and now." His voice cracked. Then he went on. "Mary," he said, "is—is Fox anything to you? I must know—can't wait—shall go crazy."

Mary looked at Fox; she looked at William; and genuinely she blushed and dimpled.

"Mary," said Edmund Fox, "I was hoping for a quiet evening with you; but these three gentlemen have already disturbed it, so I had better get my shot in before another fellow takes it, I think. I would have liked to be alone with you, but—will you marry me?"

"I want you, too, Mary," said William in his unrecognizable voice.

Fox gave William one look of wonder, contempt and pity.

"Mary, you and I together, we'd have a splendid life—just what you love best. Freedom for you, my dear. You're a sportsman every inch—as good as a man, any day. I admire you more than any woman I've ever seen. I came here to ask you to marry me, and we'll hunt together for the rest of our lives. Mary, you were saying you'd never got a grizzly. We'll honeymoon in the Rockies and go after bear." He laughed ardently.

William stood there, swaying slightly. He had nothing to put up against this gorgeous prospect. Almost he turned and ran when he heard Mary saying, "B-b-but you know, Edmund, I'm not what you think I am. You would be disappointed in me. I should want ——"

"Want?" echoed the explorer.

"Things you wouldn't want," said Mary. "Hampering things. I-I-I'm a woman, and what I meant to do now was to s-s-settle down."

"Settle down?" said the explorer very quietly.

"And have things just like other women," Mary explained. "I want just what other women want, only I like more of it. I dare say I seem puzzling, but it is only because I am ordinary."

William and the explorer stood looking at her.

"For instance," said Mary, "that p-p-parcel," and she pointed to the biggest parcel which the porter had wheeled home on a truck and which Baxter had been ordered to place temporarily in a corner of the dining room—"that's what I bought instead of going to look at guns with you. I saw it in a shop window, and it looked so sweet."

She slashed at the string and tore the wrapping and stood back from it.

It was a baby's porcelain bath.

"Isn't it the sweetest thing?" said Mary with pride. "See the little soap dish and the plated sponge rack? And here is where you let out the water. Oh, I couldn't resist it! You see," she added, "I am going to live in a house and settle down. I want to."

The explorer looked silently at the bath. He did not argue. In spite of his vividness on occasion, he was a quiet man, and thoughtful. He looked at Mary. He was not ignorant of the female species. He had learned it in the jungle, and he knew that its instincts were at times too mighty for him or any other hunter. So he did not argue.

"Well!" he said finally.

"I am not really like a man," Mary added.

"No," said the explorer. He took her hand. "Shall I go?"

"It would be sporting of you," said Mary.

The explorer smiled, released her hand and went out, giving William, as he passed him, a look of pure wonder, unmixed with pity or contempt.

William and Mary were alone. William immediately took Edmund Fox's chair at the table and began to crack Mary's walnuts for her. At first he was angry because he could not break them with the slick ease of those iron fingers; and then he saw that Mary, with her elbows on the table, her chin on her hands, was gazing at him with a light of perfect happiness. So he left off cracking walnuts.

"Mary," he said banally, "when—when ——"

"A long time ago," said Mary. "If I told you exactly I—I'm afraid you would be shocked."

"I don't believe I would," said William slowly. "I don't believe I'm really like what—what I seem to be." For he had got over the episode of the bath very easily.

So, after a proper episode, which had been unduly delayed owing to William's vague state, Mary brought in her little old diary and showed him the entry which she made when she was nine years old:

"William said to me whatever would become of me when I grow up. This is easy. I will marry William and it will serve him right, but not till I am old in case he is dull, and we will have a fatter baby than anyone else."

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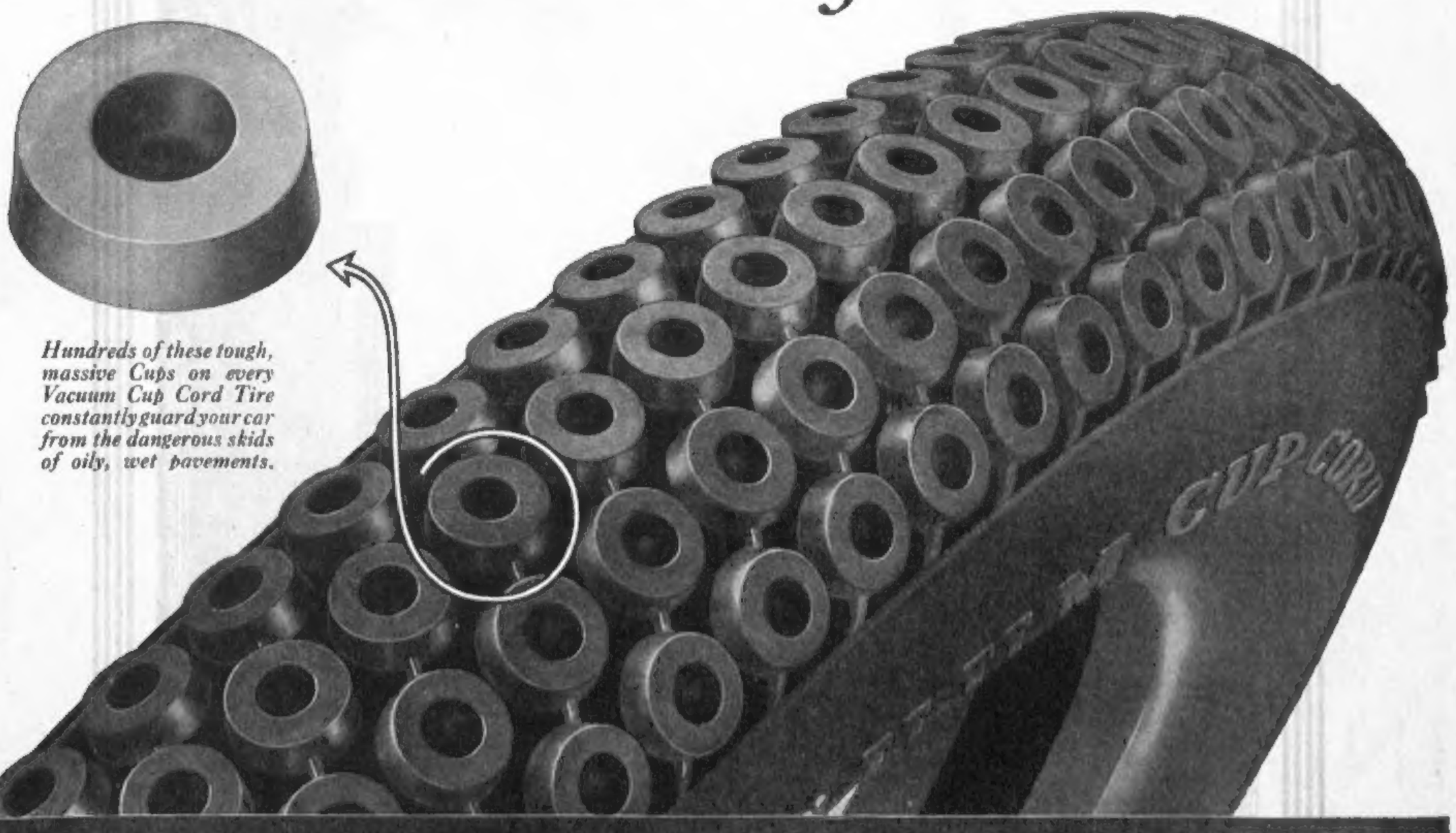

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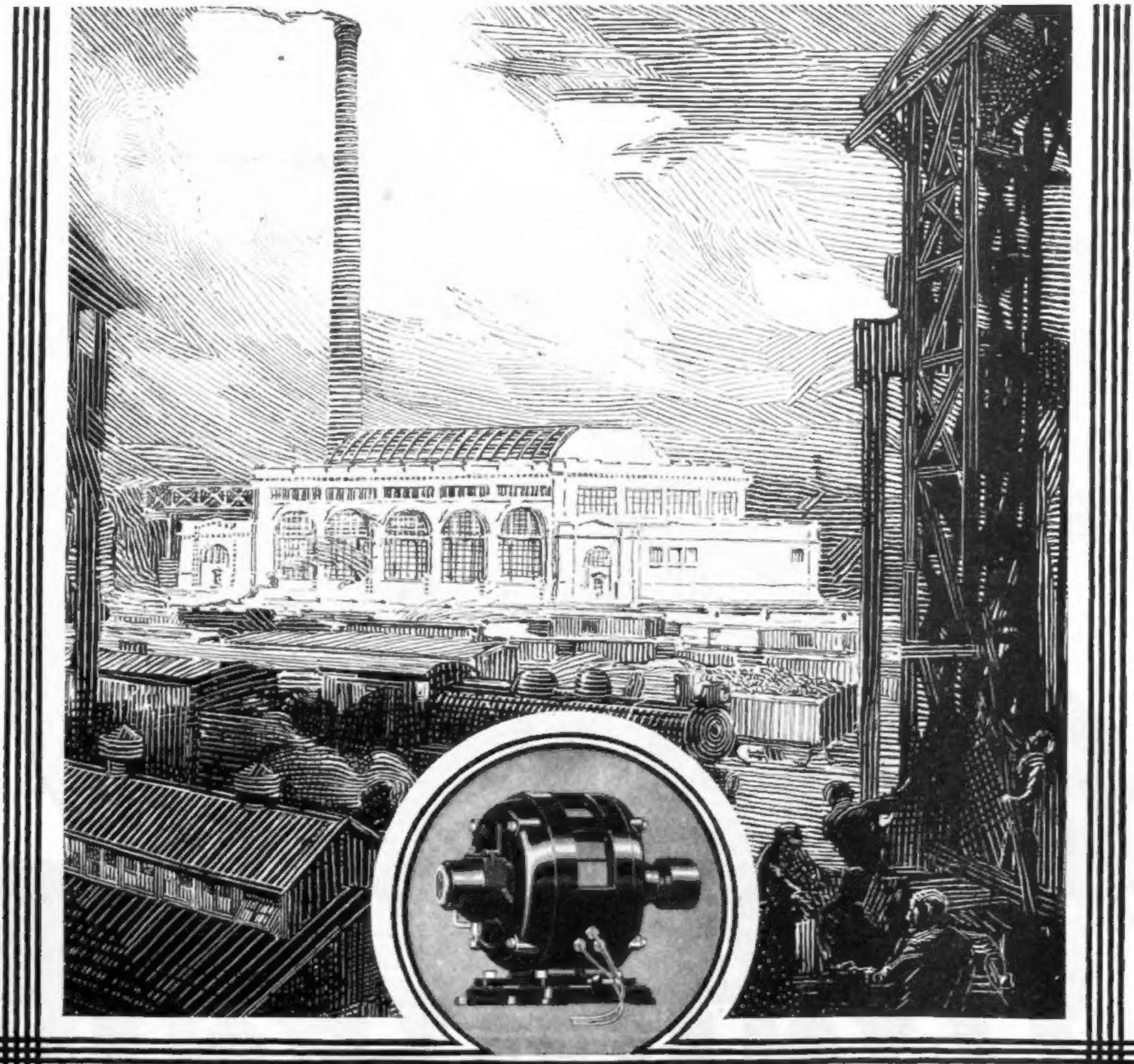

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